

“ACT OF GOD”

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"ACT OF GOD"

ROBERT ELLIOTT



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“ACT OF GOD”

CHAPTER I

ONE morning, about twenty-five years ago, a large full-rigged ship, with black and white ports painted in make-believe along her otherwise honest old sides, was dipping her grated head-boards and garish-coloured figure-head towards the long, gentle, south-westerly swell of the North Atlantic in one of his pacific moods. This figure-head was more than a head, it was a complete highlander—claymore, skean-dhu, and all. His right hand had been about to draw his claymore for something like forty years, perhaps nearer fifty, just as a relative of his ashore, in more peaceful mood, had been taking snuff at the door of a London tobacco shop for an equally uncertain period. Your attention is drawn to this crudely-bedizened effigy of a Scotsman for two reasons. One is that you may be immediately assured that the ship he is heading is of London ownership; and the other is that you may note the new paint, and, at the same time, the rusty stains from the chain gammoning defiling its freshness. From which it may be more than surmised that the ship had recently left port; and that he of the claymore (had a Frankenstein.

vitalized his right arm) could have slaughtered many a sportive porpoise that had lately played about him; the weather that could have made porpoise-sticking possible to a live highlander having been "got-tam-dirty-mit-reef-tops'l," as one of the polyglottic crew said of it.

This honest old British sailing ship, with her thirteen dishonest ports on each side, was as well preserved as her highlander under her bowsprit. Both were of the same age. It is not only by a nautical courtesy that I speak of the ship in the feminine gender, for though she had a very masculine name to harmonize with the bellicose Scotsman, your elderly spinster of masculine tendency is usually well preserved in those things which still proclaim her femininity; and there is no reason to doubt that this handsome old lady of the sea, after her manifold coquetties with passionate old Poseidon, was as fresh in many subtle ways as the day she was first baptized and men born, at twenty minutes to slack water on the last of the flood, in Limehouse Reach. But I do not submit as a reason to the judicious reader for the wonderful juvenescence, that paint (though it filled up many a wrinkle, to be sure) and paint alone was such.

In fact, an old-time analogy, such as this between a woman and a ship, is seldom just, and the *Young Pretender* (for such was her masculine pre-natal and baptismal name), in preserving her beauty, had of necessity to preserve the fashions of her youth — strange and beautiful anachronism — and she wore her clothing with such grace of outline and balance of form that it might be expected of any passing Cape liners of yesterday that they should, with jealous spite, vomit black clouds upon her purity and beauty.

A modern steamboat is a thing of machine-made beauty; but this old full-rigged ship, with her cambered bulwarks and square stern windows, and elegant skids with their balustered stanchions, with her tapering single mizen-topsail, and snowy kite of a main-skysail kissing the white clouds in one patch of colour, with spars shaped for love of form as well as for utility—why, she was a veritable sea queen, a daughter of sky and ocean. Every plank, every bolt, every cloth of her gale-loved panoply bore the impress of the human hand guiding the shaping tool, to make her both fit and comely. No machine but that of a weaver's loom and the jenny of a rope-walk had aught to claim of her creation and investiture. She was one of those crafts of a glorious period of shipwrighting; she was a link between the present (of twenty years ago) and the past of cumbersome prophecy. Something akin to the old East Indiaman—beloved of Cooke, the marine painter, and Clarkson Stanfield—and somewhat foreshadowing the more modern colonial clipper of "composite" build. The *Young Pretender*, had she been evolved yesterday, might have been termed an embodiment of the elegancies of both, with none of their unlovely defects.

One of the many beautiful links which united her to the past of ship-apparelling was the mizen-topsail referred to. A tall, arching, swelling sail of bleached flax, with two reef bands. The double topsails on her main and fore were a link with the present, though they tapered in their leeches more than is now the style. Another, and a link with the more recent type of China or East India clipper, and yet dimly recalling to the mind of an appreciative observer the old spritsail of fifty years before her birth, was that

sail set beneath the jibboom, and of a name more curious than its shape. And yet another link with the remoter past were those square stern windows of the aftermost state rooms (through which a man might pass easily enough), with elaborate carving forming them, and then rounding off to the sheer strake moulding on either side.

Adding undoubtedly to the stateliness of the whole, the *Young Pretender* showed more freeboard than was usual, or is now, with outward-bound merchantmen. Your deep-loaded trader gives hostages to beauty when she gives a few inches to the sea, and if you could have looked at the gallant old ship this morning you would have noticed among those deceptive black and white ports little glazed scuttles of circular shape, and, as the weather was now fine, some of them open for ventilation; and had she been loaded to that Plimsoll Mark in white paint on her side, her 'tween decks had been swamped by the steady running swell. Her hold was full of general cargo for the colonies; her 'tween deck was crowded with a living cargo. Her tonnage was exactly twelve hundred and thirty-eight tons register, which, though only one-sixth of an Atlantic liner's, was yet about four times the size of the *Endeavour*, in which Captain Cook made his first voyage to the coast of New Holland; to which part of the earth the *Young Pretender* herself is bound this fine morning of our story.

The good ship *Young Pretender* this fine morning in the North Atlantic, like the sea-created *Grace* she was, moved slowly and rhythmically over the long south-westerly swell. She, and the sun climbing into the yellow atmosphere, were greeting each other, obliquely as it were. The rising disc of the sun as it

slowly gathered strength touched not only that graceful single mizen-topsail, but all things on the lee side of the ship, as with a breath of golden fore. Anon, the wet chain plates beneath the broad old-time guard-boards, the two little funnels of the galley, with a wisp of horizontal smoke clinging to the leeward of one of them, the massive greenheart iron-bound anchor stock, the white quarter-boat hanging in the port davits, and a man in a canvas jacket sitting out on the cro'jack yard-arm with a bright marline-spike hanging from his neck; these and other details grew brighter and bolder in outline as the ship slid over the long undulating swell, topped with a puff of amethyst, to meet the meridian-seeking lord of colour.

You might have seen these things, this effect of colour, from the south-east, with the sun already warming your right cheek this June morning. Had you been to the north-west, you had seen a dark mass of canvas and hull against a pale golden sky. But you had still seen that man on the cro'jack yard, and after your eye had been gratified with the general effect of ship and sky and wave, its interest would probably have become centred on that man aloft astride of the yard, and industriously working at the clewline block of that beautiful tapering mizen-topsail. He would have been very conspicuous from either side, being outlined against the canvas as he bent forward and against the clouds as he sat erect. He was the only man aloft. His blue dungaree trousers looked bluer by contrast with the sun-yellowed canvas. He broke the uniformity of the yard-arms, and at any distance, more than a thousand yards and less than two miles, he would be necessary in the picture. At sea these pictures compose themselves;

there is nothing that needs elimination, the eye is satisfied: nature is for once at one with art. But when the vessel sails nearer, as the *Young Pretender* is doing as you look, with the undecerving eyes of the spirit, as you read, it is no longer a marine picture for that form and colour loving eye alone; the human interest begins to supplant the æsthetic appreciation, and curiosity criticism. The picture has become an illustration to a story.

So, as the ship approaches, or, if you please, as your spirit eyes draw near and at length aboard, you might note that the man above your head was repairing some damage to the block at the clew of the topsail caused by the recent gale. You might also have noted that his features, for he is not so far above your head as you gaze from the poop, were of the English aristocratic type that one may meet with in the paintings of Romney or Gainsborough. You might also observe that the decks had been just washed down, and, though the watch were all at their five-o'clock coffee, a couple of boys (uncounted trifles) were dragging rope-yarn swabs up and down the quarter-deck, having, by the appearance of the already drying poop, finished their morning task where you stand. You might see the third mate, carefully counting the scrubbers and squeegees set out in a row beside the main hatch. Also another officer, in a rather shabby serge jacket, walking up and down the weather side of the quarter-deck, and continually glancing up at the leech of the skysail. Indeed, as you are looking at him, you might notice that he sometimes gravely shakes his head and scratches his projecting and three-days-unshaven chin. That dubious shake and meditative scratching means that the *Young Pretender* is breaking off her course,

and that he is expecting the presence of the captain on the poop, where you stand, every minute. As you look he ascends to the poop and goes to the compass, behind which you may have seen the huge wheel, half hiding the helmsman there.

If you be one versed in the technicalities of merchant shipping you would have immediately noticed that though the ship was clean and tidy, yet the presence of unpainted wooden structures, fixed here and there about the decks, spoiled an otherwise fine effect. A large box-like hood, with padlocking doors now open, encased the main hatchway, and a smaller one the quarter-hatch on the poop before the mizen-mast, now locked. Other structures at the main and fore shrouds cumbered the decks. The hood at the main hatch was open, and a broad ladder of white deal might be seen leading below. And as you notice these uncommon fixtures, the word "emigrants" would naturally answer the interrogation in your eyes.

There are two skylights on the long poop, one of which lights the saloon proper, and the other, before the quarter-hatch, lights a fore cabin as large as the saloon. From this latter a murmur of voices arises, and if you listen you will distinguish cries of mature women from those of young girls and female children. You will hear much splashing of water, affected screams, confusing banter and laughter, for this fore cabin is a general washing place. But above all the blending cries you will hear a rich, powerful contralto voice singing in an untained manner a passionate love song, in what may be to you an unknown language. Further below, if you listen at a ventilator near by, you can hear less definable sounds. Some of them will reach the ears by way of the taffrail, ascending from

the little circular scuttles that light to some little extent the gloomy depths below the saloon. Is it a blending of prayer and ejaculatory praise? Is it a rhythmical dialogue, broken by brief pauses at intervals of three or four minutes? With your ear at the ventilator, during a moment's cessation in the fore-cabin hubbub, you might detect in those brief pauses a single voice, faintly vocal, as if reading from a book rapidly words already half known by heart. And then some twenty or thirty female voices blending in unison, with the single voice breaking between every quarter-minute. There was some common desire, some common sentiment, some commingling of articulate petition and praise down there. It was indeed the psalter of secluded and unaffected devotion, and its simplicity greeted the advancing morn with its fervent underbreathing and ejaculations of thanksgiving, and in a tongue never heard aboard this ship before.

As the sun rises steadily in the brightening sky, and the long, gently heaving billows, with their white marbled, veinous troughs, pass diagonally beneath the *Young Pretender's* hull, away to the north-east whence she had come, the lonely man on the frozen-yard works away leisurely, balanced by his striding legs, and with his canvas jacket pressed against the lee of the topsail. With his serving-board and spin-yarn he is putting a smooth round coat on the wire strop of the clewline block. The officer, now walking the poop, can tell by each turn of the wrist, or by the tool in use, the exact stage of the process of repair. As the block is now being seized into the strop he looks up, and then he cries to the man not to forget the stirrup of the foot-rope close by before he descends.

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The man having finished the block slides in on the yard a few feet and proceeds to “seize” the foot-rope stirrup to the jackstay.

His hands are very tar-stained, and their palms appear hard and shiny as saddle leather, the result of much rope hauling and ship work; but they are not large hands, and the fingers are longer in proportion than is common among fore-castle seamen. His face is brown, his neck brown as the teakwood serving-board in the pocket of his white canvas jumper, or “cunarder”; the hair, though not light in colour, yet seeming so by contrast with the sunburnt face; the lighter moustache fairer still, and the eyes a colder grey. Had you been beside him this morning, “passing the ball” for him as he served the strop just now, you had heard him sing in a low voice that was pleasant to the ear, yet perhaps you would have thought a voice somewhat coarsened by much chanting and hauling on reef tackles and topsail-halyards in many a tempestuous night. From the poop below his voice is just audible—the words lost, but the air distinguishable. The fore-cabin contralto, now silent, has set him agoing, has set the officer on the poop agoing; and when the latter saunters forward so the break sets the man at the wheel subduedly agoing.

And when the captain comes to the deck by way of the saloon companion ladder you will hear that it has set him also agoing. And yet another, for as the officer on the poop, who is chief mate of the *Young Pretender*, had walked forward, he had unlocked the door of the companion-hatch leading to the fore-cabin and after ’tween-deck, and the first of those from below to step on the poop was a young woman with a pale face and luxuriant dark reddish hair, gathered

in a tangled bunch on her neck; attired in a frayed and slatternly dress. She was humming to herself the words of the song sung just before by herself—the woman with the contralto voice.

She stepped on the deck rather timorously and walked over to the rail for support, as if fearing a slip to leeward. In a moment her unsecured hair had fallen and blown about her pale face. She was followed in a minute by several other pale-faced, some black-haired, and some other red-haired girls; and as they inhaled the warm sweet breeze they all began to laugh with joy in their welcome resurrection after a week below in the fetid gloom.

But the captain is now speaking. He has seen nothing as yet but the angle of the yards and the compass. The chief mate has approached with deferential morning greeting, his unshaven chin held sideways on outstretched neck, so that one ear is more ostensibly prepared to receive the words from his superior's bearded lips than the other. This is a delicate bit of flattery that one may notice in other than chief mates, but it has no auditory value to those who can hear equally well with both ears as chief mates always can. The mate made his report, and the captain asked some questions. The man at the wheel is now keeping the ship as close to the wind, without shaking the skysail, as he would like to be to a pint of "shecogue" in the tap-room of the "Paragon" on Sydney Circular Quay. He had been luffing as much as the skysail would let him since four o'clock. As four bells (six o'clock) struck, and another quarter-master relieved him, he said in a loud voice, so that the captain should hear him, "Keep her close as you can, but let her travel. Course, sou'-b'-west-'alf-west

when she comes up.” “Keep ’er close, let ’er travel, sou-b’-wes’-’arf-west,” repeated the relieving man as loudly. Then said the captain to the chief mate, “I think she is doing very well, Mr. Shackley; we shall clear the Cape Verds if she comes up another point.” Then the mate went forward smiling, to give the third mate his orders for the day’s work aloft.

When the captain made his appearance on the poop the man on the crow-jack-yard, as well as the chief mate and the helmsman, had become suddenly silent. He worked away silently, in the strengthening sunlight, with his new bright steel marline-spike and his ball of spun-yarn. The swelling canvas of the spanker hid the girls from his downward gaze as he sat astride of the yard close in to the mizen shrouds; but their laughter reached him in gusts as the sail swayed with the rolling of the ship.

Now this is what he had been singing to himself until the coming of the captain hushed his voice:—

“Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid singing in the valley below—
‘Oh don’t deceive me—Oh never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?’”

• emphasizing the words with the gestures necessary to his task at the foot-rope stirrup.

• But this is what the woman with the contralto voice had been singing, and which she with the dark-red hair, the rich deep red-gold hair of the primitive Gael, had been humming as she stepped on the poop:—

“Mó bhrón air an bhfairge
Is é tá mór,
Is é gabhail idis mé
‘S mo mÁile stor.”*

* (My grief on the sea, it is it that is big; it is it that is going between me and my thousand treasures.)

And this is what the chief mate had been purring between his unshaven lips, but perhaps with no comprehension of its peculiar value as an historical sea ballad :—

"Oh ! Boney was a warrior !
Away-ay, oh !
A warrior, a jerry-er ;
John Francewar."

This latter song, or chanty, however it be said, had what may be termed a dynamic value to the chief mate. By its aid he had raised a thousand topsails and lesser weights to the verge of numerical infinity. With most British merchant seamen Bonaparte is the hero of their chanties, not Nelson. And when it is not Boney it is perhaps the captain of the *Dreadnought*, or the heroines of the Fitchcliffe Highway. The chief mate of the *Young Pretender* was—like the man at the wheel—united to the traditions of the British merchant service, in personal form, in voice, in judgments, and in pleasures.

What the captain had been singing when he appeared on deck has been lost to posterity ; but these are a few of the words of the chanty, the tune of which the man at the wheel was humming softly to himself :

"What d'yer think we 'ad fur sup-per ?
Blow ! boys, blow !
Oh-h ! what d'yer think we 'ad fur supper ?
Blow, my bully boys, blow !
Strike-me-blind without molas-sees ;
Blow ! boys, blow !
Oh-h ! *strike-me-blind* without molas-sees,
Blow, my bully boys, blow !"

Many more females had now followed to the deck the first few emergers from the gloom. Two, hand in hand ; two more with arms around each other,

their hair streaming in the wind ; and twenty more, many with black hair and sunburnt (though paled) cheeks, expressing with peculiar idiom their appreciation of the calmer sea and more genial weather. One among these women on the poop had ascended the same companion-ladder as had the captain. Her speech was very different ; and, if you had been listening to his on the cro'jack-yard, you would have thought it more akin to that than to any accent among the young women on the deck below.

The captain gave each a friendly nod of greeting, and a special and polite salute to the young woman who had ascended from the saloon, and walked athwartships to yield them the whole weatherside for their morning airing. The weather, as it has been stated, during the past week—and the first of the voyage—had been boisterous and wet. All had been kept below, suffering and enduring, for the first time in their lives, the nausea, increased by bad ventilation, and other drawbacks incidental to the construction of an old sailing ship fitted up temporarily to carry emigrants from Plymouth depot to another in a colonial port.

But now, as by magical change, pale cheeks this morning became rapidly ruddy ; dull eyes, bright ; enfeebled appetites (judging by many a reference to breakfast spoken among them) changed to voracious ones ; sullen demeanour turned into gaiety of heart ; petulant selfishness into abnegation. Fresh air, sunlight, and a steadier deck ; and for them there was a re-creation of that world which they carried about with them daily ! The girl who had first come to the poop cried aloud to another for very joy in life, and her words of delight, uttered in the sweet sibilant

language of the West, were answered with a similar outburst of gladness by her companion.

She who had come on deck by the saloon companion-way greeted the unkempt one—her of the honey-sweet Gaelic speech and musical song-voice—and then went and took her arm and led her to the seat on the fore-cabin skylight. As the two sat down the man on the yard, who had finished the stirrup, crossed to windward and set about some other work above their heads, the yard being braced forward. He looked down upon them both and could hear quite plainly the words of the elder one as she playfully expostulated, in a voice of condescending domination, with the red-haired girl about the wind-angled state of her luxuriant locks, about the unbuttoned state of her jacket, and the frayed state of her petticoat. She began to arrange and braid the girl's hair, and the man above, bending over a short splice, was cutting off the ends with his new sheath knife. One of these severed strand ends of hempen rope fell to the poop at their feet, and another into the lady's lap as she sat before the girl braiding her hair. The lady, holding the long queue of hair in her hand and a piece of green ribbon between her lips, looked up as the man looked down, and both paused in their respective tasks. Then she bent down and picked up the strand, and, teasing out the hemp into tawny golden oakum, she held it against the younger girl's forehead. They both laughed and then looked up at the man on the yard. He was looking down, watching them with a smile in his grey eyes rather than on his lips.

The women below, though close together, saw the man from two different points of view. The man above saw both from one point of view. And point

of view is the keynote to every life and every death. As the braiding of the hair continued their laughter ascended to him, blended like the notes of two instruments, yet each distinguishable by its particular quality. He looked down again and again, but only one of them raised her head to meet his glance, and it was she whose speech was akin in tone to his own. The pale-faced, untidy girl with the dark-red tresses, kept her eyes self-consciously cast down at the piece of tawny hemp fallen to the deck.

The Captain (that is to say the master, which is a term of greater significance, though less admired by the cult of courtesy)—the Master of the *Young Pretender*, after looking at the sun, at the compass, at the wind-vane on the staff fixed in the taffrail, at the weather-brace, at the man on the yard, and at the accumulating girls on the poop and the men and women on the main deck—with varying degrees of interest—came over to the two young women at the fore-cabin skylight, and accosted the elder, whom he had so politely saluted on her appearance ten minutes before.

“Good morning, Miss Polgrave. Have you passed a comfortable night?”

“Very comfortable, thank you, Captain.”

“And your brother?”

“I have not yet seen him; he is rising, I believe, for I heard him moving about in his berth next door.”

“Lazy fellow,” said the Master, “and not a bit sea-sick.”

“Oh, no! none of our family are ever troubled with such a commonplace and stupid complaint as sea-sickness.”

“Mankind must be a stupid lot,” said the Master,

smiling at Miss Palgrave's confident disdain; and then he added somewhat brusquely, turning his head toward the girl at her side, "I'll wager there's a specimen here of stupid sea-sick womankind."

The younger woman's face, already losing its pallor in the fresh wind, blushed a deep crimson as the Captain spoke, not to her but at her. She felt in one swift moment the difference between a state-room in the saloon and the dark tween deck with its deal-boarded bunks, shared with fourscore other emigrant girls. She stood voiceless, looking down at the bit of tawny hemp at her feet with sullen eyes. He was already one of her great ones, was this Captain and lord of them all. The first time she had seen him, that day in Plymouth harbour, he had shouted to the master of the tender (a local tug-boat), who himself had taken a position of importance in her opening mind—the Captain of the *Young Pretender* had shouted to him in an angry and superior manner, "You just keep that rotten old paddle-box of yours clear of my chain-plates, will you! What are you doing with that wheel, coming alongside like that?" He already ranked with the District Inspector of Constabulary in her native county, this tug-boat skipper, and the Captain of the big emigrant ship as yet was beyond all comparison.

"The doctor tells me," said Miss Palgrave, "that they have all had a most miserable time below during the week. How many of you are there, my dear? Let me pin together that rent in your skirt."

The young woman shook her head. The blush was still on her brow. The presence of a man, even an elderly man like the Captain, had disturbed the undercurrents in her soul. Miss Palgrave's kind,

almost affectionate manner, seemed suddenly to repulse her. And a torn dress had never troubled her before in all her life. The Captain spoke instead.

“Eighty-two single women, a hundred and fifty-one married and children under twelve, including thirty-six infants; a hundred and four single men; a doctor; and a crew and a half of forty-three all told; and of course two saloon passengers, Mr. and Miss Palgrave, taking a round trip for the benefit of health and——”

“To kill time with a paint-brush, as Eustace says. And what size is the girls’ quarters, Captain?”

“Oh, as large as the saloon and state-rooms together—first-rate accommodation for a free passage. Don’t you think so, Biddy? You didn’t get better than that in Connemara, I’ll be bound!”

The re-paling cheek of the girl again flushed hotly.

I am not from Connemara, sir, and my name is not Biddy.”

“You tell them that in Australia and they won’t believe you. I’ll wager you’ve a brother Pat anyhow—come now? Ha-ha-ha!”

“Indeed, and I have not neither,” said the girl with a return of her good humour, smiling at the Master; “his name is Dominick, the same name as my father’s.”

“And what is yours, my girl?”

“Joanna D’Arcy,” said Miss Palgrave; “she has just told me, and a very sweet name, too. It reminds one of Joan of Arc, and is so much softer. There! now your dress is quite respectable.”

“Joan of Arc? It reminds me of Darby and Joan—eh, Darcy, and Joanna?” said the Captain, laughing. “Well, Miss Palgrave has made your hair look very

pretty with those two long plaits; what style of tittyvating do you call that, Miss Palgrave?"

"Style, Captain? Oh, that's the Marguerite, of course. Turn round and show the Captain, my dear; *Marguerite en règle* for her Faust!"

"Ha-ha, ha-he-he! And hasn't she dropped some of it on the deck here? Oh, you womenfolk! What deceptive creatures you are!"

The girl turned away to escape further banter as Miss Palgrave picked up the piece of hemp. She walked to the rail and looked up for one short second at the man on the yard. His eyes were looking down and watching Miss Palgrave toying with the strand of rope and rattling with the Captain.

This was not Joanna D'Arcy's first brush with the enemy since she had left Ireland. That had been with the English matron (now below in the 'tween-deck) at the Plymouth depot. The matron had affectedly pitied her because she was an Irish girl, and because she was of the religion of some fifty of the other single girls. "It is a great drawback, my dear," had said the matron. "But it is not your fault, my dear, that you were born in such a priest-ridden country." Not her first brush; not the first affair of outposts and slight skirmishes with the enemy. Some of the other girls—Irish, Scotch, and English—had shown already a feeble battle-front. But this brush, this morning, was one that required different strategy. Her ancestry was a weapon that she felt would injure herself more than the enemy, if she allowed herself to make use of it. Her poverty rusted the weapon that could be turned against her. Among her own people the fact that her grandfather had been a landed gentleman, and her uncle a canon and parish

priest, gave her the right to the title of Miss D'Arcy of Kilnatubber, though she was uneducated and had been reared in a small thatched cabin with six acres of land, rented from the son of the man who had bought her grandfather's estate by public auction before she had been born. She had come now to this enlarging world, inviting attack, competing with misunderstanding antagonists, suffering while she smiled, and maybe mournful at times when she succeeded through another's loss; but the friction between self-condemnation and self-approval, that would wear the double-edged sword of enmity into a rod of self-chastisement between them, had not yet begun.

"There's seven bells," said the Captain to Miss Palgrave, "and there's the steward. Don't you feel hungry? You will find that a sea voyage is the best of all tonics."

"It is not my first" by many, Captain, though I have never sailed in a ship like this before. But Eustace thought it would be such an interesting change from a short steamboat trip to the Azores, or up the Mediterranean. What a very difficult feat it must be to squeeze through that crowd at the galley!" Miss Palgrave looked along the main deck, where the coloured steward, holding a pile of plates above his head, was emerging from a group of men and women with bright new pails in their hands, and new loaves of bread either under their arms or in their aprons. Some of the men around the galley door had bands around the sleeves of their right arms, with letters printed upon them. These were emigrants who received a slight gratuity from the Emigration Office for acting as stewards or "constables" to the others.

Those drawing rations for the single women's quarters carried the food as far as a little trap-door under the break of the poop, and it was there received by some of the girls and distributed to the various messes below.

Around another galley door, by the side of the emigrants' galley, some twenty or thirty younger men were crowded together with the blue guernseys and canvas jackets and striped flannel shirts of the seamen, rubbing the sleep out of their eyes as they waited their turn. They had just been turned out of their bunks. Hook-pots, filled with steaming coffee, were being passed over the heads of the single men, and the laughter and banter and rarer expression of ill-will reached the poop in a confused babble. It was the first morning of the voyage that there was a large assembly at the breakfast hour. During the recent stormy weather a few limp sea-sick emigrant stewards had staggered singly and despairingly to the galley doors, drenched with spray above and soaked to the knees below, and staggered back to the hatchways again, often to reach them with empty pails and loaves of bread sodden in salt water. This morning all was animation. Miss Palgrave was interested, and the smell of the hot coffee, with the knowledge that her own breakfast was being prepared, added to her habitual amiability a feeling of universal benevolence.

"How the poor souls will enjoy their breakfast this morning! Don't you think so, Captain?"

"I enjoy mine every morning, Miss Palgrave," replied the Master. "Why, some of that crowd never had so much to eat before in their lives, and the doctor tells me they are grumbling at the food already. Want saloon fare, I suppose!"

“Oh, I think the fare is excellent, but I don't think I should like my coffee out of a pail, Captain.”

“It's good coffee, the same as the crew gets,” said the Master.

“And fresh-baked bread,” said Miss Palgrave.

“Aye, and good salt butter,” said the Master.

“That's more than I got when I first went to sea.”

“Well, they must grumble at something; perhaps it is because most of them are Irish,” said Miss Palgrave, smiling. “But I really should not like my coffee out of a pail, though I can accustom myself to preserved milk.”

“Milk! what do the like of them want with milk?” said the Master contemptuously.

“I couldn't drink coffee at breakfast without milk, Captain; but I like my *caffè nero* after dinner.”

“You are different from that lot, Miss Palgrave; I am obliged to go without coffee altogether in hot weather, by order of the doctor.”

There could be no doubt that Miss Palgrave was very different from the majority of her fellow-passengers in one exceptionally dividing sense. As with the majority of the girls that paraded the poop, so here, on the main deck among these men of the dry land, an accent and an idiom preponderated exotic to Britain. Among the married section there was some variety, for the burr of the north-country miner and the dialect of lowland Scotland might each have been detected, and even the nasal emptiness of the speech common to the vicinity of Shoreditch and Haggerston, strange lingual factories in Britain's conglomerate yet not unlovely metropolis. But the majority of the emigrants exhibited in soft speech, as well as in easy manners, an affinity with those in the after

'tween decks. In fact, they came from that mild and easy land of the Gael, where both the milk of kine and the milk of human kindness have ever abounded. The ship's constitution was not unlike that of Ireland's. Here the foreign and antipathetic element was the ruling one. The sun shone down that morning in the North Atlantic upon a garrison of English speaking, thinking, and acting rulers, from him in command to the little anglicised Glasgōw boy from a reformatory ship. And half willingly, half perforce, the greater and overwhelming mass of alien thinkers, hoppers, dreamers, and actors, were being drafted and directed to an unknown future. In this regard some remarks by Captain Jessup, as he stood there on the poop beside Miss Palgrave, with his hands thrust into the pockets of his grey tweed jacket, illustrated an aspect of that unalterable attitude that British governors have adopted toward subject races.

The coloured saloon steward had collided with an emigrant and was picking up a broken plate with encumbered hands. "My cabin crockery won't last long at that rate, Miss Palgrave. That's the third since yesterday; and there's the house flag in red, white, and blue on each of them." These emigrants haven't got their sea legs yet. But they are a wild, clumsy, bog-trotting lot. Lazy, dirty, too; I've seen a deal of them in the East End of London, and unloading ships in New York. But they seem to improve in British places like Sydney and Melbourne. Now they've turned their backs on their country they'll thrive like bees in a bean field. They ought to be grateful to the British Government for developing the colonies; don't you think so, Miss Palgrave? If we dumped them down in the West Indies, Yellow Jack

would have them all in no time. But New South Wales and Victoria are fine countries for emigration. A mud cabin in Kerry or Donegal is about all they're leaving behind. An ignorant, superstitious, priest-ridden lot ! "

The Captain in all his deep-sea voyaging had set his foot on many a foreign strand, but only on the strand. In Ireland the strand had been that of Queenstown, a few feet of it in the vicinity of the landing-steps, and his knowledge of the Irish people so far had been gleaned from the bumboats, the English agents at that port, and an occasional copy of the London *Times*, which his wife posted to him when abroad.

Miss Palgrave remained silent. Her sharpened appetite kept her thoughts on breakfast.

"However," continued the Master, "all I care about is to land them safely at Port Jackson and to be rid of 'em ! Ah ! here's that surgeon ! Morning, Doctor ! " (There was a faint hint of antipathy in the Captain's use of the word "that.")

"Morning, Captain ! Good morning, Miss Palgrave ! How many people in the married quarters, Captain ? "

"Why, you know, Doctor ; one hundred and fifty-one, of course, including the thirty-six infants under three years."

"You may call it a hundred and fifty-two, Captain."

"Oh ! what ! an arrival ? "

"Yes, I had a sudden call at two o'clock this morning."

"Um, the mate didn't tell me *that* ! " said the Master. "The second mate failed to report it, I suppose, when he was relieved."

"And the mother is doing well?" inquired Miss Palgrave, as though she were conscious that such a question was expected of her.

"Why," interposed the Captain, "it wasn't premature, was it, Doctor?"

"Seven-months' child and the first-born," said the ship's surgeon. "Irish mother, aged thirty-eight, four-pound child."

"How interesting!" said Miss Palgrave, but showing little interest in the subject of children.

"Yes, another Irish female," said the doctor.

"*Irish?*" She's *English* born," said the Master; "allow me to know *that*, Doctor? She belongs to the parish of Stepney." The Master looked defiantly at the ship's surgeon.

"You puzzle me, Captain," said Miss Palgrave.

"She puzzled me," said the Doctor calmly; "she was crying all the time in that peculiar language of hers for the '*soggarth*.' These people would rather have a priest than a doctor, it seems." . . .

Then the Doctor added suddenly, after a pause, "I smell breakfast!"

"He's like an animal in the Zoo," said the Captain to Miss Palgrave, aside.

At this she laughed, and the steward at that moment ringing the saloon bell. Surgeon Benjamin Clyster—by courtesy of all, doctor as well as surgeon—disappeared below, followed by the Master, Miss Palgrave loitering behind at the companion-way.

The emigrant girls had all descended to the 'tween-deck below the fore-cabin, and the clatter of tin pots and pannikins reached the ears of Miss Palgrave through the ventilator beside the saloon companion-hood. The red-haired girl, with the frayed petticoat

and torn skirt, Joanna D'Arcy, had been the last to descend, and before she went down the ladder at the quarter-hatch she looked up at the crow-jack-yard. At that moment a boy struck eight bells on the poop bell, and the man looked down. His eye caught sight of the girl. She returned his smile. He made a motion as if drinking from a pannikin. As Joanna D'Arcy descended to the 'tween-deck there was a flush in her cheeks and pleasure was dancing in her eyes.

Miss Palgrave lingered a few minutes longer while the wheel was relieved by a quarter-master; and another seaman ascended the mizen rigging to relieve the man with serving-board and marline-spike.

The latter immediately descended the shrouds.

As he reached the sheerpole, his feet were about on a level with Miss Palgrave's eyes, their owner standing amidships watching him. He paused, looking downward, with admiration, longings—almost a question in his own eyes.

As they gazed at one another the man of thirty slightly blushed, not the woman of nine-and-twenty. He looked up and down the poop.

“*She* has gone below to breakfast,” said Miss Palgrave, smiling.

“Er—er—I beg your pardon?” said the man, stammering.

“I say that *she* has gone below to breakfast,” repeated Miss Palgrave, nodding her head and laying still more stress upon the pronoun.

“Who, may I inquire?” said the man.

The lady laughed merrily, and perhaps somewhat mischievously, and walked over to the rigging. Then she responded—

“I saw the beginning of a romance in a second of

time this morning. The sun was shining on your face, and I have good eyes."

"You are enigmatic," said the seaman; "would you kindly explain your meaning?" He had apparently expected quite a different preamble.

He rested his chin on a ratlin and looked down gravely into her eyes, the flush in his face having quite disappeared. The second mate had not yet taken the poop. He could be seen talking to the chief mate on the main deck, who had not yet gone to his breakfast in the saloon. The quarter-master at the wheel looked enviously at the pair. His shipmate seemed in no hurry to go to his own breakfast, and no wonder, when a lady like that! . . .

"Must I explain, and so destroy the value of suggestion, which is the basis of mystery, and sometimes the spice to the commonplace?" said Miss Palgrave. "Well, Joanna D'Arcy is very young, is she not?"

"Oh!" said the man, descending from the sheer-pole and standing beside her, for he had discerned a movement toward the poop by the two officers on the main-deck. He hesitated a moment, as if finding suitable words to her taste and position. "Believe me, it was the first time I saw Miss—er—the other—er—lady—this morning; for I presume you allude to her with the most beautiful hair that woman ever possessed. . . . She, whom you so kindly—"

"Have you no discretion, young man?"

He was certainly about the same age as herself, and he smiled as he responded—

"I am sure I must have lost the use of my eyes, Miss—"

"Palgrave."

“Miss Palgrave—or I should not have said the most beautiful.

“An affected compliment,” said the lady, “cannot obliterate the unstudied words of sincerity. You speak well for an able seaman. Was it not you who carried my luggage aboard in the East India Docks?”

“For which labour you kindly gave me the sum of one shilling. You are quite correct, Miss Palgrave.”

“You do not speak quite like the other seamen; but I see you wipe your tarry hands on your jacket quite *à la mode*.”

The man blushed like a boy, and let his hands fall to his side.

“How should a seaman speak?”

“Why, like an able-bodied seaman, of course,” said Miss Palgrave with affected vexation, “not like the people in a novelette, young man! I have come for a sea trip, and I am disappointed with one of the crew. *Song molto malcontento di lui*. His greasy jacket belies his inherent qualities. Here comes the second mate.”

They both turned away from the rigging, the man saying ironically—

“*Je suis bien affligé! Je ne parle pas Italien*. I am sorry to have been the unconscious cause of any disappointment, or loss of pleasure, in your voyage, Miss Palgrave!”

He had spoken with the vanity of a man who wished to undermine an impression, and she had spoken with the peculiar freedom of a woman who had travelled, and with the artificiality (that had become second nature) of one who trifled away her girlhood in the continual search for a world without barriers.

“*Adieu!* Joanna is fortunate! Your irony

shall be my sauce for breakfast," she said pleasantly, as the two officers advanced. She stood a moment gazing after him, and then she followed the chief mate down the saloon companion, slowly, and smiling to herself.

The man hastened forward. As he passed along the main deck a little boy of some two or three toddling years had just fallen in the wet scuppers. He picked up the child and wiped his hands and face with the kerchief from his own neck, and then carried him over to his mother at the main hatchway.

"Thank you, young feller," said the woman. "Wot a nice lydy you were talking to up there!" jerking her head in the direction of the poop.

"A saloon passenger, I believe," said the man discreetly.

"Yas, I seed 'er up there with 'er brother yesterday—long-haired feller in a soft felt 'at, tied on with an ankacher. Looks like an artist gent. I know that sort! Oh, yas! So you think 'er nice, do you?"

"Nay, it was *you* who said that, was it not?"

"Said wot? She's a forward lot, ain't she? I seed 'er a-doin' of a gal's 'air up this-morning. Red 'air, ain't it? I've got a daughter up there myself. I 'ope she won't come none of 'er nonsense over Miranda. We're as good a lot as 'er any day! I 'ad an unclt once wot kep' 'is own kerridge."

"I'm quite sure of that," said the man diplomatically. "What a fine boy! where's his daddy, eh? Where's your daddy, you little rogue? What a charming little fellow!"

"Oh! 'is daddy's swilling dawfy down below," said the mother; "beastly black muck, I can't abear it."

Sy! do they give you fellers soft bread, you sailor fellers?”

“No, only biscuit,” replied the man. “Wh— do you ask?”

She ogled the seaman, almost affectionately, it seemed.

“Wait ’ere with the kid a moment,” said the woman, and she ran down the ladder, reappearing in a few seconds with the quarter of a loaf.

“Really!” expostulated the man, “I shall be robbing you; and I think I prefer ship’s biscuit.”

“Take it now, I got a bit extr’y this mornin’. That lydy in the cabin ain’t got no better bread, so the German baker says, wot bakes the ’ole lot. I like German bakers, there was one in ’Ackney wot . . . oh, such a nice feller, ’e was; ’e used to make me larf so . . .”

“You are very kind,” said the seaman, taking the bread, and patting the boy’s cheek and putting him down at her feet. Then he walked forward, and, fetching his hook-pot from the forecastle, he came back to the galley door for his coffee.

“Y’re owre late again, my son,” said the ship’s cook sharply. “Y’ll no catch me keepin’ caffy till nign on ane bell, I tell y’.”

“I have been working aloft, Doctor; I had to wait some time before I was relieved. Come, you have a drop left! I’ll hurry the next time.”

“’Ach! y’ were better employed. I’m no so blind as a’ that, my son. Y’re a pawkie chiel, nae doot! She’s a pretty leddy y’ were making up to on the poop a while ago. Y’ mind the old man don’t catch y’.”

At this the seaman laughed outright, and he shook the hook-pot in his hand so much that he spilled some

of the tepid coffee, which the surly cook was reluctantly pouring into it, on the sill of the galley door.

“~~It~~ see naething to laff at,” said the cook, looking down at the spilt coffee; “perhaps y’ll kindly get a swab and cleanse the coaming o’ the door, an’ dinna be a towmond aboot it!”

This the man did immediately and good-humouredly, and then went and took his seat on his sea-chest in the fore-castle among his noisy shipmates, most of whom had finished their rough repast, and were cutting up their tobacco on the lids of their chests amid a hubbub of song, and jest, and coarse nautical banter.

CHAPTER II

STANDING on the fore-hatch I would have the eyes of your imagination peer straight before you over the old windlass into the gloom of the fore-castle, first noting the hum of voices beneath your feet—a hum of compulsory drones in a dark hive. Yet this humming is much about work to be done, work confidently expected, and about fortunes to be won in a hundred different ways. This under your feet, in the forward 'tween-decks, the abode of the unmarried male emigrants. You cannot fail to hear it as you peer into the fore-castle. Then, as you look under the raised shutters above the windlass, shading your eyes (for the sunlight comes obliquely down upon them with the breeze, as the foot of the huge foresail bulges in the wind), you will observe that the gloom within is broken by a shaft of bright light streaming down from a little open hatch in the fore-castle deck. You may think of Rembrandt as you note the effect. For follow that beam of light where it strikes down upon the flaxen hair of Olsen, the Norwegian, already, pipe in mouth, working away with rough, horny hands at a very white-sailed ship stitched into very blue Berlin wool water. What a very beautiful thing that patch of woollen colour is, and that flaxen head and beard, under that shaft of light! And then your spirit eyes may travel from Olsen's pale yellow hair, from his canvas cunarder jacket, from his wool work,

from his hook-pot at his side (for Olsen is of that breed that considers time devoted to mops alone as so much time wasted; hence he smokes, and works, and drinks coffee simultaneously), from this high light in the picture, to where it is reflected from adjacent objects gradually taking shape in the half shadows. You will certainly think of Rembrandt. For here is mystery, and mystery slowly elucidating itself through its own elements—light and shade. The face of the young seaman whom you have seen at work aloft this morning, the first human form your eye discerned against the white clouds, his face gradually resolves itself in the gloom, and many others also, all subordinate to Olsen in the left centre of the picture.

From these just discernible faces your gaze may now travel to the dimmer costumes, and to the constructive features of the habitation. And Rembrandt would probably put you where you are now standing on the hatch peering in. For you may note that you are looking through a frame, and the shape and scope of a frame is an important matter, as well as its distance from the picture within the frame.

Patrick Hudson, the seaman who had carried Miss Palgrave's trunks aboard in the East India Docks, is now breakfasting on coffee and biscuit a few feet away from Olsen the Scandinavian; and he, and one named Beady, and another with the sobriquet of Sydney Bob, and another, Cardiff Price, and several more to the complement of a dozen, are each engaged in interesting occupations, or reclining on their sea-chests, in poses which are, to your spirit eyes, more or less effective according to their relation to the central light.

When at length you enter the fore-castle Hudson

is dipping his ship's biscuit into his coffee. He has already parted with the soft bread which the woman had given him, and the man Beady close by is munching the last of its crust. The Norwegian wool-worker is now between you and the light, and if your spirit ears are active, as well as your eyes, you may hear him speaking to the man Hudson. You may also be attracted by that group of four sitting on inverted buckets, playing bluff on the little hatch above the fore-peak; swearing good-naturedly; spitting, as it seems, unnecessarily; and banging their fists down upon the hatch with affected turbulence. Or by those two speaking in whispers, and nodding their heads, who have just cut their tobacco and are rolling it in the palms of their hands slowly and meditatively. Or by that old grey-beard, washing a pair of blue socks with white toes in a bucket. He is crooning some long-forgotten air to himself, and he spits into the bucket without removing the clay pipe from his mouth.

There is also a boy, whom you may see, kneeling on the deck, and hammering with an iron belaying-pin at a piece of folded canvas, inside of which are broken pieces of biscuit. With that belaying-pin he is preparing a hash for this evening's supper. The grey-beard, washing his self-knitted socks, is taking a keen interest in the preparation, for his teeth have nearly all disappeared, and he cannot munch hard biscuit as easily as he can chew plug tobacco. He breaks his crooning at odd moments and gives the boy short words of direction, such as, “Hit it with the round end, sonny!” and “Shake it all together, one lump smashes another”; and, “I like it as fine as flour myself.” Another man is making a canvas

cap ; and one or two have taken to their bunks, where they lie smoking and talking.

The seaman eating his late breakfast, Patrick Hudson by name, is now replying to a remark by Olsen the Scandinavian. It seems that Olsen's last ship carried three skysails. He had just made a statement that only American captains carried on—"cracked on," as he put it—for British masters were no good at all at "cracking on," they were too afraid of their rotten gear and old flax sailcloth. It had all been good white cotton canvas in the last ship, and good Manila rope. Olsen had been puffing the glories of the "last ship" as he worked away at his wool mat.

"'Tis a pity, Olsen, that you did not sail a second trip in such a good ship. Whatever brought you back into an old limejuicer again? Or why did you not try one of your own Norway craft? They feed you well in them, don't they?"

Hudson's question was a casual one; he was thinking of other things as he spoke. It was spoken without irony, for the British sailor, even at this period, had begun to adversely criticize the ships of his own country. Such was a sign of a new race of seamen, a trade-unioned race of seamen, discontented with their lot, the lot of men that had lived a hundred years before them.

"What brought you into an old limejuicer again, Olsen?"

"Coldn't get anoder sheep," says Olsen.

"What! not a Norwegian timber craft in the Commercial Docks?"

"Norway sheep no goot; 'Merical sheep bully; goot cook, goot grub——"

“ Good afternoon watch on deck, eh ? ”

“ Well, I want not mooch sleep. I’m ’Merican citizen ; I like ’Merican sheeps ; I guess I’ll joost find anoder in Port Yackson—Portlan’ Oregon sheep.”

Hudson, who had sailed in one or two American ships, smiles as he recalls their methods of government by chief mate, belaying-pin, and an occasional revolver-shot. Finishing his breakfast he turns to a companion and says—

“ Let me have that water when you are done, Bill.”

Bill had just set about washing a shirt after washing his face and hands in a few inches of the same water.

“ Plenty of vater in ’Merican sheep,” says Olsen.

“ I have only the one shirt to wash,” says Bill.

After a pause, while Hudson fills his pipe, says Bill—

“ Got any sugar left, Pat ? ”

“ Aye, half my whack ; do you want any ? ”

As Bill had only one shirt to wash in the water he wants enough sugar for two days.

“ I can’t eat pea-soup without sugar,” says Bill, explaining.

“ Oh, that’s all right, Bill, fair value ; you can have half of what I’ve got left.”

When Bill, the quarter-master, asked his shipmate whether he had any sugar left, he was suggesting the terms of barter. Bill had no sugar left because he used his week’s allowance both for coffee and pea-soup (not an uncommon mixture in a fore-castle). Water, on board the *Young Pretender*, this morning, was not so scarce as it would have been had she carried no emigrants. There was a small donkey-engine in the deck-house amidships, to which a condensing apparatus had been fitted. Everybody put unlimited faith in this condenser, and Hudson, who knew how

easy it was to obtain a few pints of water from as many emigrants, pointed out to his shipmate the one-sided nature of the barter.

"You're cute," says Bill, "but I'll own up I can't live without sugar. Last voyage we took in sugar at Sourabaya, and, lor! Pat, we did luxuriate! Got it through the fore-peak; she'd a wooden bulkhead, except in the lower hold, and a plank was loose. We'd sugar by the ton! We was all boily with it, and it does fatten. I miss my sugar; I don't make no bones about owning up, do I, mate?"

"All right!" says Hudson; "hurry up with that shirt."

In the forecastle of a merchant ship like the *Young Pretender*, twenty-five years ago, goods were always used for exchange of values; money was seldom seen except in port, when it disappeared immediately ashore. The large steamboats of to-day, floating hotels, rapid ferry-boats rather than ships, daily reducing the size of an erstwhile large, mysterious, and interesting world, filled with the flunkeydom of the restaurant and the fashions of the changing seasons; electric-lighted, electric-ventilated, belled, and steered, and yet never clean and never salubrious. These huge smutted monsters, with hurry-scurry passion tearing at their entrails, these, multiplying everywhere, are breeding a new race of seamen, less simple in thought, less useful in action, less resourceful in danger. The socialism of the swap is, above all, almost unknown among these hotel attendants masquerading as seamen. In the sailing-ships of twenty and thirty years ago this socialism had its advantages, for not a penny-piece was ever seen during a voyage. Yet there was then an occasional exploiter of the barter

system. Men like the Norwegian, Olsen, would have two or three dozen boxes of matches stowed away in their chests over and above those necessary for their own wants. A box of Swedish matches, worth a farthing, had been known to purchase a muffler, a pair of mits, and even a blanket. A box of matches may be worth to the owner of a very good blanket more than several such blankets, though he pay ten shillings apiece for them. Necessity often took a peculiar pleasure in trading with forethought; and forethought the satisfaction of having benefited thoughtless necessity, or sudden misfortune.

“Have you any tobacco?” inquired Bill, wringing out the shirt; “I lost all mine at bluff last night.”

“Did you bring any needles and thread with you this voyage?” said Hudson; “I forgot all about it the day I shipped.”

“I got good needle and thread,” said Olsen.

“You and I’ll do a deal this dog-watch,” says Bill.

“If you’ve finished that shirt I’ll wash this cunarder,” says Hudson; “I want a couple of hours’ sleep this forenoon, and there goes two bells!”

“Yes, I know your sleep, mate, readin’ those rummy books with a pipe in your kisser. Wonder how you can read ’em! The one you lent me, I couldn’t make nothing of; is it love, or navigation, or what they calls Sunday readin’?”

“Oh, a good many things, Bill; but I picked up that one I lent you on a bookstall in the East India Road. It looked interesting.”

“Damn your interestin’ books!” says Bill; “give us somethin’ to make us laugh, and I likes a bit of smut chucked in. A mar’once lent me a book about

a blooming nun ; my word, it was dam funny ! How I did laugh, mate."

Hudson's face grew solemn. "Boccaccio, or perhaps Balzac ? Well, I'll lend you another, Bill ; but I'm afraid it won't make you laugh " ; and Hudson whispered affectedly into Bill's ear, knowing his man, and cheapening the bluff with a wink.

"Well, I don't mind trying that. It doesn't wind up with a prayer-meeting, does it ; all around a death-bed, and she clasps his thin white hands and says, *All is forgiven, darling !* and stuff like that ? They always get so dam good afore they die. Is there any old rag afore you come to that part about the gal and the kid ? "

"By 'old rag' Bill meant literary circumlocution ; anything which retarded the action of the story, and made him search through whole pages for the little specks of spice to tickle his appetite."

"There's much analysis of character," said Hudson to himself thoughtfully, "and—oh, there's a deal of stuff you can skip, Bill ;—and it's warm enough in places. But there's religion in it ; and you don't mind religion, do you ? "

"Oh ! it won't hurt me, I suppose," growled Bill, "but I can do with b——y little of it, shipmate."

Hudson laughed good-naturedly ; rather a stock laugh it seemed ; and took his place at the bucket, having divested himself of the cunarder he wanted to wash. (Yes, she was right, it was very greasy in front ; but in future it should be as white as snow.)

"I got good soap in my kist," says Olsen, turning round, with his sail needle poised between finger and thumb, as he prepared to thread it with some more blue woollen water ; the fair hair on his red arms like golden

gosling-down in the light under the little hatch above him. Hudson looked at him a few moments before replying, thinking of other things far removed from soap; then he says—

“Oh! I shall come to you when we are running our Easting down; I shall probably be short of soap and tandstickon; too, by that time.”

Olsen went on working at his wool ship, smiling complacently; and the boy, who had been breaking biscuit with the belaying-pin, came across the fore-castle and stood behind the Scandinavian, with the piece of old canvas bunched in both his hands. Hudson looked at the boy's red flannel American shirt and the big sheath-knife stuck in his belt behind, as he craned his neck over Olsen's shoulder, the seaman bending forward to the frame upon which the canvas of the mat stretched. Then Olsen turns sideways a moment, and lifts his hook-pot of cold coffee to his long flaxen beard.

Says Olsen, hook-pot in hand, between his sips of coffee, “Vell, got nodings to do, eh? You see me make vool sheep, eh? Den you go make vool sheep yourself, eh? You be sailor-man some day, and make vool mat for your leedle bit of yam, eh?”

“I'm making a dry hash, Olsen; my girl wouldn't say ‘thank you’ for a wool mat; she wants curios from China. I do hope we'll take coal or ballast up to Shanghai, or some port in India, when we discharge these emigrants.”

“Or 'Frisco, where you got that fine red shirt, sonny; wouldn't that suit you?” says Hudson, washing his cunarder and looking down at his own dungaree trousers. (Yes, they were getting tarry and greasy too. They must be washed also this morning.)

"I paid three dollars for the shirt, Pat; I don't want to go to 'Frisco again. 'And home round the Horn? 'No, thank you, Pat."

"Ah," says the old grey-bearded seaman, washing his second pair of blue socks with white toes, which he has just removed from his feet. "Ah, sonny, you're a fine-weather bird; why isn't one 'port as good as another? Why don't you ship in the saloon like that lady of quality and her brother, what's aft? Hurry up with that hash, my son!"

"Don't you like hash, Olsen?" says the boy, lingering.

"Ya! I like 'Merican hash, sonny; you no make 'Merican hash; you wear 'Merican shirt mit hole in elbow, eh?"

"Have you any red wool, Olsen?" The boy looked at the hole.

"Ya! I got red wool; leedle; you make leedle dry hash for me, and I give you leedle red wool, eh? You got needle, eh?"

"Oh, I've a packet of darning needles, Olsen."

"Eh! you show me needle?"

"You make that there hash, sonny," cried the old man, washing.

But the boy goes to his bunk and rummages hi' a little ditty-box for the needles.

"Needle no 'goot," says Olsen, looking at them in the boy's hand.

"Why, are they too big, Olsen?"

"No," says Olsen, working away as if he was but little interested in needles and red shirts.

"Well, what is the matter with them, then?"

"No goot, too small; you give me dose needle, I sew hole in elbow mit red wool mit my needle, eh? You make me leedle dry hash, eh?"

“All right, Olsen; I’ll turn in as soon as I’ve made the hash, and you can darn the hole. I hate darning. I don’t want the needles.”

Olsen puts the packet of needles into the breast pocket of his canvas jacket, and then takes a longer sip at his cold coffee.

Then he goes on with his wool ship; and the boy, glad to escape the repairing of his shirt, proceeds to mix water with the biscuit and add the scraps of salt pork and beef which he and the old man had saved from their dinners of the preceding two days.

There he, and all of them, may work, and talk, and smoke, and some of them presently to sleep as they did five-and-twenty years ago. But leaving them there, I would have your spirit eyes travel to the other end of the ship. And in their flight aft, you may see that group of young men to leeward of the galley, cleaning pannikins and plates—using the square heel of a long spar as their scullery table.

They are unused to such work, and they bandy words of mirthful jest; words of the English tongue and sometimes of another and rarer, a tongue that is strange to the ears of a deep-water sailor, though he have sailed under many a foreign flag. The deck beside the galley is narrow, and the deal-boarded additions make it still narrower; and the young men jostle each other as the vessel rolls in the lessening breeze.

Down here, in the married quarters, you can hear the voices of little children and crying babes; the clatter of many tin utensils; the cheerful holloa up the hatchway, and the yell of sudden remonstrance from some hoarse-throated father or mother. As you hear, you may think of empty cottages and broken window-panes,

and tumbled rotten thatches. You may think of brethren left behind, with sordid care husbanding disputed and meagre possessions; of mothers and sisters awaiting the promised pittance, of plots and plans, and hopes, and resolutions; of resignation, peevish submission, or of cheerful acceptance. Many are come on deck after their morning meal, and if you have a fine imagination and can smell as well as hear and see, you may wonder why some of these men and women ever stay below at all. That long canvas tube with wide wings at its summit, outstretched to the breeze, and called by seamen a windsail, though it carry a strong draught of sea-air below, cannot blow away the constant emanations from a hundred and fifty pairs of lungs; bundles of frowzy clothes, and scraps of mouldy food secreted in every darker corner. One may sicken, one may even die, for want of fresh wholesome air, though one be in mid-ocean. You may notice that windsail bulging and swaying in the wind; in rough weather it cannot be hoisted at all, nor the little scuttles in the ship's side be opened. It has already, the first morning of its use, caused some enmity. The outdoor temperature has not as yet increased by many degrees, as it will a week or two hence, and warmth below is desired by the majority. This windsail brings a cool stream of air down upon the heads of those in the neighbourhood of the hatch. A very young woman from the city of Cork—married to a red-faced butcher the day before she left Ireland—is sitting right below the mouth of this windsail; and is grateful that the carpenters in Plymouth numbered her bunk so that it fell to her lot to sleep near this draught of fresh air. Unfortunately, the woman with a baby who has been allotted the berth below her,

loves the warm, confined air ; and she is already grumbling at the cold draught. This foretells many a day of bickering and night of complaint.

Turning your eyes away from that open hatchway, and travelling yet further aft, if you cast them down a small grated hatch on the quarter-deck, between the capstan and the pumps, you may catch the flicker of girls' faces against the sombre background of their coop. Their part of the 'tween-deck begins just here, and when a face looks up a foot or two below your own eyes, bent towards the grating, it seems like the glimpse of a nun of Santa Chiara caught with unveiled head at the barred wicket of her convent. For a moment only, for the face will remain, and perhaps be joined by another and yet another ; and mouths will speak and smile. Safe in their coop, they can afford to banter with seaman or officer, single man or married man emigrant. As you pass from this glimpse of the unmarried women's quarters, the only glimpse possible for anybody other than themselves, except the matron, the captain, and the doctor—as you travel aft to the saloon, you will hear the high-pitched expostulation of an elderly voice, the voice of the British matron herself, who has caught one of these girls speaking through the little grated hatch.

Passing aft, you can now descend to the saloon, where, if your imagination permit it, you can see it at the time that Miss Palgrave and the chief mate followed the doctor and the captain to breakfast, half an hour ago.

The captain is in an arm-chair, screwed to the deck right beneath the swinging barometer fixed to the skylight. The chief mate is on his right hand ; the doctor on his left. Miss Palgrave sits next the mate, and opposite to her, next the doctor, sits a gentleman

whom you have not before seen. This is Mr. Palgrave, the brother of the lady. The negro steward, in his shirt-sleeves and with bare feet, stands at the door of the berth nearest the companion ladder, with his ears expectant of the captain's order. His pantry had been appropriated by the single women, it having fallen within the region cut off with the fore cabin for their accommodation. The two bunks in the berth, behind him, had been fitted up as lockers for crockery and table ware. When an order came from the arm-chair, he pattered round the saloon, a clean towel on his arm, with which he dusted every plate, or held a hot dish. He had told the second mate (who approved of his decision) that he intended opening a restaurant in Melbourne or Adelaide, as soon as he had saved enough money to marry a nice *white* girl. This saloon had been, as it were, his academy for some years, and its officers his teachers; but passengers were seldom carried aboard the *Young Pretender* (since her East Indiaman days), and the steward was delighted to have a real lady and gentleman on whom he might practise as a restaurant waiter.

Mr. Palgrave, whose interest in every form of life had been an uncertain, almost a negligible quantity during the preceding week, is watching the coloured steward trotting around the saloon, changing the plates and dishes with elaborate and unnecessary iteration of the questions usual at table.

All except the captain are sitting on long settees placed both sides of the table; and these settees have backs that can be turned over, toward the table after meals. On the table, arranged between the partitions of the *fidle* or *fidly*, are dishes of stewed oysters and mashed potatoes; broiled bacon and curried rabbit; hot scones, made by the German baker, and warm rolls

folded in a napkin (which Mr. Palgrave dislikes), and flaky, white cabin biscuits, which Mr. Palgrave likes very much. He also likes the coffee—fresh roasted and ground every evening by the cook—for the morning meal. The conversation at table is in great part about food and drink. Mr. Palgrave dislikes salt butter, and has already found fault with the cabin tea. Preserved or condensed milk he can tolerate in coffee; but he prefers lemon-juice in his tea, and there are no lemons on the ship. Yesterday the steward advised some few drops of ship's limejuice; but Mr. Palgrave only expressed disgust at the experiment which followed the advice. For Mr. Palgrave has fine tastes and fine feelings, with an appetite sensitive and as delicate as that of a spoiled child.

“Good heavens!” said Mr. Palgrave every evening for a week, as he sipped his tea, “that water must have been boiling all day!” If his palate suffered a shock at cabin tea, his eyes suffered tortures unexplainable at the cabin crockery. This had the house-flag of the London company emblazoned in the centre of each saucer and plate, and on the side of each cup, and around the red, white, and blue flag was a wreath of roses. He closed his eyes as he drank the tea, and said the design was too painful to contemplate, and that he wished he had taken a friend's advice and brought his own china with him. His sister had reminded him that there was such a liquid as emigrant's tea, and such table ware as tinned iron pots and pannikins, and he had responded, “Indeed? How interesting!” and added that he would make a careful study of the people who liked such things when the weather improved.

As you see them all sitting there this morning, Mr.

Palgrave has just discovered that it is not possible to lean back in the settee and at the same time bend over his plate to eat. So he reclines, and carries the cup to his clean-shaven lip, and holds his plate in one hand while he eats, looking across at the chief mate with the half-amused, half-disgusted interest of the habitually bored. Then he puts the plate down and passes his white hand through his long, dark brown hair, which is beginning to curl up at his coat collar. Miss Palgrave is eating her breakfast with an almost voracious appetite, and the Doctor is keeping the coloured steward at a steady trot to and from the pantry. His enjoyment of stewed oysters and potatoes, followed by broiled York ham, exceeds that of the lady. Presently they begin to converse.

"I think," said Mr. Palgrave, "that I should have less interrupted sleep were I to change my berth for one of those empty ones over there. They are much smaller, but that inconvenience would possibly be balanced by a quieter night."

"What's the matter now?" inquires the Captain.

"Oh! I felt a succession of shocks beneath my bunk. I declare I expected to be thrown out of bed more than once."

"The state rooms are over the counter, of course; and when the wind drops, after heavy weather, the ship rolls a bit; and sometimes she sits down on a sea, and gets a slap on—er—ahem——" says the Captain, suddenly checking himself.

Mr. Palgrave smiles at the Captain, and Miss Palgrave smiles too.

"Um," I was slapped there myself when I was a youngster," says the Doctor. "Some more potatoes, steward!"

“There’s a vacant berth next to the pantry, larger than any of the others,” says the Captain, “and that’s nearer amidships.”

“Thanks very much ; and that air pillow of mine, Constance ; it does not suit me, and feathers are too soft, and the bolster is too hard. Doctor, what would you advise me to do ? ”

“Do without one altogether. What do you want with a pillow ? Sleep straight on your back. I do First-rate sleep. Steward, some more coffee, please ; half milk ! ” replies the Doctor.

“Yes, sah ! half milk, sah ! coming, sah ! ” says the steward.

The young man sighs pleasantly as if amused by his own delicacy and refinement ; and strokes his blue shaven face meditatively.

“Ships are horribly uncomfortable things to live on ; that salt-water bath makes me feel quite sticky all day ; it is as if I were painted all over with megilp. I detest all kinds of stickiness.”

“Brace up your constitution,” says the Doctor ; “it doesn’t make me feel sticky. That condenser is almost a failure, Captain ; it only gives half a gallon per emigrant for twelve hours’ working. They are all washing themselves in salt water, Mr. Palgrave—those that wash at all ! ”

“Indeed ? I suppose it is preferable to condensed water. What water are *we* drinking, Captain ? ”

“Oh, good Plymouth water out of the main tanks,” says the Captain. “We shall have fresh water enough in the doldrums, and then all hands can have a bath. Some more ham, Miss Palgrave ? ”

“If you please ; some more ham, steward. It is quite delicious, Captain, and I thought sailing-ship fare

was little better than workhouse diet before I came on board. You see Captain, we have always travelled in steamboats before; haven't we, Eustace?"

"Yes, I hate steamboats," says Eustace; "beastly, grimy things and the men on them seem hardly sailors at all. That last Mediterranean trip bored me to death."

The skylight of the cabin was raised at the fore end, and a bird-cage there hung in which a canary fluttered about, attempting a bath in his little water trough. The sunlight sparkled on his wet golden back in drops of silver. The little panes of coloured glass around the skylight threw shafts of blue and red and white light on the maple-wood doors of the berths behind the chief mate and Miss Palgrave. Eustace Palgrave, with indolent eyes, took in the effect, and again sighed pleasantly. But, his attention attracted by some falling ropes on the deck above, he began again his morning lamentation.

"When the crew pull those ropes over my head, Mr. Shackley, they all seem to be scraping my face with their boots; the deck is so close to it. I'd rather have that crowd of girls parading the poop than that strape, scrape, with the ropes all night. And what is that banging at my head all night?"

Mr. Shackley the chief mate, looked at the Captain before he laughed. The Captain seemed amused, so Mr. Shackley boldly laughed.

"Why, sir, we must keep the braces taut. Perhaps there's a clew iron hanging out of a sail in the berth next door to yours, and it's knocking against the bulkhead. Just tuck it into the bunk, and it won't bother you. We have no sail locker since we took in emigrants, so we are using some of the saloon berths

instead. "You should have shipped in a steamer, sir, where the screw would sing you to sleep."

"Don't waste your gentle irony on me, Mr. Shackley, I'm still too weak to enjoy it," said Mr. Palgrave, with a good-natured smile; and looking at his sister, he continued, "Constance, at what hour of the night do those confounded girls come on deck? Or is it morning? You were up there this morning; are there any good heads among them?"

The Captain, who had been watching the canary, and nibbling at a concluding biscuit and butter, shook his head.

"Yes," said Miss Palgrave enthusiastically, "more than one, I assure you. But there is one you will like extremely, Eustace. As soon as you feel yourself again you must make some studies, dear. I shall get her to sit to you. Her *négligé* is peculiar."

The Captain seemed astonished.

"Not that slatternly red gal, Miss Palgrave! What?"

"How? Is she red, then?" inquired Eustace Palgrave with some approach to animation. "That's encouraging."

"Yes, dear, and the red you like. And such a mouth! Why, Rossetti would take a cab as far as Regent's Park to paint her; and that is equal to another going round the world to do it."

Said Mr. Palgrave thoughtfully, "I like a full top lip, and I like red. What kind of eyes has she?"

"Eyes you never saw the like of, Eustace; you will be charmed with her."

"More than the matron will be with you," said the Captain, laughing; "and you'll make all the other gals jealous if you don't do their pictures. As for me, I haven't seen a face I like among the whole crowd."

except one they call, er—something like Merry Andrew—er—"

"Miranda Jenkins, a girl from London; yes, *she's* a fine-looking girl," said the Doctor. "Black hair. Some Neapolitan ices in her, I expect."

Eustace Palgrave smiled at the Doctor, and the Doctor smiled at Palgrave.

"A cross between an Italian waiter and a London woman makes a good model, Doctor."

"It is a pity the weather has been so rough, or you would have seen them all," said Miss Palgrave. "There's a mysterious, regal, calm, peculiarly handsome, brown face from Kerry, with blue-green eyes. Something Asiatic, something Greek about her; purely Celtic, I suppose. What a pity some girls grow moustaches! And she says 'dis' and 'dat' for 'this' and 'that.' " She laughed a little spitefully; but Miss Palgrave was of the hairless-faced type herself. The hair, fine and glossy, of her own head was far from luxuriant, and it needed a continual course of curling-paper to give it a distinction of form.

The Captain's eyes smiled as he looked over at the thin, pale, shaven face of Mr. Palgrave, framed with its long straight locks curling up at the ends. The Captain's eyes smiled—that is to say always of his smiling; what his mouth was doing under his bushy beard, grey and curly like the traditional St. Peter's, was conjectural. Then said the master of the *Young Prender*, looking at the canary with one eye, as it were, but past it with the other, for the foot of the crowjack was trembling in the wind, either as the helmsman kept the ship too close to it, or as the ship broke off as it flamed ahead—

"Last voyage, passage out, we had a girl aboard

with hair the colour of that bird of yours, Miss Palgrave. —Keep her clean full!" he roared abruptly at the skylight.

"Voyage fore last, sah!" corrected the steward, as he removed the Captain's plate.

"Aye, voyage before last. Scotch girl she was; my word, she was. — Wind's drawing ahead, Mr. Shackley!"

"Had she white eyebrows? How horrible!" said Miss Palgrave, who had thin, arching, light brown ones.

"Oh, I didn't take stock of her eyebrows, but her hair shone like a buttercup. I like Scotch girls; my wife is Scotch."

"Clean, tidy, healthy girls, the Scotch—Lowland Scotch," said the Doctor; "a well-developed variety of *Homo mediterraneus*—of the Xanthocroic, or Teutonic branch.—Steward, some more rabbit, please."

"Oh, I think Scotch girls are as ungainly as the Irish," said Mr. Palgrave, "if you mean the peasant type; delicacy and refinement of form only come of continual cross breeding, and the conditions of city life. I dislike robustness of form and the vulgarity of obvious health. But I am always rather susceptible to a red head of hair; oh, yes! so far as a head goes I like a red head on a woman, if she has a white skin. The kind of red, you know, that Titian loved, Constance."

He spoke languidly, and with an affectation of surfeited experience.

"Ah," cried his sister, "wait until you see some of them!"

"Were you ever in Ireland, Mr. Palgrave?" said the chief mate. "I have seen red heads in the north that you might approve of."

Mr. Palgrave laughed good-naturedly.

"Thanks, Mr. Shackley; another prick. No, I was never interested in Ireland."

"But I suppose you have been to Scotland? There are many red-headed girls there, Mr. Palgrave."

"No, indeed; I like places, you know, where the sun shines," replied the young man, chopping at a piece of ham with his knife.

"You must not take my brother too seriously," said his sister to all. "He likes everything that is beautiful. He worships the beautiful. He is an artist first, and a human being next."

"We are all animals *first*," said the Doctor, "mere animals."

"That Scotch girl," stolidly repeated the Captain, "had hair that shone like a buttercup. She came from Inverness. She was *Highland* Scotch, like my wife."

He looked at the Doctor aggressively.

"Fine place, Inverness," said the Doctor agreeably. "Steward, some more curried rabbit, not much rice, please. This is like the curry we used to get in the Royal Navy."

"Yes, sah, jes' same; not much rice, sah. Moah coffee, sah?"

Mr. Palgrave looked at the Doctor's plate curiously, and sighed again. Then he told the steward to remove his plate, and to give him a piece of dry toast.

"There cannot be much sun in Inverness," he said to the Doctor, "or they would not have needed that useful cape of theirs. The only city that I should care to reside in, if I were compelled to stay in one place, is Rome. The sun shines there, any way."

"You said it was the only place on earth where you

never felt the time drag, and yet you did not touch a brush or pencil the whole six months we stayed there," said his sister. "You shall start work to-day, Eustace; you shall make a pencil study of that girl's head, if she will sit to you on the poop. And I shall get Mr. Shackley to fix something to keep the wind off you. And, Eustace, *for*—there is *another* fine head you would like, a man, a sailor, or—would you object, Captain?"

"Object to what, Miss Palgrave?" inquired the Master. "Keep—her—full!" he roared again at the skylight, for the man at the wheel to hear.

"That my brother should make a sketch of one of your crew (he is an able seaman, I suppose), if you would allow him to remain on the poop?"

The Captain looked steadfastly at Miss Palgrave.

Captain Jessup had navigated a few shiploads of emigrants to Australia and New Zealand, but saloon passengers were a novel experience. He had never carried them before in any ship he had sailed in, either as officer or master. A doctor had been his only companion in the saloon besides the ship's officers; and a lady at the cabin table kept his mind in an uneasy state, trying to think of polite conventionalities that he had never seriously considered before.

"I can object to nothing you ask me, Miss Palgrave; pray, who is the man?"

But Miss Palgrave was now speaking to her brother.

"He has those peculiar grey-black eyes, with all the slumbering fire of the old sea-rover in their depths. His head is carried nobly like a Vandyck cavalier—like a refined buccaneer; what I imagine such would be like. And he has such a throat so interesting; wait till you see him, Eustace; I am sure you will

tell me to rush for your pochard box, so that you can dab him in."

The Captain attempted to look interested, though he was longing to go on deck and see how much the ship had broken off her late course.

Eustace only stroked his chin and yawned; he understood his sister's point of view in all—her likes and her dislikes. The mate had long since finished his breakfast, and the Doctor alone was eating still.

"Um, we seem to have picked up a gem this trip, Mr. Shackley. Do you know this buccaneer hand at all?"

"A fellow called Fat, I think Miss Palgrave means. He was working aloft on the mizen, was he not; this morning?"

"He was doing something with tarry string on one of those poles up there, certainly; and is his name Pat? That is an Irish name, but he does not seem very Irish in appearance or manner."

"Is that the man Hudson that we shipped in Antwerp when we discharged the wheat from 'Frisco, Mr. Shackley?"

"Yes, sir."

"He seems a well-behaved man; he stayed by the ship in London. I'd rather have Dutchmen, though. But they were uncommon scarce in London this time. You can handle a Dutchman easier than you can a Britisher, and they don't drink so much in port. Isn't it so, Mr. Shackley?"

"You are right, sir; I like Dutchmen before the mast. But Miss Palgrave was referring to the outward beauty of the man, I believe."

The chief mate looked conscious of having said something out of the common; and there was

something in his voice that seemed to be “taking soundings.”

“Well, my dear young lady,” said the Master, “you can have him on the poop as much as you like—that is—in his watch below, and in fine weather, of course. But I advise you to keep on good terms with the matron.”

“Or with *me*,” said the Doctor, somewhat pompously. “I’m responsible for the state of the girls’ hearts. Against the regulations of the Emigration Office, Miss Palgrave. No male animals allowed—natural selection prohibited in this particular.”

“Oh, thank you, Captain,” said Miss Palgrave, somewhat effusively. “He wears a curious canvas—canvas——”

“Cunarder, that’s what it’s called, Miss Palgrave,” said the chief mate. “Stole the canvas out of the last ship’s sail-locker, I don’t doubt.”

He looked at the lady with twinkling eyes, pushing out his unshaven chin in a knowing way, but Miss Palgrave did not appear shocked.

“But, as you say, he has a good head,” he added apologetically.

“How good?” inquired Mr. Palgrave, who was listening half amused and half bored. “What do you think good points in a head, Mr. Shackley?”

Here the chief mate felt checked. He had a breezy contempt for physical beauty; so he affected to misunderstand the question.

“The man Pat has a good head for seamanship. Our new wire tow-rope carried away in the Channel—towing down to Plymouth against that head wind—and the way he put in a splice would have done your eyes good to look at. Yes, he’s smart at sailorizing,

is that Pat ; and he's a passed second mate, I'm told by the bos'n."

Mr. Palgrave had lost interest in the explanation before the mate had half got through with it, so he turned to the Captain, who was uneasily watching the Doctor's plate, and said—

"When do you expect to cross the Equator, Captain?"

"Oh, I couldn't say," replied the Master; "it depends on the trades, when we get them. May pick 'em up in a week or so." The Captain put both hands on the arms of his chair, as if he wished to rise from the table. "Perhaps we'll cross the line in thirty days, perhaps twenty. Then there's the doldrums, you know. Do you find the weather getting warmer?"

"A little; that's why I inquired. I long for tropical sunshine, ever since I stayed at Alexandria for a winter season. Grey skies and mist give me the horrors. Give me sunlight, especially on flesh. Just look at that ray on Mr. Shackley's face, Constance. And there's such a strong patch of blue on your own from that coloured glass in the skylight. It's like a huge birth-mark."

Constance Palgrave moved her head quickly, for the Doctor was looking across through his gold-rimmed spectacles.

"Why do they put that horrid coloured glass on a ship?" she said. "I thought Victorian taste for such decoration halted at staircase windows and conservatories."

"Why, I think they're handsome," said the Master; "pretty little windows. One of them got broken last voyage when we pooped a heavy sea. A great

pity ; and I had to get the carpenter to put in a pane of white glass that he got by scraping the mercury off an old mirror. It spoils the pattern, but it was the best we could do. I suppose you don't like stained glass, Doctor ? ”

The Doctor was apparently eating his last mouthful as he cheerfully replied—

“ Like it in churchies, Captain ; and we had prayers here last Sunday, so it's suitable, I suppose. Steward ! cut me another slice of bread-and-butter, please. We used to get very good butter in the Royal Navy.”

Mr. Palgrave sighed audibly, and the Captain half rose in his chair.

“ Yes, sah ! vay good bed-and-buttah ! Ryal Navy.—Tin or tick, sah ? ” said the steward imperturbably.

There was silence as the Doctor ate the slice of bread-and-butter, and drank the last of his coffee, and then the Captain half rose again, looking at the saloon clock, which all noticing, there was a general departure from the table.

“ It's past nine ! We'll make our forenoon round of the 'tween-deck, Doctor, now that you're quite ready,” said Captain Jessup. “ Mr. Shackley, I'll take the sun about ten o'clock, if you'll take the chronometer time.”

The chief mate then went on deck to relieve his subordinate, who presently descended with the third mate to partake of what the ship's surgeon had left them of the cabin breakfast. Mr. Palgrave went to his state room to look for his sketch-book and a soft lead pencil ; and the Doctor and the Captain went on their daily round of inspection of the 'tween-decks ;

the Captain testy and captious, the Doctor urbane and self-satisfied.

Miss Palgrave, who had bidden the two junior officers "good morning," and added a few cheerful words about the pleasant weather that had succeeded the late gales, dawdled behind in her own berth until they had finished their hasty meal and left the saloon.

Then she re-entered the saloon, and climbed up on the table to feed the canary in its cage. She put fresh seed in its little box, and fresh water in the trough, and a small piece of sugar between the gilt bars. Then she held seeds in her lips close to the bars, and the canary pecked them away.

"You pretty dear; you sweet; you darling; won't you sing for me now?" she cried.

"Where did you pack that box of B.B.'s?" called out Mr. Palgrave from his state room.

"Along with the fixative and fusains, in the small valise," she replied.—"You dear; you pet; you sweet; kiss me, then!"

Then she, standing high on the saloon table, looked forward past the mizen-mast, past the main shrouds to the distant fore-rigging. A man was slowly ascending the ratlins without hat or jacket, with a thin cord like a chest-lashing in his hand. Then he halted half-way up and drew up some wet body-linen, and hauled the cord tight across from the adjacent mast.

The clothing flew out in the breeze, and one article of it was a canvas cunarder. He looked down from the ratlin, carrying on a conversation with a group of young men below him.

It was the seaman Patrick Hudson.

Miss Palgrave stood on tiptoe, and craned her

neck, as the man came down a few ratlins, and again halted, busy at his task of securing the line.

“Eustace, dear! Quick! come here; here is my gentle buccanér! Come quickly. Is he not fine?”

Mr. Palgrave came, grumbling about his pencils, and climbed up beside her.

“Humph! You must have good eyes, Constance. Is that he? I can make nothing of his head at this distance. You seem in love with it. Man seems well proportioned, though.” And Mr. Palgrave descended from the table, and went and continued his search for his B.B. pencils.

“*O ma charmante! Écoute ici!*” sang Miss Palgrave irrelevantly, as happy as a healthy child.

The canary burst into sudden song.

“You sweet darling,” cried Constance Palgrave rapturously; “sing, my pet!”

But she kept her gaze fixed on the man in the fore-rigging, and did not look at the bird again until the man had descended below her line of sight.

Then she put a grain of seed in her lips, and the bird stopped its song to peck at it.

She got down from the table and went to her brother's room to assist him in finding his sketching materials, singing softly to herself. She soon found the pencils for her brother, who had the berth littered with every article of clothing from the wrong valise; but as she gave them to him a sudden thought came to her mind. She looked unconcernedly at a pen-drawing of herself hanging on the bulkhead close by, and said, with her back turned to her brother—

“But supposing he won't sit to you, Eustace?”

"Well," said Eustace, "it's a matter of indifference to me."

"And to me," said his sister; "but he has such a fine head—I am in love with it, Eustace! And so will *you* be, dear!" she added hastily.

CHAPTER III

OF the two classes into which merchant seamen may be broadly divided—those who are sailors born, and those whose inclinations have taken them to sea in search of adventure, or to escape from surroundings they abhor, and afterwards pursue a sea life by reason of the difficulty in finding more congenial employment—to the latter belonged the seaman named Patrick Hudson, the man that had attracted both Miss Palgrave and the young woman with the red hair and slatternly garments—JOWNA D'AREY.

Patrick Hudson had been born a posthumous child at Dolphin's Barn, at that time an unspoiled suburb of Dublin. His father had been English, his mother Irish. At the age of five he had been brought to England and educated there. A year before that in which he shipped as "boy" before the mast in an old tub bound to the West Indies for sugar, he had won a scholarship at Oxford, and coincidentally he had lost his mother. Domestic restraint suddenly ceasing, his latent desires broke forth, and he had left home rather than plod through a university career with the prospect of B.A. and perhaps the shiny black coat and immemorial tall hat of an usher as the reward of his toil.

Five years after he had left his mother's house—to which his married aunt (his mother's sister) had succeeded—he had found himself second mate of a

Portland-Oregon ship, aboard which men were triced up by the thumbs to the rigging, and the chief mate practised with a revolver, not only at a bottle hung by his orders to the jibboom, but occasionally at an able seaman. This mate disappeared one stormy night off Cape Horn; and at San Pedro, California, Hudson left the ship and tried a spell ashore at Los Angeles. He had passed his second mate's examination—an easy task for such as he—that he might be able to choose either quarter-deck or forecastle, as it pleased him. So in a short time he was found at sea again as an officer in a British ship bound to San Francisco; then ashore, "Jumping" cargo at Vallejo; then to the South Seas as bos'n of a three-masted schooner; and so on, in quite the orthodox manner of the rover; from Newfoundland to New Zealand, and from Iquique to Kuching—his training and credentials as a seaman opening the door when his confinement ashore grew oppressive—his education useful to him when he abandoned his ship and accepted a clerkship in a waterside warehouse, which clerkship would be rapidly exchanged for more robust and congenial employment as a wharf-labourer, or as an inland tramp seeking another shipping port, a hundred miles distant. Once, in the island of Java, he had passed a few weeks in jail, rather than sail in a ship whose articles he had signed in a moment of impulse. He had been ultimately taken aboard in irons—there being no other white men available—and compelled to sail in her with some twenty or thirty inspent Mexican dollars in his pocket. However, as the homeward-bound British ship was compelled to call at the Cape for fresh water, Hudson managed to smuggle himself ashore one night, and exchanged his

dollars for English shillings. The ship sailed without him—quite an ordinary occurrence for men of his adventurous and fickle class; and Hudson felt sorry, because that ship in which he had refused to sail and had been imprisoned for refusing to sail in, had proved to be the best British ship in which he had ever signed articles. At length he had found himself in Antwerp, and there joined the *Young Pretender*. . .

The chief points in which Hudson differed from the majority of his class were not in his birth and veneer of culture (his father had been of good breeding and some rank in life, his mother an intelligent school governess), for many of these seaman-adventurers are even of better birth and much higher breeding than he was, but in his independence and his love of books. The first was mainly due to a small income derived from a little household property in the city of Dublin, which, since he had reached the age of twenty-one, had been paid him by a land agent. A remittance of about £15—the amount varied according to taxes and other deductions—reached him in the various parts of the world, as nearly quarterly as possible, wherever he found himself, and chose to discover himself to the land agent in Dublin. This remittance was often accompanied with a letter stating that should the recipient be willing to capitalize his income, that is, to sell his property at its very poor value, the said land agent knew of somebody who would be kind enough to relieve Hudson of such a bad investment, which might have been a very good one in his father's time, and so on, and so forth, in the typical agent's style, when an agent has handled property long enough to covet it for himself. Hudson knew life fairly well, but he knew nothing about house property, and he had never

been to Dublin ; but sometimes he had been tempted to sell his little estate and enjoy one glorious celebration of the event, by giving free entertainment to every seaman in port in the clutches of the crimps. The £15 when it arrived kept him in as many days' luxurious idleness sometimes ; for, if the humour took him, he went to the best hotel in the foreign port. At other times the money had gone to relieve the necessities of a quondam shipmate, and perhaps (at the time) fellow wharf-labourer. He would cash the letter of credit, and then, after relieving necessity, for a few days the two men would revel, and gratify their loosened desires, the reveling ending in the bunk of a ship's fore-castle, with a clanking windlass and ascending cable to bring them both back again to serious life.

As for the second point of difference—his love of books—Hudson, when aboard a ship, said that the only way to escape from his prison was to "read himself out of it." He therefore often took books to sea with him—novels, travels, anything that had attracted his hasty glance ashore, usually on the day of the ship's departure. Above all, his poetical temperament (that of the true rover) found pleasure in books of verse, which are the scorn of the orthodox seaman born to his profession, and jealous of the tradition of the fore-castle, which only suffers the broad-sheet of music-hall ballads and sentimental songs. He loved the books he bought as much as his mother, the high-school teacher, had those her husband had left her, but for quite a different reason : she for their unquestioned authority, the love of the female pedant ; her son because he loved to find all the points of difference he could between his own experiences and

those narrated, and especially between the poets' outlook on life and his own—that of the man who was trying to live his own poetry in preference to writing it. He, who had known the comfort of the sheltered side of a shed on a wharf, when night had fallen upon him after a labourless day, and found him without the money to procure a bed; who had thanked God for a dry sandy hollow on a deserted beach, when the South Sea missionary had turned from him as a pariah—as one who would demoralize his Kanaka converts, and therefore to be refused shelter—had not degenerated into an utter lost. He still valued his conscience, it seemed, and had certainly taken some trouble to preserve it, or Patrick Hudson had not been called such things as “the spawn of a sky pilot,” and as one who had “turned in, all standing, with an angel,” and so forth, behind his back, when his ways had not been exactly the ways of his ship-mates.

Such, as briefly as possible, is the “able-bodied seaman” of whom Miss Palgrave, the saloon passenger, had said “his head is carried nobly, like a Vandyck cavalier,” and whose head the chief mate considered “good for seamanship” at least. His head, as well as it can be seen, this evening following the saloon discussion about him—for the smoke in the fore-castle this first night-watch is very dense—his head is carried with something approaching vanity, in addition to that habitual dignity which had attracted Miss Palgrave. He had received, while sweeping down the forward decks in the previous dog-watch, a note from the lady, delivered by the coloured steward with a knowing grin on his overhanging grey blubbery lips. He had replied to the note immediately and

verbally that he would be pleased to respond more fully in the morning—and in writing—if the lady would kindly give him so long to consider her request. The request had been for him to sit for his portrait to her brother. In the noisy, smoky fore-castle he sat on his chest, smoking himself, and twirling his brown moustache, self-satisfied and conscious that he had acted with a dignity that had separated himself from the usual type of seaman in the eyes of Miss Palgrave. And yet, as he sat there, heedless of the hubbub around him, it was not of the saloon passengers, sister or brother, that he mostly thought; but of the full-lipped girl with the thick unkempt red hair and the untidy dress. The moment he thought of Miss Palgrave the image of the young Irishwoman rose between them, and made it not only possible, but very desirable, that he should have his portrait painted by Mr. Palgrave, on the poop, in the coming fine weather and steady trade-winds. He stroked his moustache, and shifted his pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, and considered the form of his note in reply to Miss Palgrave. Should it be in the first or in the third person? He must show that he was a gentleman, and understood these conventional trifles; he would begin: "Mr. Patrick Hudson presents his compliments——" No. "Mr. Hudson has great pleasure in complying——" No; she had begun quite informally; her two-page note began: "Dear morning acquaintance!" Well, he would reply: "Dear Madam Impertunate!" and then his compliance would seem the more gracious, of course. No, that was too familiar; he would commence just "Dear Madam, I am in receipt, etc., etc." He must show his good breeding by refusing to take advantage

of an unconventional mood that might be changed for one of the strictest propriety to-morrow.

He answered his companions cheerfully, but at first monosyllabically, when they spoke to him, inviting him to play bluff or euchre, or chaffing him about his spotless cunarder and his dungaree trousers, which, now dried, he had donned again. But, the missive planned, he presently joined in the general confabulation, and made one more voice to swell its volume.

Young men—emigrants from the forward 'tween-deck below—leaned over the windlass that separated them from the fore-castle, and listened to the noise within it. The majority of them but dimly comprehended the cosmopolitan humour, the *blague*, the suggestive seafaring allusions, the loose quibbles; for they were mostly young men, and fresh from Munster hills, from the Connemara sea-board, from the Meath pastures, from the turf-bog, the limestone quarry, the mountain sheep-run; ruddy-checked and large of bone, the strong men of the family, and only excelled in physique probably by those of their relatives whom they had left behind, recruits in the native constabulary that had ejected some of them from the land of their fathers. A few were from Dublin, Galway, and Kilkenny, and other Irish cities; those from Dublin alone distinguishable from the remainder to any casual eye, who had as yet taken no heed to the varieties of accent on their tongues; for (excepting Belfast, from whence none had come) the other cities had contributed as fine young men, and many finer, than the mountain and the bog. The smaller, rather effeminate, and sickly young men from Dublin were perhaps not alone in catching at the meaning of some of the seamen's irresponsible

talk about women of the town, and other women seemingly little better than they (about whom the sailor romances, with as much care of the truth as of his money the first night ashore), but they were exceptional in exhibiting amusement at it.

Others crowded together at the windlass, somewhat disgusted at the obscene epithets of plain meaning, but all visibly delighted at their introduction into a world so strange to them. An oath they could understand and smile at; for what oath is so humorous as an original fore-castle one, and what nation has such a tradition of cursing as that of these Irish? What curse like to an "Irish" curse—playful as a sunbeam or as withering as the blast of a furnace? And, by the same token, what endearments of love, what sentiments of devotion, like to those these young men had planted deep in their souls? But obscenity they mostly knew nothing of; and a jest lost its savour, or an epithet its force, when it stirred to the surface of their minds the mud that lies, thin or thick, in the deeps of all men's.

Some of the watch below were sitting in the top bunks with their bare legs dangling against the side boards. Others were cutting up tobacco, or playing cards, as usual, under the smoky flame of the coffee-pot shaped lamp reeking of fish-oil—the *Young Pretender's* fore-castle illuminant. Fish-oil was one of the indications of a well-found ship of the period; pork-slush that of a ship whose economical owners or captain were enamoured of the word "substitute," and all that such a word could be made to mean, when it suited their pockets. Under this fish-oil lamp, with its spluttering flame and sooty canopy (an old tin plate, the latter, which shook a shower of

smuts down upon the card-players whenever the head of a seaman, lighting his pipe at the flame, knocked against it), two or three of the emigrants, who had struck acquaintanceship with the seamen, sat playing cards with their companions, their hosts.

One was Olsen's guest; because Olsen had discovered that he had brought a pound or more of black Irish twist tobacco to sea with him; and Olsen had been known to express a partiality for shore tobacco, especially when it was twist tobacco from Ireland. As usual, his partiality had been expressed in terms of depreciation.

"You haf no mach? tandstick? vot you do for mach? dot dwist no goot for smoke, goot for chew b'raps. How moodch dwist you gif for box of tandstickor, vat? You no blay mit sailorman ad bluff mid der cart midoudt sheep tobacco; sheep tobacco shoost dwice so goot as dwist; dose sailormen no blay for dwist," etc. But the emigrant had discovered that the sailormen would play for anything, though they certainly preferred small "sticks" or plugs of ship-tobacco or larger plugs, cut into "anties" of about two ounces in weight. The game of bluff, in progress this night, was a very noisy one; the men striking their fists down upon the hollow hatch of the forepeak with much emotion when they succeeded in winning, or in sudden admiration at an adversary's equally successful imposture and audacity—secrets of success in such a game.

Just beside Hudson, as he sat on a sea-chest smoking, and talking across the deck, and right and left to his companions, an old greasy canvas curtain hung on a piece of spun-yarn rove through the cyclet-holes of what had been a topsail reef-band hung down, and

at sudden moments was thrown aside, making Hudson as swiftly move his head to avoid a buffet. Then the curtain would be drawn along the spun-yarn again, after its owner—the boatswain's mate, an able seaman with an extra five shillings a month pay—had resumed his position of horizontality, disturbed by his action in protest against the hubbub at the fore-peak hatch. Sometimes, as he lay there, he peeped round the edge of the canvas at his head, and the flickering, spluttering light played upon a little coconut-shaped head, with a covering of crisp grey hair, and the ascetic face of a mediæval martyr annoyed at his reincarnation in the nineteenth-century fore-castle of a British East-Indiaman chartered, to carry Irish emigrants to New Holland.

Sometimes he growled in a very audible bass voice, the depth of which, issuing from the little tight horny mouth, had a surprising effect upon him who listened to it for the first time. The heavy sound of the voice quite eliminated all weight that the words themselves were intended by their speaker to bear. One only heard and wondered, not heeded. Here, in this fore-castle, the men, accustomed to the boatswain's mate, merely laughed when he growled, cursed, and simplied.

"Are you men going to turn in this watch, or ain't you? It'll be four bells afore you're done, and curse me if I can get a wink of — sleep with all your b— jibbei-jabber like a lot of —" Which simile of the boatswain's mate—scarcely bearing repetition—only increased the uproar.

Cries of "Good iron!" "Hit 'em agen!" and "Give ole Tom a bit!" obscure in meaning to all except the seamen of the period—for seamen have their periodical verbalistic fashions—resounded under the low deck.

Hudson himself presently joined in the game of cards (now changed for that other fore-castle favourite, euchre), and became as noisy as the rest. Then an ordinary seaman about twenty years of age, named Horatio Beady, with hair flattened down on his forehead, and wearing no cap, came below and threw himself affectedly down upon the sea-chest vacated by Hudson. It was his own sea-chest, and the bottom bunk behind it was his own bunk; so he reclined, half on the chest and half in the bunk, looking up at the smoke-begrimed beams over the card-players, apostrophizing the invisible cause of his mood. In a moment the curtain of the bunk above had been pushed out and the little round head of the medieval martyr poised itself on its skinny neck above him.

“Wimmen! What, agen? What did I tell yer? Get into yer bunk, and snooze, g—d—yer!” said the martyr.

But the ordinary seaman with the flattened forelock went on apostrophizing and sighing.

“Aye! Aye! Woman! woman! ah! lovely woman!”

The boatswain's mate knew that Beady's apostrophe was semi-ironical and semi-sentimental, for he had known Beady when serving as boy the voyage before in the *Young Pretender* (they were the only two who had sailed with Captain Jessup before, it seemed). The bos'n's mate was supposed to be therefore a kind of guardian to the younger man, who was but half the age of the elder. Horatio Beady had been a butcher's boy before he had shipped as a ship's boy three years before, and that may have been why he had his hair flattened down and seldom wore a cap, even in the coldest weather.

"What, Beady, another gal?" almost simultaneously cried Bill the quarter-master, and a man called Cardiff Price, in the other watch and supposed to be on deck; and another called Sydney Bob, an able seaman who had begun life as an infant larrikin on the wharves of Darling harbour, in the port that gave him his sobriquet.

The bos'n's mate threw out the greasy canvas above them and shouted—

"B—es, I says, b—es! whole pack of jackals! Turn in, I tell yer! What's a woman but a b——y machine fer ——? And the quality gal in the saloon is worse nor any of 'em. Don't I know a —— when I see one! Turn in, g— 'd——'yer; why don't yer?"

"Ah!" sighed Beady, taking no heed of anybody, and pronouncing some of his words like the woman from whom Hudson had received the piece of bread. "My lydy fair's got orburn 'air; she's 'umble, but she's as sweet as rosbry tawt; I sighs becorse she won't look at me! Oh! my lydy fair! my orburn tawt!"

Hudson—whether he had heard the boatswain's mate or not—had evidently heard most of Beady's words, for he had turned his head suddenly toward the speaker; and then, relighting his pipe at the reeking lamp-flame, he sat down again, facing more in the direction of Beady and his companions. One of the emigrants, who were leaning over the windlass outside, and looking into the fore-castle, also seemed interested in what Beady was saying, and strained forward his handsome head, with its thick dark brown hair clustering at the ears and round his collar.

"Buy! buy! buy!" cried Sydney Bob derisively;

“get into your bunk! Why, that gal's taken my fancy, she has, I tell you! Ain't it the one with er —with—”

“With an 'ed like the goddess of love 'erself! I've seen pickshers like 'er in ole Smoke, I 'ave!” said Beady, without the least exhibition of jealousy. “Go in an' win, ole feller! she ain't for me, I knaow! ‘Oh, woman! woman! in aher ahs of ease!’ as the poyt ses. I've seed 'er double with orburn 'air and creamy skin and pearly grinders in a picsher fryme in the East Indyer Rowd. Oh! wot a tawt! wot a booty! wot a goddess! Wen we 'ave our sing-song, Bill; w'en we 'ave our little swarree in the trades, Cardiff, wot shall I sing 'er, ay? Can't yer think of nuffin? I 'ope it'll be moonlight! Oh! she's not for me, alas! alas!”

“‘Vast heavin’, that play talk, and turn in, wot—yer!” repeated the ascetic one above.

“Wait till she sees me playing the bones!” said Sydney Bob. “My colonial word! she won't look at yer!”

“Shake yer own rib bones in ‘hell!’ growled the martyr.

“Ah! you're great on the bones, Sydney! I liked yer battytoon that night 'at the Prussian Eagle! I ain't denyin' that! but can yer do this, wot?” and Beady sang in a very pure tenor, which made the thick-haired handsome young man at the windlass outside turn his head sideways appreciatively and lean further into the fore-castle, as if he would catch every note. The somewhat angry look gathering in his eyes fled immediately at the first notes—

“When u-y-vah lips and y-u-u-vah hearts,

• Their tyles of love shall tell —”

Beady sang the song right through without any interruption on the part of his companions, who all grew suddenly silent. Even the boatswain's mate forbore to growl. Beady did not neglect a single aspirate in the song, which seemed to the listening man at the windlass passing strange. The fact was that Horatio Beady, who had sung in a London church choir before he left the trade of a butcher for the profession of the sea, only connected the aspirate in his mind with the musical note, never with the spoken one. When he sang he turned up his eyes as if he were a clarity boy reciting on a platform at a distribution of prizes.

There was much clapping of hands at the conclusion of the song, those at the windlass (especially the young man with the thick dark hair and somewhat thin, pale face, who had been listening so appreciatively) joining in spontaneously with their applause. The pale-faced one cried "Encore!" and said to a companion, "Indeed, and his voice is better than his song, more power to him!" The man next to him nodded his head, but his eyes betrayed perplexity.

"What better song would ye have than that same then?" said he.

The dark-haired young man made no response. Within the fore-castle they were discussing the subject of women again, and Hudson had suddenly left the card-players and taken his seat in the far forward part of the gloomy, smoky den, where he could but faintly be discerned, puffing away at his clay pipe, leaning forward with his hands clasped together, his arms upon his knees.

"Ah! Chew-the-Rag, what a deevine Venyious she is!" said Horatio Beady rapturously.

“What’s her name, Beady? Tell us her name, shipmate,” cried Cardiff Price. There was a momentary silence in the fore-castle.

Cardiff Price, sometimes called “Chew-the-Rag” by his shipmates, was a Naval Reserve man, and wore a blue jersey, and a cap with a lettered band. He had a slight knowledge of school classics, and sometimes quoted Latin from them. Born at Cardiff, he had been to a good grammar-school in Gloucestershire, and when a boy had run away to sea, stowing away in a Bristol trader to the African West Coast, rather than bear expulsion for an offence he had committed at the school. Since that time he had grown into a seaman of a stock pattern, with a tuft of beard on his chin, and a yellow once-a-week-shaven cheek, scarred with burns (received during a period of training with big guns), and leathery neck crossed in all directions like an old track-chart. A classic Latin quotation from his lips was like ambergris from a diseased cachalot.

“Is it like the name of the gal I saw you with in Leman Street, Beady? Ah! my son; *nomen amicitia est, nomen inane fides*, as a gent called Ovid used to remark. But I know her name, sonny!”

“I dunno ‘er nyme, Cardiff. ‘Wot’s in (h)er nyme?” said Beady.

The young man with the flowing dark hair, leaning on the windlass, seemed somewhat relieved. Cardiff’s Latin and Beady’s uncommon use of the aspirate again made him wonder. But, this time, the word that Beady intended was simply the English indefinite article, as spoken by Shakespeare’s Juliet, not the feminine personal pronoun. Then the bunk curtain above the group was again thrown vio-

lently outward, and the little weather-beaten, ascetic face of the petty officer grew pale with sudden anger.

"Wimmen, wimmen! allers wimmen! I know her name; d—the whole biling; I seed the picture in the East Kidyer Road, a gal with red hair, in her buff, talking to a bloke in his pelt as well, givin' her an apple! and if she's like that, I knows her name. She's Irish, and of all the b—— that ever I seed, G— blymee, if she don't look the towniest; G— d— 'em all! she's a —— by the look of her——"

There was a sudden noise in the gloomy forward part of the forecâstle, which sounded like a clay pipe being dashed to the deck in uncontrollable wrath, and then the figure of Hudson strode across to the group, and he seized hold of the goatee beard of Cardiff Price as offensively as he could, with one hand, and with his other he swept aside the greasy canvas which ran along the spun-yarn easily and revealed the little hard-featured boatswain's mate, lying there with a background of knife and fork, and sail-palm, and other necessities, secured in strips of canvas nailed to the ship's side.

"D—— your dirty kissers! If either of you so much as breathes the first letter of that girl's name in this forecâstle, I'll hammer the life out of you," said Hudson with fierce animosity.

"Take your hand off my whisker, or I'll fight you, Pat Hudson," said Cardiff Price; "and I'd sooner not do that, for your sake!"

"My sake! Let me tell you, Chew-the-Rag, that I'll pull, pull, pull every d—— hair out of your goatee if I like; and if I hear that girl's name on your lips, I'll do it, or fight you, whichever you like."

"Lor' strike us silly, Pat!" said Beady, keeping out of reach; "wot's the matter, knaow? I thought as 'ow Sydney Bob was touched that wy, not you, mate! Go'lumme! 'O wimmen in ah'er ahs of case!' Wot a raher about nuffing! I'm off wimmen 'ence-forrid; I'll give 'em all plenty of sea room! That fyce of yours 'as'ured my 'art!"

Hudson's naturally handsome face had grown coarse in expression, and almost repellent. He had pulled Cardiff's scanty beard, suiting the words he had uttered, and stepped back with both hands clenched. Cardiff arose from the sea-chest with a grin; he had amused the fore-castle since the beginning of the voyage with his tales about women, and his double-meaning phrases; but he was not a fighting man. He hesitated; but the little boatswain's mate, now sitting up on the edge of his bunk, urged him on with unsuppressible malice.

"If there ain't to be no sleep this watch, we'll have blue murder instead; sail in and knock the stuffing out of him, Cardiff! he's no good! He's too b—— well fond of the wimmen to be much good; can't any ef yer see that? Sail in, you're head over him, Cardiff! No man what's fond of ——s is any good; let him have it, mate!"

"I'll take you on next, boatswain's mate," said Hudson with clenched teeth; "you should have been first!"

"Aye! when Cardiff's settled your hash, my son! You're sweet on killing people, no doubt!"

"I shoost go to ped mineself!" said Olsen, putting away his wool mat first, and then cutting up a bit of Irish twist tobacco for a smoke.

"*I won't fight him,*" said Cardiff. "Why should I?"

I don't want to take any girl's name in vain, Pat ; and I might hurt you, d'ye see, shipmet ? *

" Well, come on you, bos'n's mate, I'll take you on ; you've got the dirtiest tongue in the fo'c'sle ! Come on ! "

One of the Irish emigrants outside, looking into the lamp-lit den, nudged the silent young man with the dark hair, and said—

" Divil a fear neyther won't take him on ! Ach ! For God's sake ! Look at the arms of the young fellow ! He has the long reach intirely ! He'd make small trouble of spanning the big Cross of Clonmacnoise, I'm telling you now ; and he's soople ; oh ! he has the long reach, then ! But what's all the matter sorra the wan of them knows ! " The young man nudged made no response.

" They do say," said another man, " that the man who can span the big cross can save life ; but, by the holy, he looks more like taking it away from the other sailorman ! "

" Hold your noise ! *Ná bí ag caint.** He has the man like a monk out of his bed by the shirt and one leg, and he's shaking him up and down like a housewife sousing dirty linen ! " said the dark-haired young man, suddenly excited.

" As *uchit Dé !* † so he has, Mr. D'Arcy ! But it's not hitting him he is ! Ah ! but he has the strong arm for a fittle man ! " (Hudson stood about five feet nine, but the man at the windlass, talking, had left six feet behind him when he was nineteen, and he had not stopped growing yet, though already one-and-twenty.) " *Oh ! náic láidir ata sé !* Isn't it strong he

* Don't be talking.

† For God's sake !

is, then ! and he such a little man ! But he has the long reach, I'm telling you ! ” the man went on, growing more excited the longer he looked. Not only the men outside, including the dark-haired young man addressed as Mr. D'Arcy, but all the men in the fore-castle were now excited, some cheering for the boatswain's mate, and some for Hudson ! But as Hudson obtained the complete mastery of the other, the expressions of confidence in the boatswain's mate died away, and cries of, “ Bully boy, Pat ! ” and “ He's had what he wanted ! He's got his bellyful ! ” and “ Spell, oh ! don't kill him ! ” and some sang—

“ What's the use of groggin' when you know you've got your whack ;
Lime and juice and vinegar accordin' to the Ack ! ” . .

Then Hudson let him go, out of breath and satisfied that he had frightened the other, and that the name would remain unspoken.

When the boatswain's mate had managed to clamber back into his bunk again, muttering threats under his breath in very decorative language, in which the female sex held the most prominent place ; and had drawn the greasy canvas to hide his swollen mouth ; for in lifting him up, and banging him down upon the sea-chest, Hudson had been tempted once to bring his tar-stained rough right hand down with considerable violence on the thin, hard lips of the cursing libeller of womenfolk in general ; and of one in particular whose image had fixed itself in his mind, and whose name remained unspoken, and so far unknown to his shipmates.

“ Good night ! Divil a wan of them'll tell who she is now ! ” said the big Irishman to Mr. D'Arcy.

Then an old Spanish sailor, in the second mate's

watch, came below from the wheel, four bells having been struck while the quarrel was in progress, and said that the second mate had ordered lights out (ten o'clock).

The men at the windlass moved away, one after the other, all going below but the young man D'Arcy.

"Them's emigrant reggy-lations," said Bill. "However, I'm dead, boys! What the hell you've been fighting about, I dunno! I hope some of the ladies'll oblige at our sing-song; what say, Beady! we can't have all shellbacks, eh?"

"I shoost blay my mullonian!" said Olsen, in the next bunk to Bill's. He had finished his pipe of Irish twist, and was composing himself for slumber.

"Aye! y're good on the concertina, I know; and there's a man down forrids in the 'tween-deck, what plays a fiddle—we might have him. I saw him lookin' in a while ago. Curly long hair——"

"Come, lads! I'm not turning in; I'll put out the lamp, if you're ready!" said Hudson, filling another pipe, and walking over to the lamp. All the men in the watch below were now lying down except Sydney Bob; and Hudson waited at the lamp amidships, while Sydney pulled off his boots and trousers. Beady and Bill attempted, pipes in their mouths and sleep heavy on their eyelids, to talk to each other from their respective bunks—

"I 'ad a cousin, a nice gal she was, too—it's all right, 'Udson, all right, no 'arm—'er nyme was Mybel Veerer—she used to sing every Sunday at a Roman Cath'lic Church, though she ain't no more Cath'lic 'n I am. But she 'ad the vyce! 'Er fawther was a gennleman greengrocer, and she 'ad a vyce wot'd draw tears ah't 'er kidney potater! No 'kid, naow!

I'm goin' into the greengrocing tryde meself, w'en I chuck sailorizin'. 'E'll leave Mybel Veerer a ship-load o' brads, an', an', an' 'is nyme's 'Oraysho, syme, as mine; fac, 'e's my gawdfawther, an', an' Mybel Veerer, oh! woman, woman! in ahr ahs!"

"Vas she gottess?" said Olsen, half asleep.

"Not a Dutch frow!" said Beady smartly—wide-awake again. "You like fat, if that was 'your straight-piece, that 'Amburger with manila 'air on the pier-'ead, when we orled aht."

But Olsen made no response. In these things he was invulnerable. He was soon dreaming either of the exiled Hamburg lady in question, or of another just like her in physique; and the presentation of Berlin-wool mats, with ships in full sail upon them to each and all of his choice. Sydney Bob had turned into his bunk quietly, and Patrick Hudson had blown out the lamp and made his way to the main deck, now almost deserted, except where the second mate's watch congregated aft under the break of the poop.

A few of the emigrants amidships, at the married quarters, had not yet retired, and the dark-haired young man was standing on the heel of a spare spar in the forward part, and gazing out to sea. But all of his companions had gone below; so the main deck here was as clear as the temporary washhouses allowed for perambulation. Hudson began to walk up and down to the small group of married folk amidships sitting on the middle part of the spare topmast, on the heel of which the young man forward was standing, and back again to the latter. When he approached the group he noted that the voices were lowered, and dropped altogether as he turned about close beside them. He gathered that they were discussing his

own action that night, for he caught a few words uttered by the woman whose little boy he had picked out of the scuppers that morning.

"I ses it's a shyme fur a lydy to make mischief among pore innercent sailor fellers like 'im; I seed 'er lydyship talkin' to 'im this morning; she ain't much clarse any'ow! 'Er brother's un artist gent with a sorft 'at; jessay you've seen 'im? I ses it's disgustin'; their nyme's Porlgryve."

So these people had formed an idea of their own as to the cause of the fracas in the forecandle! Hudson walking forward, as his distance increased from the group, broke out into an audible laugh.

"Ho-ho-ha-ha! Well, I'm d——d!" said he, putting his pipe in his pocket. He sprang up at a skid, under one of the forward boats, and raised himself up and down a few times. Then he dropped lightly to his feet.

"Yes! I'll be d——d if that isn't good!"

"Is it to keep yourself in training you do that, Mr. Hudson?" said a voice beside him: "I should have thought you would have felt sore after your day's work and that bit of a fight and all!"

"I'll feel stiff, I suppose, after a sleep," said Hudson, looking intently at the handsome pale race, with the low broad brows, and dark wavy hair falling over them. He had seen him before, but he had made no comparisons. The young man's figure was slight-built, and his dark coat hung straight down from his square shoulders. From an inner pocket a white roll of paper projected beyond the lapel of his coat, visible in the light of the declining moon. Then the seaman put a question before the other could speak—

"Pardon me! but—er—but have you a sister on board?"

The young man looked at Hudson and smiled.

“I have to thank you for defending her name, sir. Indeed, I have a sister on the boat, as you suppose. It was she the men were speaking of.”

“Don’t sir me; I’m only an able seaman,” said Hudson. “But I could have done no less.”

“I am glad her name was unspoken by that old blackguard! Faith! I was near leaping into the den of lions myself, if it had been! Seamen are a strange class! But you seem a gentleman! *What?*”

His voice was soft and rich, with a slight flattening of some of the vowels, and rounding of others, and the excessive aspiration of the *r*. The lips trembled slightly as he spoke, betraying inward nervousness and deep feeling together. When he raised his hand to put back a heavy lock that hung over his brow, Hudson noted that the fingers were very long and thin. Then a thought passed through his mind rapidly, and he exclaimed—

“Mr. D’Arcy—for I know your name, you see—you play the violin, do you not? The men said so, I think. Will you play at our sing-song in the trades?”

“Is it a concert, you mean? To be sure I will, then, to please you! Will we walk the deck together, Mr. Hudson? I’m on watch myself; we all have to keep watch by turns; and the boat is very steady now.”

“Yes, and shall we talk about music? I’m very fond of all kinds of music.”

“Of the melodeon?” said the musician, smiling

“not of Olsen’s melodeon, surely, Mr. Hudson? But I saw you dancing to it the other night! Will you call me Dominick? I’m sure we will be great friends entirely while we’re on the boat together.”

"Yes, Dominick, with pleasure; and you must not call me Mr. Hudson; call me Pat. Oh! I'd do anything, and dance to a tin whistle sometimes. Does your sister sing at all? She might be kind enough to help us—and—she——"

"Pat is an Irish name," said Dominick D'Arcy, "and I fear there is some Irish in you, Pat. My sister sings the real Irish; ah! you should hear her!"

"Your sister is very handsome," said Hudson, with enthusiasm.

"She is," said D'Arcy, with decision; "you're not the first that's remarked it!"

The two men walked up and down the main deck, pacing side by side. It was a beautiful night, a serene, mild, health-breathing night, with a sinking moon, at this hour—a moon in her first quadrature. The swaying masts moved among the strengthening stars overhead as the ship rolled to the rhythm of the swell. The burning tobacco in the pipe of the look-out man glowed orange-red against the deep violet of the cavernous sky. Just above the heads of the two men walking the deck, the pendent reef-trants of the fore-sail and topmast-staysail swung together with their curved shadows; swung together with the united movement of soldiers marching past on parade. The breeze was so steady that a gentle strain kept staysail sheets as rigid as iron rods, and there was not a creak from block or sheave-hole; only a subdued hum of easy labour. The whole ship murmured softly, with a reciprocal plashing and gurgling from the parting moon-spangled waves under her bows...

The group amidships had now gone below, and the watch kept aft on the quarter-deck, smoking, dozing, or yawning. The poop was deserted, save for the

second mate and the man at the wheel. The two men had the forward part of the main deck all to themselves. Presently D'Arcy, at the striking of the poop bell, left his companion for a moment, and going aft, called out, “All's well in the single men's quarters!” The second mate replied, “All right!” and the young man rejoined Hudson.

“You fellows will soon get tired of that game; it's a shame to have passengers keeping watch!” said Hudson.

“Ah! we're only Irish emigrants; not passengers like that lady and gentleman in the cabin, Pat!” said D'Arcy bitterly.

“My mother was Irish,” said Hudson; “and what did you mean just now by the *real Irish*, Dominick?”

“'Sh! just listen now, and you'll see—whist——”

A man put his head out of the hatchway which led to the forward 'tween-deck, and Dominick D'Arcy accosted him in the Gaelic tongue.

The man replied in English, that he thought his turn to watch had come round, and then retired, assured, for another hour's sleep.

“*That's the real Irish*,” said Dominick, “and it's small blame to them they speak it only among themselves below; sure, half of them ridicule those that have it, like the County Kerry and Waterford men, for instance. Ah! Poor Ireland! ‘The honey-sweet tones of the well-beloved Gaelic,’ as Mitchell called it. You've never read John Mitchell, I suppose—*what?*”

“Yes, I have. I did not think you meant the language, just now. So your sister sings the Gaelic? Does she play on any instrument, Dominick?”

“Not at all; she couldn't tell the middle C on the

finger-board, but she sings in the traditional manner of the Irish peasantry. I expect you will not like it when you hear her at the sing-song—as you call it. I have written English words to some of her songs, Mr. Hudson—Pat ; but the music can only be properly arranged with a special notation for string instruments—like the 'cello and fiddle. I've tried some arrangements myself—for pianoforte—no good—ah ! ”

“ Oh ! so you write verse and compose music ! Whatever is taking Miss D'Arcy and yourself to Australia ? ” inquired Hudson, surprised.

“ What is taking us, is it ? You must be an Englishman to ask me that question ! Indeed, isn't everybody leaving Ireland ! There's no living to be got at all in it ! But the organ is the instrument I hope to start my living with. I have a silver medal for organ-playing, and I have a letter to a bishop beyond, who knew my uncle, Father Timothy (he's dead, God rest his soul !), when he was a student at Maynooth. I'll be playing an organ somewhere, no doubt. They do be saying how fine the churches are in Australia ! ”

“ I haven't seen any fine churches there, except in one or two cities,” said Hudson ; “ but I wish you success. Where did you study music, Dominick—in Dublin ? ”

“ I did, in Dublin. My uncle (God rest him !) paid my fees at the Academy, and private tuition, he did ; and wanted me to go in for the priesthood as well ; but I'm no good for anything, but the fiddle, and organ, and pianoforte, and——”

“ And you could not earn enough in Ireland, I suppose ? ”

“ It's mortal difficult to earn one's living at music nowadays,” said Dominick sadly. “ The artist is not

wanted in Ireland; any thrummer that can play an accompaniment and give tuitions can, to be sure, pick up an odd guinea like that! But it's writing music I'm thinking of for myself, Pat. I might become famous some day! And I write the words, too. It's dark, for all the moonlight, or I would show you an aria (as they call it at the Academy) set by me to my own words.”

“Irish words? And will your sister sing it?” inquired Hudson sympathetically.

“Is it the Irish? When I'm half ashamed to be heard speaking it now, and my own mother (the heavens be her bed!) would beat me, and I a child, for speaking it to strangers! And it's all Italian at the Academy! No; when I write verses for my airs, I write English; but I go to the Irish for inspiration, Pat——”

Then, abruptly, Dominick D'Arcy said: “Is that an English lady that's living along with her brother in the best part of the boat, do you know?”

“The lady that was with your sister this morning?” inquired Hudson, affecting a languid interest.

“The very same. She and you were talking together up there beyond. She seems as happy as the day's long. She has the sweet face and the light foot God bless her! You and she are acquainted, no doubt?”

“No—er—that is—er, yes—slightly. Look at the sinking moon! Is it not lovely, Dominick? Come up here on the spar!” said Hudson, evidently wishing to change the conversation as abruptly as Dominick and leaping lightly up on to the spare topmast, lashed to the bulwarks.

“Aye! she's sinking fast, going down like poor old

Ireland. Oh, wirrastrua ! going the same way, more's the pity ; the Gael is walking the world, and the stranger's in his house ! The days of Carolan will never come again ; he was the last of us—

‘Last of our ancient minstrels ! thou who lent,
A buoyant motive to a foundering race . . .
God rest you, dear Thirlough ! . . .’

Faith, I forget the words ; and I'll warrant you never heard them before, Pat ? ”

“It's the nature of the Irish to assume that the English know nothing of their history and literature,” said Hudson evasively ; “but look at the moon, Dominick, and never mind Ireland ; the subject is a sad one, seemingly.”

“Moonsets are sadder than sunsets,” said Dominick ; “the music in that great dark cloud with its brilliant fringe of light is the music which I feel, but cannot explain. It is the music of the Gael ! ”

“Music's the same all the world over,” said Hudson curtly.

“But what a language is the Gaelic for musical setting, compared to the English, for instance ! ” continued Dominick. “The Gaelic is as full of light and shade as that moonset ; yet as subtle and as elusive in the qualities of its sounds as that picture before us compared to a broad daylight scene—*what ?* ”

“Um ! ” said Hudson.

“I can feel something mysterious within me as that big cloud creeps over the moon, and drags its purple pall past it ; past it, look ! as it is passing now. Ah ! Do you believe in presentiments, Pat ? ”

“If you read Walt Whitman the American's poems you'll find something about music, and architecture, and things that we gaze on, and all that *we ourselves*

put into them,” said Hudson sententiously, whom such scenes made philosophical, rather than sentimentally poetical. He had bought a volume of Walt Whitman before joining the *Young Pretender*.

“Ah! you’d never understand me,” said D’Arcy, “but I heard the music of death only just now! And that seaman’s Latin is sounding in my ears: *Nomen amicitia est, nomen inane fides!*”

“Nonsense!” said Hudson; “those waves are positively dancing in the golden track of the moon! And Cardiff’s Latin is about as apposite as his goat’s beard. It’s a wedding with a rich colonial lady you should be thinking of, Dominick; not the music of dead marches.”

They both remained silent for some time—the careless seaman seeking adventure and novel sensation wherever he listed, and the untravelled, melancholy Irish musician—both looking toward the sinking moon, which, after passing the big cloud, had now descended quite close to the horizon. D’Arcy leaned his pale cheek on his folded hands, breast-high on the top-gallant rail of the bulwarks. The pale yellow rays shone weakly on his face, and the dark eyes, deep sunk, looked mysterious with unspoken thought and hidden longing. The no longer golden half-moon was now close, dipping its horn into the horizon, and the deep shadows were creeping across the decks. The colour of the moon was a fiery and bloody copper, and swiftly the ocean’s rim rushed up to drown it. For an instant it’s upper horn gleamed like a glowing lateen sail, and then it was gone, as if for ever.

Dominick D’Arcy breathed a deep sigh, and spoke slowly.

“There goes innistail! all hopes! all endeavour!

Sure! don't they go just like that! Ah! O'Neill and Sarsfield! Tone and Emmet! Smith O'Brien, and all of them! But Phoenix Park! last May!" (abruptly) "I wonder now, Pat, what a lady like Miss——"

"Miss Palgrave, do you mean?" said Hudson curiously.

"Aye!" (rapidly) "the lady in the cabin. What, in Heaven's name, does she think of us Irish, at all, after that?"

"What does it matter, Dominick? Worse things have happened in other countries—in England, the home of the tree, and the gem of the sea, for instance! The more men pity the plumage the more they forget the dying bird. What matters her opinion, Dominick?"

"Oh! nothing at all!" said Dominick, changing his tone immediately, and descending from the spar; "but *ní h-ionan bheith ar-buile agus ar-lán-bhuile!* as we say where Johanna and I come from, which means there is a difference between being mad and being mad entirely, Pat. And I wouldn't have a lady like Miss——"

"Palgrave's her name," said Hudson, getting down after the musician. "I think I shall go below and get an hour's sleep; it's just six bells!"

"Miss Palgrave—a lady like her—to think me one of the real wild Irish, as Swift called them!"

Hudson laughed. Then he said lightly—

"If I had said you were that, you and I would be enemies, Dominick!"

"We can never be that, Pat; we will be great friends. Sure, you are not the kind of man to harm any one!"

“There goes six bells!” said Hudson. “I’m going below; good night!”

“And I must take a look at the place where we men sleep and make my report to the officer on the poop beyond. Those countrymen of mine are very careless with lighted matches, and they all smoke except myself, though it’s against the rules in the ’tween-deck—you call it?”

“Not smoke below! is that one of your rules? It wouldn’t do for us seamen! But I can see a glim of light down your hatchway, Dominick!”

They walked forward together, and Patrick Hudson halted a moment at the fore hatch.

“Some of them have a candle between them, and play a game of cards of a night,” said Dominick; “it’s little use saying anything.”

“Why should you? What does anybody care? Good night! They will find the time hang heavy between this and the Colonies if they don’t play at something! Good night!”

“Good night, Pat! *Bean-nacht leat!* There’s some more wild Irish for you!”

“Good night, Dominick!”

The musician descended to the confined tween-deck, and the seaman went straight on into the less foul-smelling fore-castle. Situated above the fore-peak, where all the paraffin and fish-oil, and hempen rope, and tar, and coals were stowed, the communicating hatch was battened down and padlocked; but in the single-men’s quarters below the cracks between the separating bulkhead allowed the fumes from the fore-peak to diffuse themselves around the sleeping berths. Yet after the fresh, sweet breeze this night—and the conversation with D’Arcy—the stuffy air of his narrow

quarters, heavy with fish-oil and tobacco-smoke and the out-breathings from a score of lungs, mixed with the odour of salt pork, seemed exceptionally oppressive to the able seaman. Beady, in the next bunk to his own, was loudly breathing very much in his throat; and Hudson struck a match and gently lifted the overhanging head, which his hands had touched in the dark as he groped for his place. He slipped off his clothes, and put his rolled-up jacket beneath the butcher-boy seaman's head, without awakening him. Beady, ceasing his guttural breathing now, muttered in his sleep, as if half conscious of the kindness—

"She's an 'ouly gawddess; that's wot shé is—thank yer! She ain't your sort, Olsen—s'raight gal, ship-mite—'Udson—wish yer joy! Fair ply, I ses, fair ply!"

Hudson lit his pipe with another match, and climbed into his bunk. Then he smoked away in the darkness, till slumber began to fail upon his eyes, and the pipe fell from his teeth, and the glowing ashes burnt the blanket under his chin. The smell startled him into sudden wakefulness again, and the beginning of a dream in which the figure of Joanna, O'Arcy appeared, was shattered immediately. He put the pipe into the canvas becket nailed to the ship's side; and had it not been pitch dark, anybody there might have seen Patrick Hudson, careless wanderer, adventurer, and seaman, do a strange thing for one of that ship's company. And had not some rats been scuttling about in the bread-barge, and a dozen men been snoring all at once in different pitch, and one of them muttering incoherently beside him, anybody might have heard a stranger thing perhaps. For Patrick Hudson crossed

himself devoutly, and said two prayers softly, and in the Latin tongue. But nobody could have guessed their exact intention from what he whispered, as he turned on his side to sleep—

“ That no evil may befall her ! ”

CHAPTER IV

THE next evening, not only the ship's company, but the whole cargo of emigrants, had palatable food for novel discussion, whatever other food unsuited them. And the *pièce de résistance* was, whether it was fit and seemly for the Captain to allow an able seaman to sit for two hours on the poop among the single women, and have his "pictur took" by a saloon passenger, while another saloon passenger smiled at him and "made free" with him in a "disgraceful way." In the second dog-watch, down among the young women around the matron's tea-table, the discussion was quite acrimonious. The matron had said that she had been in several ships, and she "had never, *never* seen such a proceeding!" One of the girls said, "What harm was there in it at all?" Another said, "More power to the artist gentleman, but it was he that could take a picture"; and another sided with the matron and said, "It was against the rules that a seaman should stay on the poop except when doing his duty as a sailor, and that Miss Palgrave should be ashamed to make so much of one of the men before them all, and she was simply made of brass itself, so she was." etc. One voice alone was silent; it was that of Joanna D'Arcy.

Down in the married quarters women at one table called to other women at a second table, and those to

a third set, and the burden of their opinion was that “such goings on were not decent at all.” The woman from Hackney, with the little boy (whom Hudson had petted the morning of the preceding day), was exceptionally virulent in her denunciation of Mr. Palgrave and his sister. “As I says to the German baker, mum, she ain’t no nice patten for our sect. She’s *fast*, that’s wot she is; and I ate fast gals. Look at my Miranda up there; see the way as she beyives, not like that lydy. Lydy indeed! she ain’t no real lydy, to make eyes at a man like that there. Wy, I seed ’er smile at ’im, langrishing like; and such a nice man, as that ’Udson is, too.” The baker says as ’ow he can say ‘Ow ’ye do,’ and ‘It’s a fine day,’ in real German like ’isself. Ain’t it sickening for a lydy, like wot she thinks ’erself, I s’pose, to carry on with a nice well-beyived young man like that ’Udson feller. I calls it undecent; that’s wot I calls it.”

Down in the single men’s quarters they were more reticent, and most of the men seemed rather amused both there and in the married quarters. One young man said to Dominick D’Arcy, “That friend of yours, Dominick, is a lucky man. What a nice lady that Miss Palgrave is!” and he winked mysteriously. Another said, “Some women have a queer fancy; now, why didn’t she settle on *me*? I’ve got a moustache.” And amidst the laughter somebody shouted, “*Go dtugaidh Dia sonuachar maith dhuit!*” and the other responded, “Oh, boys, boys, listen to the wild Irish! did y’ever hear the like? as if a lady o’ quality’d set her eye on the likes o’ that gossoon!” and Dominick D’Arcy cried out in angry tones: “And it’s you, Michael, yourself, that could say the soft thing in Irish,

if you were not ashamed of own mother's tongue. *Is deas an buachail tu!* And Miss Palgrave would be a prize worthy of the best man in the boat, God bless her!"

From these snatches of badinage and dialogue it may be gathered that Patrick Hudson had accepted Miss Palgrave's invitation on behalf of her brother, and (with the Captain's consent) had been sitting in the first dog-watch for his portrait, posed by Mr. Palgrave in proximity to his vivacious sister. Mr. Palgrave had posed the seaman, standing against the mizen shrouds, with one arm resting on the pin-rail, with a background of deep blue sea and trade-wind sky, while Miss Palgrave stood by with her back to the rail, chatting to the model. A group of girls sat on deck, and stood around the artist; and the chief mate walked to and fro atwartships with the Captain; both amused at the novelty of such an incident aboard the old *Young Pretender*. Hudson kept his pose well, and kept it with such a comprehension of the artist's interest in studied action, that Miss Palgrave, as well as her brother, was delighted. Mr. Palgrave, however, expressed his delight in rather a languid manner. At first it amounted, verbally, to little more than apostrophes to his *frottée* on the small canvas before him; yet his eyes belied his affectation of languid interest, they were bright with an intensity of love for the art of creative drawing. To-morrow he would lay in rich warm colour over his *frottée*, colour that was in his mind already. A rapid sketch in colour was not necessary, he said; this man stood as immovable as a rock.

Miss Palgrave's manner and words contrasted vivaciously with the affected languor of her brother,

"I can see you have posed as a model before," she said to Hudson, showing her short white teeth in a glad laugh. "You are not a bit stiff or awkward; you are as full of pose as a Neapolitan."

"I have sat for my portrait before," he replied, smiling.

"To whom, to whom?" she exclaimed, with the anxiety of one who had many artistic differentiations.

"To a Mr. Pyper, Miss Palgrave, several years ago, a painter at Valparaiso; he was staying there for a year or two. He came from Paris, or was it London? I forget."

"To Pyper! to that dear Pyper—G MacNulty-Pyper? Indeed!

"Yes; his name was Pyper—perhaps it is the same. You think him a great artist? Has he become famous?"

"Think? Eustace, dear, the model wants to know whether I think Pyper a great artist."

"Ah! Pyper? The world is beginning to say Pyper is a great artist now. We knew each other in Paris. I was quite a little boy at the time I first met him; but I knew his greatness when I saw his etchings."

"He was painting pictures of the sea at Valparaiso," said Hudson; "his room where he worked was full of sea pictures."

"Are you any judge of painting?" inquired Miss Palgrave.

"How should an able seaman be, Miss Palgrave? No, I know little about painting. I did not know that Mr. Pyper was a great artist. I had never seen pictures like his before; and I certainly did not like the portrait he painted of me. He began it on the

beach and finished it in his studio. I was hard up, and he paid me a dollar for an hour's sitting."

"Ah!" sighed Eustace, "you are like the rest of the unseeing world that Pyper had to conquer."

"But it was not like me at all!"

"Indeed? Perhaps it was like something which you had never seen in yourself," said Miss Palgrave, as her brother only smiled and kept silent. "The artist creates; he does not imitate," she added, and as if repeating a proverb.

"Or should not," said Eustace Palgrave approvingly. "Nature imitates art, if it likes; but the artist must leave imitation to anybody but artists." His eyes looked round for a moment at the crowd of girls, and then returned to his canvas. Presently he continued in a less affected manner, and speaking with evident intent to demonstrate a point of art with one who was fit to hear him, he continued, "You will see traces of the artless imitation of nature in all of us, but more especially in women, for they are nearer to mother nature than we are; they have not evolved quite so far away from it, they——"

"Now, Eustace!" said Miss Palgrave remonstratingly, yet evidently happy in a thought, which expressed itself in her face, that her brother was losing the listless attitude to everything which he had indicated of late. Mr. Palgrave smiled and remained silent.

"Now, Eustace!" she repeated, but to urge him to speak more.

Hudson noted the sisterly pride in her manner, and in her very words themselves.

"Well, look at this young lady here—Miss D'Arcy, I think your name is? Don't turn your head this

way, please” (to Hudson); “now she is a child of nature——”

“And a very beautiful child, too,” said Miss Palgrave. Joanna, who was the nearest of the young women to her, blushed at being drawn into the subject of their conversation, which she did not understand.

“A beautiful, artless child of nature,” continued Mr. Palgrave, laying in his monochromatic *frottée* rapidly as he spoke; “but if she were sitting for portraits every day and looking at them continually, the life in her would begin to imitate the art on the canvas; imitation by human nature of art would soon assert itself.”

He worked away silently for some time, and then said to his sister, who had turned to Joanna D’Arcy and another girl named Miranda Jenkins (the daughter of the woman with the little boy in the married quarters). “Whatever we are continually looking at and thinking about we partly become; and if this man Hudson—your name is Hudson?—if he were always looking and thinking about painting, and sculpture, and the fine arts generally, he would not look the noble buccaneer he does.”

At this Hudson laughed pleasantly, and Miranda Jenkins pinched Joanna’s arm mysteriously. The beautiful, unkempt, red-haired Irish girl looked at her companion from Hackney inquiringly. Miranda Jenkins whispered to her, “’E says as ’ow ’e’s nowble-looking somethin’. Yer needn’t git red in the fice, Joanner!”

“Is there anything in that Elgin and Townley collection of marbles in the British Museum that this young lady here reminds you of?” said Palgrave to

his sister, turning his eyes for a moment towards Miranda Jenkins and Joanna D'Arcy.

"Which girl do you mean?" said Miss Palgrave. Miranda giggled, and Joanna blushed hotly at his staring, and turned her head away from Hudson.

"I mean this tall, slender, metropolitan girl; this type which it has taken London centuries to evolve."

"Now, don't yer git making no fan o' me," said Miss Jenkins tartly, and without the least blush, yet her eyes twinkling with pleasure.

"Fun! My dear young lady! You might have sat for your bust as Atys or Aidoneus, and the way that scarf is drawn around your throat and over your head, in somewhat a pyramidal form, heightens the resemblance to that bust in the Museum."

The girl Miranda looked uneasily at Mr. Palgrave. She felt that he might possibly be "poking fun" at her, as she described it afterwards. But she tittered with pleasure when Constance Palgrave said—

"It is a very beautiful head, Miranda, that one in the British Museum; but I hardly think my brother does you justice in comparing it with yours. You are much handsomer!"

"You understand what I mean?" said Palgrave to Hudson.

Hudson turned his head a moment toward Mr. Palgrave, and looked at him steadily. "I think I do, if the bust is one of Atys," he replied. "I have not quite forgotten my classical mythology."

"Ah! those wonderful Greeks!" said Eustace.

He sighed, as it seemed, disconsolately.

"Ah! the days of Pericles, the days of Beauty and of Love!" He sighed again.

"The hypocrite, and the envious prude, looking

between their spread fingers—they were there, of course. But men and women became beautiful because they looked on, at unashamedly beautiful things. Alas! that art should have created, with all the beautiful religions and moralities, all the ugly ultimate insincerities! Oh! to begin again with the youth of art and beauty, and religion! Oh! what an age! What an age we live in!”

“How? There is no dearth of religion to-day, surely?” said Hudson, but half comprehending.

“Ah! you mean conventional *morality*, I suppose, like everybody else? The Greek religion was joy in life, like their art and literature, like their—their——”

“Yes, dear, go on,” spurred Miss Palgrave, as Eustace began to wipe his brushes on a piece of rag, and pour out some turpentine into his little dipper. Eustace Palgrave sighed, and looked steadfastly at Miranda Jenkins, who returned his stare with another as calm and unemotional.

“Go on, Eustace.”

“That will do, Hudson, thank you, until to-morrow. The Greeks were fortunate in having no Philistines.”

“Let me wipe your brushes, Eustace. Wasn’t St. Paul a great Philistine, now?”

“Yes, but he was three hundred years too late—for the Greeks—Constance.”

Hudson looked toward the Captain and the chief mate at the other end of the poop. They were in close conversation, and the master was illustrating diagrammatically some nautical problem with a wet finger on the wheel-box. Hudson lingered a moment, and turned to Joanna D’Arcy and said: “Have you any message for your brother Dominick, Miss D’Arcy?”

"You know my brother, then? Is it old friends you are? Or was he speaking about me to you?" said Joanna, a little flurried at his unexpected address. She felt his sight piercing her own downcast eyelids.

"Well, we are friends now, miss. I thought you might like to send a message."

"Oh, I have plenty to do as much as that for me, thank you," said Joanna, yet in a manner that was not intentionally indifferent.

"Why don't yer let 'im give 'im yer love, Joanner," said Mirauda Jenkins, with her arm linked in the other's. "Don't gals often send their love to their brothers?"

"Tell Dominick I am looking forward to Sunday," said Miss D'Arcy.

— Now Sunday, after the midday meal, was the time set apart by the regulations for all emigrants who had relatives among the single women to visit them on the poop. At any other time communication was forbidden. Never were conventual novices so carefully watched in the early days of the voyage as were these young women. Indeed, as Hudson was speaking to Joanna, the matron, who was knitting a pair of stockings, sitting by the mizen-mast on the deck, looked across to the group, and called out—

"Miranda Jenkins, come here!"

Miss Palgrave turned and saw Hudson and Joanna standing together.

Hudson's eyes were full of deep and wondering admiration; any woman could see that. Miss Palgrave quickly walked over with her brother's paint-brushes in her hand, and joined in the conversation, which now related to the projected concert.

"I shall sing you a song myself," said Miss Palgrave.

“Oh, Joanna! let me hook the body of your dress. Why, half the hooks are missing!”

“Your brother tells me that you sing divinely, Miss D’Arcy; we shall all be delighted,” said Hudson.

“Your brother, eh? And does *he* sing?” said Miss Palgrave.

“He does not; then; but he can make songs, and he can play the violin and the organ too!”

“Oh, ho! he is very proficient!” said Miss Palgrave, adjusting Joanna’s dress with a couple of pins. “There! that will do now; you look quite *propre*, I declare! Well, we shall all assist, even Mr. Hudson, I suppose?”

“Oh, yes, do!” said Joanna eagerly, returning Hudson’s rapturous gaze, yet blushing again.

“The matron ses as ’ow yer to not to speak to enny of them sailor fellers, Joanner!” whispered Miranda, coming over to the group (the whisper was very audible to all); “but don’t yer mind.”

Hudson smiled, Miss D’Arcy blushed uncomfortably, and Miss Palgrave coloured crimson with anger.

“Really, that woman exceeds her duty!” she said sharply.

Joanna walked away with downcast eyes, and Hudson turned to leave the poop. Miss Palgrave accompanied him, and when he had descended on the lee side she leaned over the rail and spoke to him below on the quarter-deck. Miranda Jenkins came and leaned over beside her. She exhibited contempt for the matron’s injunctions.

“To-morrow you must give me the names of all those who are going to sing,” said Miss Palgrave.

“Dawnce as well,” said Miranda; “you should jest see my father dawnce like the ’talyan briggins.”

Hudson turned away with a smile. Miranda Jenkins had one of the most refined, if singularly unintelligent, faces he had ever seen. There was a subtle sexless grace in every line of her features. She seemed one of civilization's strange mistakes. Miss Palgrave's loud, cheerful laugh followed him as he turned away; and looking over his shoulder he caught her glance, and raised his canvas cap. The eyes of all on the poop were fastened on her as she raised her hand and waved it pleasantly.

Said the matron to the Captain: "That sailor man seems to have taken the lady's fancy."

Said the Captain jocosely to the matron: "Ladies have strange fancies, Matron; now what do you say to Mr. Shackley, eh? Ho-ho-ho!"

Mr. Shackley, standing by, hearing his name spoken, turned toward them.

The matron, a hard-featured woman, who had been successively a spinster school-teacher, a married midwife, and a widow in charge of emigrant girls, permitted the corners of her lips to relax a little.

Mr. Shackley rubbed his unshaven chin, and held his head sideways in his usual manner.

"Oh, it's nothing, Mr. Shackley," said the Captain, winking at the matron. "Here's 'Biddy'! Well, 'Biddy,' and would you like *your* portrait painted?"

Joanna D'Arcy took the Captain's banter pleasantly. She simply replied, "I see you have a name for me."

"Why, you're all 'Biddys,'" said the matron with a harsh guffaw. "'Biddys' from Paddy's land. However, you are among white folk now."

Whereas the banter of the Captain, however wanting in the rudiments of good taste, was of a kindly quality, the words of the matron were, the girl felt, those of

a natural enemy.” But she did not retort and turned to Miss Palgrave and Miranda (who had come across the deck) with a mute gesture of indifference. But her eyes were bright with anger.

“What are you saying to Joanna?” said Miss Palgrave.

“*Ladies that I have known usually mind their own business,*” replied the matron.

The Captain interposed. “Will you take a walk before tea, Miss Palgrave? Has your brother gone below? Reading French novels after his hard work, I suppose? Ha-ha-ha!”

He drew Miss Palgrave away from the matron; and the Doctor coming on deck at that moment, the three walked the poop together.

Thus it came about that the painting of Patrick Hudson’s picture was the cause of the first feud aboard the *Young Pretender*. Down in the after ’tween-deck the matron discussed Miss Palgrave, and Joanna was silent. For the first time in her life the young woman from Kilnatubber felt an agitation within her bosom which forbade, as it seemed beyond, self-examination. There might be an element of doubt in Miss Palgrave’s affected friendship; but the man Hudson had sounded her soul’s ‘deeps, and she trusted unquestioning. Joanna did not attach the idea of flattery to the image of Hudson; for her own womanly vanity set it down instantly as unaffected admiration. And when the matron, with a kind of hypercritical compassion, referred to Joanna as Miss Palgrave’s “warming-pan,” and everybody tittered at the table, the young woman, sitting at the next table eating her bread-and-butter and drinking her tea, smiled as she listened and heard. The matron’s metaphor may have meant

something different to the young women than to the ex-midwife herself—indeed, such labels of spite have often no clear meaning whatever—but Joanna D'Arcy's red hair, that Miss Palgrave admired, and which Joanna herself could see Patrick Hudson admired still more, was in itself sufficient to make the matron's words a standing jest for the future. After this, girls would no doubt come below to the matron with such scraps of news from the deck as, "Miss Palgrave is warming herself with Joanna as usual," or, "That sailor man Hudson looks as if he would like to warm himself too!"

Miranda Jenkins spoke her mind very freely, but without any colouring of personal dislike. She seemed strangely removed from all those stresses and strains of the passions which, in a society such as that aboard the *Young Pretender*, undermine the fabric of convention. Miranda, in the first minute of acquaintance with Joanna, had said, "I like you; you're H Irish, ain't yer? I like H Irish and H italians. 'Ow old 're you? I'm nineteen. Did you ever 'ave a young man? I never seed onc I'd like to walk out with, did you? Why, I'd rather love a gal enny day!" And Joanna had felt very uncomfortable for a few minutes. But Miranda's total lack of good taste was already recommending itself, as it were, to the Irish girl's natural love of sincerity. Miranda was one who could never become an enemy. From the matron's tea-table, that second dog-watch, when the conversation was growing quite epithetical, she called across to Joanna, "We're a-talkin' about you, Ioanner; we're givin' of yer a charictèr, and I 'ope

deserved, Miranda, who heard it indistinctly, cried aloud that they all had to get characters before they were granted a passage. "But," she added, "I never knew as you 'ad a character, Matron; did you 'ave to get one too?" And all the other girls burst out laughing; not with, but at, the matron this time.

The matron's face grew harder, and, rapping on the table, she said grace with much unction. They were all, nominally, Protestant girls, and as such, shared her table, and occasionally an additional luxury in the way of preserves for tea or pickles for dinner. When the girls at the other tables individually whispered thanksgiving and covertly blessed themselves with the sign of the cross (for few did it openly), the matron, to show by contrast how the good English Protestant conducted herself at table, always prayed aloud in a high-pitched voice, so that all in the 'tween-decks might hear her distinctly. She had attempted the introduction of a hymn at the conclusion of the evening meal; but Miranda Jenkins had made the attempt abortive. Her fits of giggling were contagious, and they spread even to the other tables near the matron's. To after remonstrance, Miranda had responded that when the matron's upper teeth persisted in falling down in the middle of a verse, it put the girls all out of tune. To the matron's own severe words of reproof she responded that she did not "know 'ow it was, d'yer know, but she always felt ticklish after tea."

No, from Miranda the young woman from Kiltubber expected no enmity; but there were two or three girls from her own part of Ireland who carried favour with the matron, and from one of these she had already received a pin-prick, as it were, of malice.

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When the Doctor and Captain made their morning round that day the matron reported that a half-used candle had been found stuck to the headboard of Joanna's bunk, indicating that she had been reading in bed the night before, after the time for lights to be extinguished. And, as all naked lights were strictly forbidden, Joanna D'Arcy was severely reprimanded. The information was supplied to the matron by a girl who slept in an adjacent bunk, who refrained from explaining that Miranda Jenkins had lit the candle and fixed it herself on what was the footboard of *her* bunk, so that both Joanna and she might read in bed when the Hackney girl changed the position of her own pillow to the foot of her bunk. But Miranda was on deck when the Doctor made his round, so Joanna bore the reproof singly.

"Do you know what would happen if the candle burnt down to the board, and you were asleep?" said the Doctor.

"We should all be burnt to death," cried the matron.

"The ship might take fire," said the Captain, "and we have only six boats, holding twenty in each."

"Oh, goodness me!" cried the matron with righteous wrath, "such a wicked young woman should be severely punished when the ship reaches port."

"Easy, Matron, easy there! we haven't set fire to the ship yet," said the Captain; "and I'll thank you to be more careful in looking after the girls of a night."

When Miranda Jenkins came below again she had found Joanna in tears, sitting by herself in the darkest corner of the 'tween-deck. She was holding a handkerchief to her mouth, as the manner of women goes when they cry, the eyes being beautiful when first

wet with tears, but the mouth wrinkled and ugly. When Miranda had discovered the cause of her companion's wounded pride, the London girl went to the matron and confessed that it was herself who had broken the regulations, and not Joanna. And Miss D'Arcy, who could hear them speaking, noted the matron's mild tones of remonstrance, and compared them with those she assumed when many of the Irish girls were concerned.

When they had finished their evening meal, many going on deck, some four or five girls would gather round the matron (as they were doing this dog-watch) and discuss the events of the day. As Joanna ascended the ladder leading to the fore-cabin above, she heard her own name coupled with that of Hudson. The voice speaking was that of the black-haired girl with the calm, majestic face and blue-green eyes, the girl from Kerry, who had been spoken of by Miss Palgrave to her brother as a brunette—"mysterious, regal," with "something Asiatic, something Greek about her." And as Joanna slowly ascended the ladder she felt some pleasure in thinking of the Kerry girl's incipient growth of hair on her upper lip. That afternoon on the poop the dark young woman had been watching Joanna closely. It was she who had told the matron about the candle. What would be the depth of the next unkindness? They were no longer discussing Miss Palgrave or her brother; they were talking about herself. As she reached the fore-cabin she halted a moment on her way to the upper ladder, and listened, being as much a woman as any of her sex. She heard the matron laugh contemptuously, and the Kerry girl say in a loud whisper, "Indeed, and it's true! dey were making eyes at each

other. I wouldn't wonder if she went to the bad completely when she leaves the boat ! "

Joanna ascended the fore-cabin companion-ladder very slowly. She had heard enough. Her cheeks were hot with indignant pride. What act of her could have stirred such thoughts in another woman's mind ? Act of her ? Ah ! was it not rather something unacted within the other girl ? The uncharitableness of it made her feel quite sick at heart. Thank God ! she had a brother on the ship ; that was a consoling thought.

When she joined the rest of the young women on the poop the sky was ablaze with colour. The further south the ship sailed the more beautiful the evening skies seemed to get. Miss Palgrave and her brother, who was smoking a cigar, were leaning over the taff-rail and talking to each other. One of the Irish girls was sitting on the saloon skylight and playing a melodeon ; two others were playing quoits with the Captain and Doctor. The second mate, whose watch it now was, walked athwartships at the break of the poop, not to interfere with the game. A dozen or more girls were perambulating the lee side, arm in arm, six or more linked together, jostling one another, laughing, jesting, and singing. Two or three more were seated on the grating behind the man at the wheel, knitting stockings ; and one of them had just pressed a needle against the leg of the quarter-master, who seemed to like the sensation, and who was grinning at the familiarity. Miranda Jenkins was alone, standing by the mizzen shrouds and gazing at the evening sky. To her Joanna went immediately.

" You're all alone, Miranda ! "

" Yes ; ain't the sky lovely like ? " "

“It is, surely; it’s more than I can say for some on the ship.”

“My! you’re a lovely gal, ain’t yer? And I ain’t so bad, am I? What’s the Ole Chicken been a-doin’ now, Joanner?”

The “Old Chicken” was Miranda’s pet name for the matron.

“Sure, there are others on the boat besides the Old Chicken,” said Joanna.

“Now, don’t you mind ’em, Joanner. Look at all them fish skimmin’ along on top of the water; the secon’ mate says as ’ow them flyin’-fish. I wonder if they’re good to eat. Let’s go an’ ast ’im. Come on, my dear!”

The second mate during his watch on deck seldom spoke to anybody but the crew, except in short answer to a question. The two girls soon grew tired of this one-sided dialogue, and then interested themselves in the doings of the main deck.

Amidships a number of men, emigrants and crew, were glaying a game in which horse-play was predominant, and skill unimportant. A long queue, the first man in which was blindfolded, ranged itself fore and aft. One in the row of players would spring out of it and buffet the blindfolded man on the ear, right or left. The man thus struck would then, if he could, after taking off the handkerchief, come down the queue and pick out the man whom he thought was the striker. If successful in finding the right man, the latter took his place in front to be buffeted in turn. The men would continually change their positions (sometimes immediately after striking), and by the time the eyes were unfolded it was quite impossible to judge the cause of any change, for three

or four others than the striker would alter their positions at the same time. Some of the heavier and more resounding slaps of the palms on the man's check could be heard on the poop. A heavy north-country miner had just sent Beady the butcher-bey seaman reeling across the deck to the spare spars by the bulwarks.

"Lor!" cried Miranda, "what a big brute; and sich a nice young feller with the 'ankercher, too!"

There was no other man there with a hand like the miner's. Beady immediately picked out the north-countryman, who took his place. Poor Beady went to the end of the queue holding his hand to his crimson ear, looking dazed, as well he might. The crowd of onlookers, men and women, laughed at every blow. Dominick D'Arcy sat on the pin-rail, with his feet on a spare spar, watching the game like the rest. When he looked toward the poop Joanna waved her hand, and he returned the gesture. The north-countryman was now receiving buffets, the origin of which he failed again and again to discover. The weight of the other men's hands was fairly uniform. Everybody shouted with delight as his face grew redder and redder, and at length quite purple.

"I doant saay tha be a loiar-lad," he said angrily to Hudson, who had just shook his head, when singled out as the last striker, "but 'tis in my thowts."

"Well, you're wrong again, man!" said Hudson. But the north-countryman was evidently suspicious of the honesty of the whole queue. At the next buffet he turned round fiercely, and tearing off the handkerchief, he savagely seized upon Hudson. Hudson laughed, and admitted it was a correct guess.

"Aye! tha dursent gi' ma th' loy this toime,

lad!" he cried, pulling Pat out of the row and giving him the handkerchief.

Hudson looked nettled at the man's doubting words. The rest cried out that the miner had been wrong the time before. Indeed, it had been Bill, the quartermaster, standing next to Hudson, who had struck the blow.

But the north-country miner was losing his temper. He stepped forward from his place, fourth from the front, and with his broad fist, with its great bony fingers closed (not open, according to the rules of the game), struck Hudson a savage, powerful blow that made him stagger into the arms of one of the bystanders.

"Shame! shame!" cried Dominick D'Arcy and others, while the majority only laughed. An Irishman cried, "Good man! By the holy! What a fist!"

"Oh!" cried Joanna, on the poop, "that big blackguard should not be allowed to play. I declare Mr. Hudson's ear is bleeding! See! There's Dominick wiping it with his handkerchief."

When Hudson had somewhat recovered himself, he walked over to the north-countryman and took him by the arm.

"You used your closed fist, my friend, did you not?"

"I dunno, lad," said the miner.

"Indeed, and you did," said D'Arcy, "more shame to you!"

"You also called me a liar," said Hudson.

"Aye! I thowt it; an' I ha' naw doot of it, or what maakes tha look sa mad?"

"It was not play, but malice," said Hudson.

Take that. And he struck the miner a sudden blow.

in the mouth, which knocked out a couple of front teeth.

"Fair play, boys; fair play!" shouted Bill, the quarter-master; "give 'em room!"

"I'll 'it the fust bloke as hintyfeers!" shouted little Beady, dancing about madly.

"I yoost mind my own beesness," said Olsen, who was sitting on the rail working at his wool mat.

"Oh! separate them! separate them! Oh, dear God! dear God! Poor Mr. Hudson will be killed, surely!" cried Joanna, the tears starting to her eyes.

She turned and put her head against Miranda's shoulder, not to see the fighting. Miranda hushed her cries; but the commotion on the main deck had now attracted the attention of the second mate, who went forward to restore order. Then the Captain, Doctor, Mr. Palgrave, and every girl on deck, crowded to the break of the poop, pushing and pulling each other to get a glimpse of the fighting. Miranda drew Joanna away, and told her it was nothing, and that the Captain would stop it.

"Oh! tell him to; tell him!" sobbed Joanna.
 "Oh! I can *hear* the blows!"

But the Captain was already shouting to the second mate to bring both of the men ^{off}. That officer had proceeded very leisurely toward the scene of the combat; he had seen many such in his time, and believed in the homœopathic doctrine that like cures like. By the time he arrived on the scene the cure had nearly been effected; and when he pushed his way through the ring of men he found Hudson with a very bloody face leaning over the scuppers, his forehead upon his bent arm resting on the pin-rail; and the north-countryman lying on the deck with swollen

lips, and with a wound in the back of his head, caused by a ring-bolt against which it had struck when his feet were tripped by the nimble seaman; and they had fallen together, locked in each other's grip.

The sun was now set, and the light was failing. But the Captain had eyes as keen as the youngest aboard. He could see the expression of sympathy for the seaman in most of the faces present on the main deck, and when he turned to those about him he noted Joanna's alarm in addition. He turned over in his mind the form of reprimand best suited to the occasion, and waited, silent and patient, at the poop rail for the two men. Presently they both came up, with the whole ship's company and the emigrants, tilling the quarter-deck from rail to rail. The Captain coughed importantly, hesitated, then coughed again. He had nothing to say, after all, that was evident.

“What have you been doing?” cried Miss Palgrave, leaning down over the rail, “you look disgracefully interesting.”

“Thank you,” said Hudson, smiling through the smeared blood around his mouth; “I feel so, *disgraceful*, at least.”

“Ah!” cried the Captain, finding his voice, “ah! yes! disgraceful, that's it, my man. I've a good mind to log you, striking a pas—er—an emigrant, I mean; disgraceful; and, er—it looks as if he is hurt, too!”

“I hope he is,” said Joanna to Miranda, behind the Captain's back.

The Kerry girl, who had just come on deck, was standing near by, and looked curiously at Miss D'Arcy.

“Yes” continued the Captain, smiling at Hudson—when, strange to relate, the whole crew smiled in unison, as it were—“yes, you've hurt him; you had no right

to give a big man a fall like that ; why, you might—you might have killed him ! ”

“ Indeed, and he deserves to be killed,” said Joanna, her eyes quite dry now ; “ he hit Mr. Hudson first—I saw him.”

The Captain looked over his shoulder. “ Sh-sh ! ” said he, “ keep quiet.”

Then he ordered all hands forward, with a general reprimand in the following terms : “ I won’t have fighting aboard my ship, and if I see any more of it, I’ll put both men in irons.”

As the Captain, like the second mate, only saw what he wished to see in cases of this kind, it was probable the “ irons ” would rust for want of use. However, the master had done his duty ; he had reprimanded the offenders. The presence of passengers demanded that he should. He turned and walked the deck with the Doctor and Mr. Palgrave. It was now quite dusk, and would soon be dark ; second dog-watch “ three,” for “ seven bells ” (half-past seven o’clock) was struck, and many of the young women went below. Miss Palgrave remained behind with Miranda Jenkins, Miss D’Arcy, and the Kerry girl, Bridget Slattery.

“ We have half an hour longer,” said Bridget ; “ it’s only half-past seven. Glory be, Joanna, what’s the matter with your eyes ? ”

“ I see nothing the matter,” said Miss Palgrave.

“ Well, they look queer enough to-night,” said the Kerry girl. “ Have you been rubbing them with your hands, or what ? ”

“ ’Ow mitey inquisitive we are, Bridget Slatt’ry,” said Miranda.

“ Inquisitive, is id ? And what would I be inquisitive for ? Sure, we can all cry sometimes, I suppose.”

“Cry?” exclaimed Miss Palgrave; “why, what are you talking about?”

The Kerry girl tossed her head and laughed. Her metallic eyes glittered with interior fire. Joanna alone felt the spite dormant in the affected merriment. The Kerry girl so seldom laughed.

“Oh, Bridget,” said Miss Palgrave, “you do look beautiful in the twilight, when you show your teeth and throw back your head like that. It is a revelation! Won’t you let my brother paint you?”

“Indeed, and I will not!” replied Bridget. “I’ll leave that to others dat likes it. Is id noke a show of myself, the same as some I know you want me to?” She walked to the fore-cabin companion-ladder, still tossing her head and laughing strangely.

“She’s a queer girl,” said Joanna, relieved at her departure.

“She has a very handsome face,” said Miss Palgrave, “and how it can change its Olympian majesty for something passionately human! But you have nothing to be jealous of Joanna; your own is as charming as a Venetian lady’s of the fifteenth century.”

“It was not her face I was thinking of,” said Joanna, wondering at Miss Palgrave’s meaning.

“What about my tyce?” interposed Miranda; “it ain’t bad for a mungierl, is it?”

“My brother was admiring it only this evening, Miranda; but tell me what Bridget Slattery meant when she spoke of somebody crying.”

“Oh, I dunno,” said Miranda; “she’s all mysterious-like always.”

But Miss Palgrave needed no information; she had the eyes of a woman. But she certainly had cultivated the tolerant good-nature of those who have

travelled about Europe all their lives. Her own interest in men was (she explained to herself) an æsthetic one. She took an æsthetic interest in mankind—she cared little for the spirituality of man, or of woman, indeed, except it had a visible expression through the flesh. An ugly saint to her was a contradiction in terms; a beautiful sinner, a wrong way of putting a right thing. When she looked through her brother's æsthetic eyes (and she looked through them at everything) she only saw beauty or ugliness; morality was but a word in a conventional vocabulary. She had seen a tiger once tear a tamer in a cage at a circus. She screamed at first with the rest of the people; but, in a second, she cried: "Oh, isn't the beast grand! Eustace, just look at his pose! Oh, isn't it a shame to burn him with that red-hot iron!" When the tamer had staggered out of the cage, bleeding profusely, and fell fainting in the arena, she clapped her hands, like we are told the women of the Neronian period in the Roman amphitheatre.

"Well," said Miss Constance Palgrave, as she put her arm around Joanna's waist, "Mr. Hudson should have washed his face, I think. Is he not a handsome man? Don't you think so, dear? And that other man has such a clumsy figure! Clumsy people always fail!" He's like a—what is he like?"

"I cannot tell what he may be like," Miss Palgrave; it is all the same to me; but I don't know in the world what would Mr. Hudson be fighting for with such an omayhaun as that other man."

"Why, who would you have him fight?" said Miss Palgrave slyly.

"Oh, faith! Fighting is bad business for any one; what would I have him fighting for at all?"

“I don't know, dear; but men seem to delight in settling their differences that way,” said Miss Palgrave indifferently; then she whispered softly, “Why should *you* cry about it, my dear? Tell me, were you frightened?”

“Is it *me* cry? Indeed, I did not, then. What should I trouble about one of the sailors for?” said Joanna, affecting a tone of indifference herself.

“Oh, Joanna! Joanna!” exclaimed Miss Palgrave, smiling, giving up the inquisition in despair even before she had said half the things in her mind.

“Let me do up your hair, dear! It is positively towzled, like a bunch of red seaweed! There, that's better! How careless of your good looks you seem to be, dear!”

“Ach! I'll soon be in bed!” said Joanna.

Presently Miss Palgrave said: “Do you know what an old Irish servant of my mother used to tell me when I was a child? She used to say ‘One's own story is everybody's.’”

“‘*A sgeal fein sgeal gach aoinne,*’” said Joanna. “Faith! that's true for her! But I have no story!”

“Is that Irish you are speaking?” said Eustace Palgrave, joining his sister at the moment, the Captain and Doctor continuing their premenade by themselves.

“Speak some, Joanna! Let us hear a few words,” said Miss Palgrave.

“And for you to be making fun of me! Indeed, and I will not,” said Joanna quickly. “Come, Miranda!” she called to that girl, who was looking at the first weak gleams of the moon on the darkening waves. She walked across the deck and took Miranda's arm; and the poop bell at that moment

being struck by a boy—eight bells—the two girls went below with the other emigrants; and the matron (after a close scrutiny of the persons remaining, followed with her jingling keys, and locked the hatchway door behind her.

"Hum! she's a strange girl," said Mr. Palgrave to his sister; "fine hair, nice skin, but decidedly beefy about the hips."

"Yes, she's of the voluptuous type; there is something in the character of her eyes that I don't quite understand; but the colour of them, Eustace? They are not blue, nor grey, nor green, nor brown! They are all of those colours in concentric rings! They are wonderful eyes, and so soft, so liquid! And her mouth is like the Blessed Damozel's; and her hair, like burnished copper reflecting a setting sun!"

"Yes," said Eustace languidly, "she has good points, I admit, and I like her slatternly style, too. I think I shall make a study of her head. Is that Hudson on the main deck, forward there? He is washing his face in a bucket. Fine effect, that group in this light, isn't it, dear?"

"And look at that man lighting his pipe," said Miss Palgrave, drawing his gaze in another direction; "look at the glow on his face! And the faint moonlight on the corner of that big sail behind him; and the last of the sun's rays in the sky, above the water! And the west is quite dark! What a strange effect! I suppose the sun will be setting earlier every day that we draw nearer to the Equator. I delight in hot weather, and long nights at sea with golden stars, don't you, dear? What a soft, subtile light still trembles in the east; and the west so dark! See

it higher up, nearer the moon; so soft, so pure! Look below at the water just beginning to catch the moon-rays on the summit of each swell as it rolls toward us! Yet it is not a moonlight effect exactly, for there is the light of the sun in it still. How uncommon! Fill your eyes with it, Eustace, dear; sleep with it, and rise in the morning and paint it from memory."

Eustace Palgrave yawned. He had heard all this before; it was an echo of himself—in the past tense.

His sister continued: "See in this direction again; everything near at hand aboard the ship, not dark and solid now, but pale almost transparent. It is changing, even as we look! Look at that dim form of a woman sitting on a spar, with an aureola of visible air around her; what atmosphere, Eustace! All vulgarity is lost in this transforming twilight. Make strong mental notes of the tones and values, dear; it is worth it. Ah! if I could only paint it! like you will, won't you, dear?"

"Hum!" said Eustace, "rather good atmospheric conditions, I admit; quite a representative Pyper, I declare! Ho! nature does imitate art, does it not? Why, an hour ago, the sunset was a second-rate Turner, as young Edgar Wyse would say."

He playfully patted his enthusiastic sister on the back, and then went below to rest himself on the lounge-settee in his state room, and to read, to repeat the motions that filled him with joy, through the vehicle of art alone; in this case the art of a French minor poet. In a few moments he was burning with a strong passion for a woman he had never seen, and who probably never existed; and the ecstasy of it would keep him awake for hours. He would

probably fall asleep on the settee worn out, as it were, with the passion for the unattainable, with the sorrow for the death of her he loved for life in a moment of emotion, and with an immensity of self-pity that seemed to purge the sorrow of its semblance to remorse. To him art was the source of his joy in the only life that he knew; the life of perpetual imagination, where facts were facts because they could not be demonstrated like mathematical lies. And therefore he held them true.

On deck his sister laughed and talked with the Captain, the mate, and the Doctor. Robust, cheerful, still young, educated, travelled, Miss Palgrave loved life for the joy it brought her; she would not—nay, she could not—permit it to bring sorrow. Her temperament was similar to her brother's; but her constitution was different. Never having experienced any of the pains of life, she could not comprehend them in others. Her brother had known physical suffering, and life to him was a thing to be avoided in its callous horse-play with the nerves; but Constance Palgrave loved life, because it had given her perfect health, a keen mind, a fresh pink cheek, and white, sound teeth. Her one altruistic part—the only part of this nature that she had ever played in her life—was sympathy for her brother. She had been always beside him since they were children. She would have had him a great painter; and her constant desire was to stimulate him with suggestions and proposals, that he might never lack subjects for work. In Paris, years before, she had (though in her teens) played the part of housekeeper—or rather studio-keeper—with the help of a domestic servant, so that she might be near him after his day's work at

Colarossi's or Julian's. She had given dinners in the large studio, and suppers in the smaller dining-room, to a dozen of artists at a time, insisting, with her acquired and irreproachable Bohemianism, that they should bring their female acquaintance to the feast. From them, and her brother, she had acquired much of the jargon of painting, and a little insight into art. When the brother's health had needed travel to sunnier winters than Parisian, with their cold, grey skies, she had accompanied him to Syria, to Southern Italy, to Sicily, to Egypt, herself full of physical energy, of joy in life, of love for her brother. Of what complaint her brother suffered she had never decided, nor had it been necessary to visit but one doctor. That one, in London, had said that her brother needed climatic warmth and change of scene; and as they had both the means to obtain these things, there was no obstacle to prevent them. They had relatives and wealthy connections in several lands. They had been orphans since their childhood, and had years since inherited their patrimonies; their guardian's control had ceased when Eustace (the younger) had reached the age of twenty-one. They were autocrats of their own destinies to act as they chose. And they both chose to travel, and so, perhaps, to see the world: Eustace, for the purpose of avoiding its winters; Constance, to be always with him, who had become a habit as well as a brother.

Perhaps the true world of men and women living in the one of make-believe is not accessible to such as these two; or but in sudden gleams—in moments that come and go like the flash of a mirror, reflecting for an instant a phase of childhood. For, with Eustace

Palgrave, the emotions of the imagination had usurped those of daily experience; and with his sister life was a song of joy which was set to no music of immortality.

Yet the very selfishness of their natures contained within itself less power for evil than the complicated intentions of struggling souls who envied them. The potentiality for evil is commensurate with the depth of character, as the depth of the ocean is with its power to hold its terrible secrets. And this brother and sister were like the shallows of a tidal sea, in which, if we stand upon an eminence high enough, we can discern every turn of the current by the direction of the clearly visible weeds at the bottom.

But at this moment is not Miss Palgrave jesting with the Captain about the ills of life? And the Captain, than whom no man had suffered more hardship for twenty years of his life, is answering jest with jest! So let the fine old ship, the *Young Pretender*, sail on, to the burden of lapping wave shimmering in the moonlight; to the burden of the steady wind hollowed in the weather-whitened flex of the sails; to that of a mother singing her child to slumber amidships; and to the burden, too, of that gentle murmur arising from the after hatchway; the Irish psalter of Mary—the Rosary of a Queen whose throne is wisdom; whose high tower is as one of incorruptible ivory; whose house is of untarnishable gold, and whose realm is the eternal heaven.

To that burden the ship shall sail onward this night; onward and southward. And Joanna D'Arcy, with a dozen other women, kneel in that obscure corner of the after 'tween-deck which they have selected

for the performance of their night and morning devotions; and the loud murmur of the refrain rises through hatch and ventilator, giving a moment's pause to Constance Palgrave as she passes it with the Doctor and the Captain in her walk before bedtime. (“House of Gold! Gate of Heaven! Morning Star! *A reult na maidhne!*”)

“The stars are growing larger and brighter every night,” she says. “I am sure the nights in the tropics must be one glow of golden lamps, as they are in Egypt. What a heaven of constellations, and galaxies, and lustrous planets shedding light like moons, were the nights in Egypt! Were you ever there, Captain?”

“Not me, Miss Palgrave! But the tropics are not so heavenly as you may imagine. Wait until we strike the doldrums! I don't think we shall find them nights of heavenly beauty! What, Mr. Shackley?”

The mate standing by the quarter-master at the wheel grins in the light of the binnacle lamp, and pokes out his never-shaven (yet always stubbly) chin sideways. “No, sir! Not exactly. I can't say that I ever struck anything heavenly aboard ship in all my time.”

They all laughed. Heaven and hell are the standing jests of the universe.

And down below, on her knees, the young woman from Kilnatubber is looking (as she prays in the dim light) at a little picture-card with the Madonna upon it wreathed in roses, and the words, “*Nullus potest cælum intrare nisi per Mariam transeat tanquam per portam,*” on the golden marge.

So, onward in the moonlight and starlight, pro-

pelled by the friendly breeze, buoyant on the kindly sea, let the old ship sail southward, unconscious of her mission, though she have been near upon half a century performing it. And her mission this story is related to duly set forth.

• CHAPTER V

AT the end of the following week the *Young Pretender* has entered a latitude of sunshine and lighter breezes. Nobody being seasick now, everybody crowds on the lumbered decks from morning till night. There is little room for them, but there is less below; and many of them attempt to break the monotony of the voyage by helping the seamen to haul on the braces and halliards. Loafing perforce most of the day on spars and booms and hatches, they spasmodically try to justify their existence by a little exercise of their muscles. "*Is aluinn an aimsir i buidheachar le Dia!*"* they say, some of them: "Let us be doing something." All the male emigrants have been employed for an hour, twice a week, at pumping water, or drawing it from the ship's side, and passing bucketfuls along the deck. The Captain calls this latter exercise "fire drill," and in organizing the emigrants for the purpose he has thereby acted in accordance with the instructions furnished to every master in the emigration service. The crew to-day are occupied with the six boats, loosening the lashings of them, rigging up tackles on the main and fore yards, and those in the hanging quarter boats putting on cork jackets (that fitted none of them) with many coarse exchanges of nautical humour. The emigrants are pumping. All the

* It's beautiful weather, thanks be to God!

womenfolk are looking on, amused at this singular biweekly spectacle of relatives with saturated trousers and bare feet, filling buckets of water on one side of the ship, and emptying them over the other; of seamen hurrying and shouting aloft and below, and the boy at the poop bell ringing it like one suddenly aemented. Jest, laughter, and noisy badinage accompany the performance.

This boy had once put a cork inside the copper nozzle of the force-pump hose. The third mate suspected the second mate. To-day's fire drill the second mate's boat-lashing pegs are hammered into their sockets so tightly that the boat cannot be cast free. It is consolatory to the third mate when the Captain more reviles the second mate on account of the boat than he had the third by reason of his burst force-pump hose.

But despite such incidents as these, and the rough games of an evening in which the crew had joined, the time aboard the crowded ship begins to hang heavy upon all. The projected concert (or sing-song, as Beady and his shipmates called it) is spoken of daily, and opinions expressed, in which doubt and ridicule have clashed with expectations of real musical entertainment. For already coteries and factions have been formed; and ill-humour, spite, jealousy, and envy run their course neck and neck to an invisible goal. Had there been no quarrels the daily monotony had been unbearable by many.

Among these daily distractions, Bridget Slattery, the majestic Kerry girl, and Joanna D'Arcy had begun to hate each other as women alone can begin to hate without there being any rational and overt cause of it.

To-day, as Hudson sits astride the main yard fixing a tackle, and the men rush hither and thither at their fire drill, the two girls watch each other with furtive eyes.

Patrick Hudson was the last man in the world to be attracted by a placid woman like Bridget Slattery. But, in his posing for his portrait of an evening on the poop, he had certainly looked toward her, standing or sitting among the group of surrounding girls; but he had looked through her, as it were, with the eyes of abstraction; not at her with those of observation or of admiration. He had been unaware of Bridget's existence on the ship until the portrait-painting had begun. But one evening, looking in her direction—a direction not of his own choosing, but one necessitated by his pose—he had become suddenly conscious of a steady return gaze from a pair of metallic greenish-blue eyes that made him shorten the focus of his own, and smile at their searchingly earnest expression. Bridget Slattery's calm, regal features relaxed their majesty, and her lips smiled in return; and then her face grew pale as if power had fled from it, as she cast down her eyes to the deck at her feet. For the first time in his life Hudson felt a magnetic thrill through his nerves that was both pleasant and painful.

At the conclusion of the “sitting” he had turned round to say a few words to Joanna D'Arcy, who had been standing with Miranda Jenkins near the artist, their arms around each other's waist; but she had disappeared.

From that time onward he had found his eyes straying in the direction of Bridget Slattery, whenever his duties or Mr. Palgrave's convenience called

him to the poop. Her immobile, statuesque face, with the magnetic eyes, continually drew his gaze toward her.

Miss Palgrave had chatted about Italy, about art, about the projected concert; but Hudson's eyes were continually straying in search of those of Bridget Slattery, and when they had found them, they found them fastened upon his own. If he were speaking to Joanna, as he attempted to do at every opportunity, and he raised his eyes from her face, he found his gaze confronted with that of the Kerry girl, and he had cast down his eyes as if detected in thinking an evil thought.

The Kerry girl, Bridget, was, as Miss Palgrave said, possessed of a "mysterious, regal, calm, peculiarly handsome brown face," but it was a face, in its frame, of dark hair, that had no attraction whatever for the seaman adventurer. It was the expression of those greenish-blue eyes—blue like the blue of a hedge-sparrow's egg, or the blue of a sky in an old Florentine picture, blue overlaying the green of Limoges enamel—that drew his gaze so often toward hers. There was something entreating, as well as penetrating and repelling, in the expression of them. And when Bridget's eyes looked at him, Joanna's looked fearfully at Bridget's, as they were doing this very day at fire drill.

Hudson had not so much as spoken one word to Bridget Slattery, nor had he felt tempted to exchange one with her. But with Joanna D'Arcy he had become somewhat familiar, and this familiarity had been strengthened by his companionship with her brother Dominick, who sent messages by the seaman to his sister about the concert to be held this evening.

Already the thought of parting at the end of the passage was a painful one; and already he had half determined to leave the ship himself, and thus lessen the chance of a parting. He had never deserted a ship for such a cause before.

But why should he not leave the sea altogether? He had determined to do so many a time. He had. But he had always found himself at sea, before or abaft the mast, not many weeks, or even days sometimes, after his determination. However, this time he would decide; for he had never been in— (he looked down from the main yard at Joanna). The thought gave him pause. "Was he really in love, then? Did he love this beautiful, unkempt, uncultured sister of Dominick D'Arcy—the man for whom he felt a daily strengthening friendship? Was this love for his sister he felt? One of these days he would speak of it to him. He had never "loved a woman before," he was certain of that; not even that pretty, refined, and educated little Scotch chambermaid at a hotel in Glasgow where he had stayed once. He had met her one Sunday evening, and taken her for a pleasure trip down the Clyde. But then he excused himself by a plain, open statement to himself, he had never told her that he loved her, and he had not spoken of marriage. (Again he looked down at Joanna, and she looked up.) But this Joanna, ah! she was different, and her brother was his friend.

"Vast pumping! Tackles down! Put away all the gear!"

The fire drill ended, all hands, crew and emigrants, go to supper; and then the evening of the concert has arrived. The weather is warm, and the breeze is

steady, if light ; and the ship sails almost on an even keel. "It is beautiful weather," as the emigrants have termed it—the weather for love and song.

Beady, and Sydney Bob, and Bill the quartermaster, and Olsen the Norwegian, and Mr. Jenkins (the Italian with an English name), had forgone their supper and had been working all the dog-watch, preparing the quarter-deck for the entertainment. Mrs. Jenkins—or rather Mrs. Giacomo Giansenio, for thus her husband's name had been registered on her marriage to him a few days before the ship had sailed—Mrs. Jenkins and the other married women had been busily employed the last few days in sewing bits of old flannel and bunting and canvas together into grotesque costumes for Bill the quartermaster, Sydney Bob, and Olsen. These three had been rehearsing "negro-minstrel" ditties lately in the fore-castle, much to the disgust of the boatswain's mate. Olsen had woven some kind of melodeonical pattern which he called an accompaniment, and Bill and Sydney Bob sang and danced to it. Then it had been arranged that Bob should clatter the bones in the breaks of the negro melody. To-night they would blacken their faces in approved minstrel fashion. Cardiff Price was their comic man—he would make a classical stump speech.

Horatio Beady was down on Miss Palgrave's programme for "When other Lips and other Hearts," and "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream." He had conscientiously rehearsed these every night on the look-out, as he paced to and fro. His voice floated to leeward in charming breaks of melodious tremolos. Hudson and Dominick D'Arcy, as they walked the main deck together, had looked up at him and

listened with appreciation. The voice transformed the manner.

Among several others, including Miss Palgrave, and Hudson himself, came Joanna D'Arcy, with her full, rich contralto voice. The title of her song in English was "The Snowy-breasted Pearl," and so it appeared on the programme, as Miss Palgrave confessed she was unable to write it in Irish, and Joanna was unable to write it herself. "*Ah fairla on vrullee vawn!*" said Miss Palgrave, writing it down at Joanna's dictation, "looks like no language on earth. I am sure it is not spelled like that. We must put it into English." So "*A phearl an bhrolaigh bhain,*" appeared in equivalent English on Miss Palgrave's programme.

"Your name has a decidedly French appearance, my dear. How do you account for that? Are you of French descent?" inquired Miss Palgrave, whilst preparing the programme.

"Sure, Darcy's as Irish as the pigs in Drogheda," said Bridget Slattery, who was overlooking; "id's only dat little tick of a ting between the D and the Ah that makes id look like a French name; id has no right there, anyway."

"Indeed! and Dominick always spells it like that," said Joanna.

The other girl had laughed spitefully as usual, without hardly any movement of lip or cheek. Then she said to Miss Palgrave, "Id is a foolish language! You wouldn't know the name if you saw id in writing; my name's O'Slattery, and hers is spelt with an O as well. French! is id? Ach!"

Joanna had turned away discomfited. She spoke her native language and she loved it, but she could

not spell a single family name in Irish. Had she seen the name O'Dorchaidhe in either the Irish or in the English character, she would not have recognized the name as her own.

She felt the growing hatred for this calm Kerry girl who lost no opportunity for wounding her pride ; she felt it gathering strength and period. Any way, Bridget Slattery could not sing, and there was never a priest in her family, or they would have all heard about it long ago ; and there was hair beginning to grow on her upper lip at the corners, as black as the hair on her head ! These were consoling reflections. " And how she cast her evil eyes at Patrick Hudson ! It was not becoming for any girl to look at a man like that ! How she detested—and feared too—that brown Kerry face ! Bad luck to it—God forgive her ! "

And so the night of the concert had arrived. The quarter-deck, as stated, had been prepared for the entertainment. The Captain himself had lent his personal assistance, arranging seats on the poop and hanging flags over the rail. A platform of hatchies had been raised a few feet from the quarter-deck, and a large sail stretched behind it, and other sails at the sides. The platform was for the solo singers. The deck in front of it for the " minstrels " and dancers. Seats on the spars and pin-rail on either side for the married people, and single men ; and the single women, and officers had the poop and the two poop ladders.

Thus a kind of amphitheatre had been arranged. Two riding lights and half a dozen lanterns from below made a row of footlights for the stage. The performers (among the crew) made their exits and

their entrances through an opening in the sail which hung behind the platform. Miss Palgrave and Joanna D'Arcy would descend the poop ladder when their respective turns arrived. Mr. Palgrave had languidly consented to act as Master of the Revels, or Ceremonies; he had not been able to decide which was the more explanatory title. His great fear was that he might feel bored. He had been for some half-hour hidden behind the big sail stretched from main shrouds to main shrouds, painting the face of Cardiff Price with ochre and vermilion and a little Prussian blue. And when all was ready, and the audience settled in their places, he reappeared, and, with programme in hand, stood at one side of the stage and introduced the first performer to the assembly in terms of humorous raillery.

This first performer was Olsen the Norwegian, who appeared with his melodeon.

"In introducing this distinguished foreign instrumentalist to you this evening, ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Palgrave, flourishing the programme (a copy of which, with a decorated border by himself, had first been presented to the Captain), "in presenting Herr Signor Olsen to this refined and indulgent assembly, allow me to request of you not to applaud until his melodeonical overture (which I am informed by one of the company has always evoked enthusiastic applause—even from the captious musical critics of the Prussian Eagle)—not to applaud until the last notes have been played. The Doctor informs me—I mean Surgeon Benjamin Clyster; our respected medical officer, not our renowned *chef de cuisine*—that there is but a limited supply of cottonwool in the ship, otherwise each person in the

audience would have been supplied gratis with a small quantity on taking his or her seat. However, I may be allowed to point out that nature has, in supplying us all with two ears, also supplied us with two little fingers; and if we reserve our applause until we no longer see the marvellously dexterous movements of Monsieur Olsen's own digitals we shall, all of us, ladies and gentlemen, feel that the absence of a few pellets of cottonwool has little or no power to destroy our pleasure in the performance. These few words, Signor Olsen will, I trust, accept as a slight token of my own appreciation for the concertina and kindred machines for the distribution of sound. Could I entertain you all with a full verbal expression of my thoughts, the tropical heat and length of my words would blister my tongue and dislocate my jawbone. Get to work, Olsen, my boy; let us have it!"

He lent across the dais, and, with unusual animation, patted Olsen on the back. The Norwegian seaman grinned. "He speak more goot dan I play, ladies and gentlemen," he said, expectorating tobacco-juice sideways into the folds of the canvas sail at the side of the platform.

"No, no! none of yer' ole guff!" shouted half the members of the crew, sitting on the deck, abaft the footlights, leaning their backs against the bulkhead of the cabin; "give us 'Sweet Chymen Bells of Lofsiggo,' Olsen!"

"I play dot' for noncor," said Olsen, expanding his melodeon.

"Well, let her go, my lad!" cried the Captain; "we're all waiting!"

"Sh-sh!" from Mr. Palgrave, sitting on the flag-

, covered harness-cask—the seat of honour—and holding up his hand.

Olsen thereupon played some of his specialities, holding his instrument in the various positions assumed by concertina players, above his head, sideways, down in front of his bent knees, and with arms extended in front; sometimes sweeping it through the air from side to side in a way that drew *sotto voce* expressions of delight from the greater part of the audience.

“Ain’t ‘e just lovely?” whispered Miranda Jenkins to the second mate.

The second mate (who relaxed his professional taciturnity on such occasions as this) squeezed against her and pinched her arm. He said something under his breath, and pushed his feet against the girl’s. “Go ‘long with yer!” whispered Miranda. The second mate pinched her again, but not so hard. Miranda nudged him with her elbow, and told him to “Stop it!”

The officer smiled. It was the introduction to a flirtation on the part of the second mate; but Miranda seemed unwilling, for she slipped her arm, on the other side, around a girl’s waist and hugged her. “I *do* s love them conciteenars, dear, don’t you?” The other girl nodded her head.

“Sh-sh!” from Mr. Palgrave again. Olsen was describing arcs in the air, lingering on one note. The second mate was thinking that it was passing strange for a girl to hug another girl as if one of them had been a man. He had carefully chosen a seat in the back row on the poop, so that there should be nobody sitting behind him. And when a cloud covered the stars above, it was quite dark up there. He turned

and pinched the girl on the other side of him and said "Sh-sh!" like Mr. Palgrave.

This girl giggled, and reciprocally pinched the second mate. She was a servant girl from Dublin. The second mate slipped his arm around her waist and the girl made no attempt to remove it.

Olsen finished, and rising from the butter-keg upon which he had been sitting, bowed his acknowledgments to the cries of "Encore!" and to the prolonged clapping of hands.

Then he sat down again and played "Sweet Chiming Bells," which was a "selection" that permitted of much air-sweeping. When this was finished, the applause was redoubled; but the performer retired modestly, and presently putting his head through the opening in the big sail, he cried, "Ladies and yentlemens, I bresently make you laff; I come again mit my face black."

Mr. Palgrave consulted the programme. Then he rose from his seat and said: "The next item, ladies and gentlemen, is a very affecting solo by a distinguished tenor—Mr. Horatio Beady—late of the celebrated evangelical choir of Lincoln's Chapel-of-Ease, I am told; and as you are all probably aware, To-night we are not to be favoured with one of those soul-stirring melodies with which he has moved so many thousands of humble dockers' hearts in days gone by, but——"

"Oh! cheesc it, Mister Pelgryve! 'I never seed no dockers in ahr church!'" said Beady, waiting to begin.

"But," continued Mr. Palgrave, "we shall all be profoundly touched by such a selection as "Mother Kissed Me in My Dream." We have all had mothers, and we all dream——"

"Not so much chewin' the ole rag," shouted Bill the quarter-master, from the other side of the canvas screen. He and Sydney Bob, with blackened faces, were helping Olsen to change his character. "Mother" is the most sacred word in any language aboard ship.

"Let's have the song!" said the Captain.

"Aye, chuck the pow-wow!" cried Hudson coarsely, sitting on the top step of the port poop ladder, where he could converse (between the turns) with Joanna D'Arcy and Miss Palgrave above him, and with Dominick D'Arcy also, who was sitting on the top-gallant rail of the main deck beside him.

"Sing, then, Horatio, we hunger for thy voice!" said Eustace Palgrave, sighing affectedly, and regaining his seat on the harness-cask.

Beady then sang his song, and sang extremely well.

Miss Palgrave, Dominick D'Arcy, and the Doctor applauded with evident sincerity. An encore was demanded, and Beady said, he would sing "'Er bright Smahle 'orn'ts Me still," if they had no objection. Later on he would appear again with "Uvver Lips and uvver 'Arts."

"Sing what you like," said Miss Palgrave graciously; "your voice will transform anything." And she spoke with the quiet appreciation of critical discernment.

So the quarter-deck once more resounded with Beady's clear, round, sweet tenor voice. Hudson began to feel quite sentimental. He looked up at Joanna in the dim light, and she looked down on him. She wore her best gown, and Miss Palgrave had arranged her luxuriant hair in becoming coils looped low on her bare neck. They smiled at each other, and both thought of "alien skies," and of "desert

paths," where they would be haunted by each other's smile. He pressed her foot on the step beside him unobserved. She did not move her foot. Her hand hung down close to his neck. He moved his head so that it touched her hand. A few weeks of idleness had softened that well-formed hand. She did not take it away. Hudson felt a thrill through his whole body. He put up one of his hands to adjust his cap, and touched hers. She did not shift her hand; and when he did so a second time, he was gratified to ~~find~~ her fingers toy and mingle willingly with his own for a few moments.

As Beady concluded with a well-taken octave above—his own invention—and there followed much clapping and general loosening of tension among the audience, Hudson took the opportunity of pressing the hand of Joanna again, and this time without the excuse of cap-adjustment. She returned the pressure; but as their hands still lingered in each other's, Miss Palgrave (pushing past them on her way down the ladder) rested her own upon them. Had the light of the nearer of the lanterns (below on the main deck) shone upon his face, as well as upon that of a young woman a few yards away, leaning forward over the poop rail, watching his own as much as could be discerned of it in the obscurity—had Hudson's own face been clearly visible, one might have noticed the conscious reddening of it. But he rose to his feet, and calling to those beneath him to make way, handed Miss Palgrave down the poop ladder to the quarter-deck.

"You should hide your hands," whispered Miss Palgrave; "the matron is just behind you. Naughty man! How do you like Joanna's hair to-night?"

"Thanks!" said Hudson ashamedly. As he regained his place on the ladder he saw the face, not of the matron, but of the young woman, Bridget Slattery, looking in the direction of him and Joanna intently. It was *her* face which the ray of lantern-light fell upon a few yards away. Next to her sat the Captain, and to the right of him the Doctor. Miss Palgrave had been sitting on the top step between the matron and Joanna, and both the girl and the man felt now the loss of a very useful screen.

"When she has sung her song she will sit there again," whispered Hudson, standing on the step below Joanna, his head level with hers. There lay an unspoken thought in his words. "What a charming woman was Miss Palgrave! What disinterested toleration her words exhibited!" he thought.

"What do you mean?" said Joanna, who knew quite well the only meaning of his spoken words.

"Sit down, my good man! Sit down, please!" said the matron in her high-pitched voice. "We can't see behind here."

"I beg your pardon," said Hudson, dropping down upon the step.

"Sh-sh-sh!" cried Mr. Palgrave and Dominick D'Arcy and others. D'Arcy had descended from the rail and produced his violin. Miss Palgrave had mounted the hatchway platform, and was waiting.

That Dominick D'Arcy should play an *obligato* to Miss Palgrave's "Voi che sapete" seemed the most fitting thing of the whole entertainment to Patrick Hudson. On such a night Dominick the musician might command the stars!

D'Arcy (the student, in his still receptive and uncreative stage) had composed (or arranged) his violin.

part from the music of the aria (which Miss Palgrave had lent him), and from some pianoforte music of the "Marriage of Figaro," which he possessed himself. Miss Palgrave held a copy of the whole of his arrangement for voice and *obbligato* in her hands. Cardiff Price held Dominick's for him, and Mr. Palgrave held a lantern, so that both instrumentalist and vocalist could see their respective copies.

Flap-flap-flap suddenly went the sails above them.

"Silence there!" cried the Captain. "What's that fellow at the wheel doing, Mr. Shackley? Shivering the topsails like that! Wait a spell, Miss Palgrave! she'll fill again in a minute."

The matron began to snigger. The sails went on flapping. "Why don't they begin?" she said, in a very audible voice. "I'm sure a little noise won't spoil *her* singing; he-he-he-eeh!"

Hudson's face flushed with anger. He could feel his cheek burning; but at the same time he felt glad that the darkness prevented others from seeing the cause of his anger.

"Silence! Or-dee!" roared the Captain.

"Lor'! ain't the Captin wild!" said Miranda Jenkins to the second mate. "Why don't *you* go an' 'elp Mr. Shackley make that feller at the rudder keep the ship quiet?"

"Too many cooks spile the broth, and it ain't *my* watch on deck, ducky!" said the second mate.

"It takes only one to spoil our pea-soup—'orrid muck!" said Miranda, "and I'd rath'er be a drake 'n a duck, enny dy!"

"That's it! Keep her like that, close, but don't shake her!" cried the Captain, as the sails filled steadily again.

- "He means you," whispered the second mate, with a chuckle, as he again pinched the Dublin girl. Tightening his arm around her waist, he pushed one of his feet between her heels.

"Ah! g' along out o' that! You're making game of me, so you are," whispered the girl, but letting his foot slide between her own feet, and then holding it tightly between them.

"Now, then, Miss Palgrave, my dear! Now, then, young fellow! you with the fiddle; get along with the duet!" cried the Captain, as the sails filled.

Miss Palgrave smiled at the Captain, and then, turning toward D'Arcy, who was about to play the preliminary part of the *obbligato*, she could not avoid looking at the face of the seaman Cardiff Price (whose back was toward the audience), with its grotesque painting, the work of Mr. Palgrave.

"Oh, for the love of heaven!" she gasped. "change that music-stand, Eustace! I shall go into hysterics. Oh!" And her whole figure quivered with the effort to suppress her laughter.

- "Wot's the matter naow?" came from Beady, who was listening solemnly behind the screen.

- "Oh! ask somebody else to hold the music, Eustace," said Miss Palgrave. "It is too bad of you!"

Cardiff Price turned round and grinned at the audience. The row of lanterns shone upon his hideous make-up, in ochre, and crimson, and blue; with his goat's beard—of natural growth—on his chin.

"Faith! Between us and harm! but he's the dead spit of a Pooka!" cried one of the young men in the audience.

His companions from Ireland laughed aloud.

Beady made his appearance. He had finished decorating Olsen, so he volunteered for the office of music-stand, and Mr. Palgrave accepted, pushing Cardiff Price behind the big sail.

"Now, then! perhaps the *prima donna* will oblige," said the matron tartly. Miss Palgrave looked up into the darkness before her and tightened her lips. The malice in the matron's voice quelled the merriment.

"The Ole Chicken 'as a narsty way of syin' things, 'ave 'e she?" said Miranda Jenkins to the girl whose waist she was clasping.

"Sh-sh!" whispered her companion.

There were many other cries of "Hush!"

"You seem to be the only one that can hold your tongue," said the Captain to Bridget Slattery, sitting on his left hand. Her cheek was resting on her folded hands upon the rail, and she was looking sideways toward the poop ladder. Her eyes shone like "sapphires set in snow."

"There do be others just as quiet!" she said, raising and turning her head, "and they can be sitting in the dark corners, too."

She spoke in a very low tone, but the first notes on D'Arcy's violin hushed some other words coming to her lips, and the whole audience grew suddenly quiet. . . . The arched mainsail caught the sounds and sent them sighing, trembling, to the stars. The Doctor, who had been both a violin and a pianoforte player of some domestic importance in his younger days, was noticeably interested in the accompaniment when Miss Palgrave had begun singing her own part. This accompaniment consisted of a soft arpeggio by Dominick, who continued his bowing when the voice

paused. Then he began again, and only the Doctor, by his ear, and perhaps Mr. Palgrave, by his eye, knew that both lady and accompanist were taking liberties with Mozart.

But the song and the *obbligato* were very successfully rendered. Miss Palgrave had not any other than an ordinary clear mezzo-soprano voice; but she sang with artistic feeling; she "knew" music, and she sang accurately what she had to sing. The Doctor was enthusiastic in his demand for an encore.

"I declare that young man's violin accompaniment is simply perfect," he said to the Captain, "and his instrument is of an excellent quality; it is like an 'Amati' or a 'Strad.' I declare."

Captain Jessup, whose little daughter at home was learning the pianoforte, thought some criticism of his own would be appropriate to the occasion. He was daily becoming irritated by the Doctor's superior manners in the saloon, and especially at any exhibition of knowledge beyond his own purview. Being the commanding officer (as well as the chairman of the entertainment), everybody near him listened attentively to his words, when the applause had subsided.

"Um! I don't think that your fiddler fellow gave her a proper chance," said the Captain slowly and importantly; "he always seemed to be coming in where he was not wanted; and she had to wait until he was done! Of course, it may have been made up between them, but I don't think that sort of thing is quite regular. Music is all right by itself, but I like a song myself without the music."

The Doctor lifted his eyebrows and smiled, but

said nothing. He could find nothing to say that would seem to fit in.

"Let's have an encore, Miss Palgrave, without any music," said the Captain.

"Mr. Jenkins is going to favour us with his dance first," said Miss Palgrave; "after that I will try and recollect another song, and sing it without—er—without any music, Captain."

"I think your brother's playing delightful," whispered Hudson to Joanna. "Does he accompany you ~~when~~ you sing?"

"Dominick couldn't do that," said Joanna, "because I sing in the Irish way, which I learned from the people in our part of the country."

Hudson seemed perplexed. "But he is a clever musician!" he replied.

"Indeed he is," said Joanna D'Arcy; "but he says himself that he doesn't understand the Irish music as we do. He was brought up in Dublin."

"Well, he knows all Moore's melodies, I suppose?"

"Oh, Dominick says that they have all been turned into English music," said the young woman.

Hudson seemed more perplexed than before, and shook his head.

Just then Mr. Jenkins, the Italian, began his "Danse des Brigands."

Miranda stood up on her seat, and the second mate offered to support her.

"I can see without you 'oldin' of me," said Miranda. "Ain't father funny? Just look at 'im slappin' of 'is 'ands be'ind 'is back, and over 'is 'ead! Ain't 'e lovely? That's something Italian what the young man's a-playin' on the fiddle, ain't it? I've 'eard father whistle it ofren enough."

“It do sound a bit foreign like,” said the second mate, standing up with the other girl.

Dominick played away on his violin, and Mr. Jenkins threw his body into strange attitudes, moving his feet flatly to the rhythm of the gay Italian lilt. Mrs. Jenkins, down on the main deck, looked disgust. “To ‘see an ole fool like that a-cuttin’ capers!” said she, quite audibly. It had taken Mrs. Jenkins eighteen years to bring her husband into the Marriage Registry Office, and there being no retrospective legitimization law in England, she had never forgiven him for his delay, and every opinion of Mr. Jenkins and his doings was coloured with a kind of slumbering spite. “Y’ll be jumpin’ on somebody’s ‘ands in a minnit!” she cried. (Men and women were leaning forward, resting on their arms, sitting on the deck.)

But the daughter was very fond of her father, though she had not any legal right to bear his name, whether Jenkins or Giansenio; and she had inherited some of his light indifference to the conventions of society and his gaiety of soul, which had evolved its own moral code. She clapped her hands delightedly, and laughed till even the matron’s wooden nerves began to show some evidence of being affected.

“That girl Miranda will be making *me* laugh in a minute” said the matron, allowing a smile to flicker along the straight edge of her upper lip.

“Then Miranda will have worked a miracle!” whispered Hudson to Joanna D’Arcy.

The second mate, to whose conquering spirit the Dublin girl’s non-resistance had brought no joy, now turned sideways to Miranda and held her waist, spanning it with his two big hands.

"You'll fall down if I don't," said the officer.

"Ah! That'll do, let me down; ah-ah-h-h-h! father's lovely when 'e dawnces! You know, we 'ad a fried-fish-and-chip-'tater shop in 'Ackney, and an ole Italian fellow used to bring 'is organ outside sometimes, and father used to dawnce for the customers; and then they'd all mike a c'dlection for the grinder, who was an ole pal of father's when they was boys in Italy."

"What made him chuck it up?" asked the second mate; "there was money in it, wasn't there?"

"Oh! 'e used to give too much tick; and 'e 'ad to py a pound a week for 'is shop," said Miranda; "but we're goin' to start another chip-tater shop in Orstraylyer. I loves shops like them, you see so many people; blokes bringin' their gals in for tasty suppers, y' know; and it's gay, I tell yer! don't you like fish and chips, and music?"

"I do, now and agen," said the second mate warily. "I often thought of chucking the sea and opening some kind of eating-house myself; the sto'od says there's money to be made at it; but I ain't had no experience in business, and the gals might take advantage of my isarsense, d'ye see?"

"Oh, you go along with yer charf!" said Miranda, turning to her companion on her other side.

"I ain't kidding you," said Mr. Parrish, the second mate; "not me! When it's money, I'm dead earnest."

"Good man!" shouted many voices, as Mr. Jenkins finished his dance, with extended arms and open palms. "Good man! Faith! ye can shake yer brogues well for an old Eyetalian. More power to ye!"

“My sister will now kindly oblige with her encore,” said Mr. Palgrave.

“Oh!” sneered the matron, “the *prima donna* will certainly put us all under such a debt of obligation that we shall never recover from it. What is it now? More ‘Royal Italian Opera flummery?’ Why doesn’t she sing something we can understand?”

There was a murmur of approval among several of the girls sitting near the matron.

“Silence!” roared the Captain. “Those that don’t understand can shut their ears”.

“If she can’t sing an English song I can certainly cover *mine* with my fingers,” said the matron.

“Lor! Don’t the ‘Ole Chicken love Miss Palgryve!” said Miranda, “and the Captain’s ears ain’t too smorl, are they?”

“Silence!” from the Captain again.

“The old man’s getting wild!” whispered the second mate to Miranda, trying again to put his arm around her waist. “The wine’s getting uncertain. He kept in too close to Cape Verd for this time of the year; we’ll be striking the sou’-west monsoons to-morrow, and get a lot of rain and thunder, and no wind, I expect. Doldrums is all very well for cleaning paintwork and washing clothes; but the box-hauling of the yards do try the temper, I tell you.”

“U.L!” said Miranda, releasing herself, and not understanding a word. “Listen! she’s singing somethin’ English now; ain’t it pretty?”

“Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more!

Men were deceivers ever,

One foot in sea and one on shore,

To one thing constant never, . . .”

sang Miss Palgrave, to the setting of Stevens, and singing it very well.

"Then sigh not so,
But let them go. . . ."

Hudson's hand crept up to feel for Joanna's, and when he had found it he pressed it, as if he would convey a thought thereby that he, at least, was not of the deceiving, sea-and-shore-changing variety of man.

But the words (though not the music) of the song had made a sudden impression upon Joanna, and she did not return her lover's hand-pressure.

Hudson withdrew his hand and whispered, "Do you doubt me?"

"Ah;" sighed Joanna, "sure, all men are alike; everybody knows that!"

"I am not like other men; I can be true to her I love," said Hudson, wondering at his own words, which yet seemed to be not his own, and to be words that he had learned by rote.

"Will I trust you, and Biddy Slattery making eyes at you?" whispered Joanna. "Sure! she has the evil eye entirely. Don't you know it?"

"She is looking this way now," replied Hudson. "Why do you speak of her?"

"Ah!"—a long, passionate sigh, half-fearful, half-despairing, from Joanna.

There was sudden applause. Miss Palgrave had finished singing her song. During the general commotion and hand-clapping, Joanna, speaking hurriedly and passionately, poured out the stream of accumulated emotion that she could keep back no longer.

"I hate her; I hate the sight of her; she wants to—to—she wants to take you from me! Oh! I don't

think you love me at all, or you would hate her as much as I do! And she's cunning, and mean, and spiteful, like all the mountainy people of the place where she's from. If you don't hate her I shall hate you! Won't you hate her, Pitt? I've seen you smiling at each other often enough. Oh! indeed, and I was a rian, I'd set her about her business. I'll trust you if you hate her—God forgive me!—and I'll love you for ever and ever. Won't you?”

Hudson felt for her hand as it hung by her side, and grasped it. The passion in her whispered words affected him deeply; it was a sudden revelation of unsuspected character, and he felt the force of her selfish love for him in the jealousy she had so suddenly laid bare. He was gratified, though he was astonished, and he pressed her hand with fervour, and replied—

“I shall love you always; I shall be true to you; and so—what matters about other women? Let us love each other, Joanna!”

His words seemed now to be quite his own.

The applause died away. Joanna D'Arcy had barely time to say a few more passionate words when there was silence again.

“God be between us and all harm! she has the evil eye; but you'll hate her and love me for ever?” she concluded, and with a question still.

Then the Doctor, who had been most applaudive, and the Captain who had left his seat to look at the compass, and had now returned, were both shouting “Order!” and “Silence!”

Miss Palgrave regained her place above Hudson, the latter rising and handing the lady up the ladder. Her hand lingered in his longer than the circumstances justified, he thought.

"By my troth, a good song!" said Hudson, affectedly.

"And an ill singer, my lord!" replied Miss Palgrave, pressing his hand before she released it.

"No, faith—what is it?—'thou singest well enough for—something——"

"I see you forget your Shakespeare," said Miss Palgrave, taking her seat. "Eustace, my brother, has insisted that the dramatist put a *double entente* into the mouth of Don Pedro. (Your hair is falling down again, Joanna!)"

"Ah!—er—I forget—what does Don Pedro say about the song of that stage page in *Much Ado*?" said Hudson, fetching a deep sigh, as he felt Miss Palgrave arranging Joanna's tresses.

"That the singer did well enough 'for a shift,'" said Miss Palgrave. "You see, it is always a *woman* who sings that page's song in *Much Ado About Nothing*. It is an old-fashioned name for a very useful garment," she continued, laughing merrily. Joanna remained imperturbable.

"Well, I declare!" said the matron, with a very loud voice. "She's a *nice* lady!"

"How solemn you are, Joanna!" said Miss Palgrave, unheeding the matron.

"Will you people over there be quiet?" cried the Captain. "Get on with the concert, Mr. Palgrave! Who's next? Rouse 'em out! What's on the programme? Oh, John Thomas Lowellyn Morgan Griffith Price! Lord send us a fair wind, what a name! I wouldn't have shipped a man with a name like that, if I'd known. It's enough to put the ship down by the head!"

As there was some delay at this moment in getting

Cardiff Price to come forward, one of the men among the married folk, a thin, consumptive-looking, but powerful Connaught man, volunteered to sing. His voice was like a deep-toned bell; every note steady, round, and resonant as an Italian's, yet vibrant with an emotional quality which suited the Munster air and the words of Thomas Davis—

"When all beside a vigil keep, the West's asleep, the West's asleep."

But his wife came across to the platform before he could begin the fourth verse, in which the West awakens. "Ach! d'you want to anger them sailormen?" she whispered. "Is it politics we wait, then, on a night like this?"

Cardiff Price had now reappeared from behind the canvas screen, and Mr. Palgrave took him by the hand with mock gravity; and assisted the seaman to mount the hatchway.

"Allow me to introduce Professor Llewellyn Morgan—er Thomas—er, er—cetera Price, er—to your virtuous Captainship. Too long have you remained in blissful ignorance of the existence of one of the most enlightened, and one of the most profound, and certainly the most entertaining of scientists that the nineteenth century has produced. And I can only hope that the foolish wisdom which will accompany your discovery of his talents may fully compensate for your former blissful ignorance of them. He will deliver a short lecture entitled, "Nautical Astronomy for the Masses," as stated on the programme, though I am privately informed that the printer unfortunately detached the letter *m* in the final word from the *e* of the penultimate, ahem! purely in the interests of English grammar. I am

sure we shall all, at its conclusion, know quite as much about the subject as Professor—er—er—Price does at present."

There were cries of, "Sail in, Cardiff!" and "Remember the ladies!" and "Good ole 'Chew-the-rag'" (one of the classical Cardiff's sobriquets).

Cardiff Price, the Naval Reserve man, was a very good mimic. He had delighted many a ship's company with his stump speeches, full of indecent suggestions. He could also imitate the manner, and affect the phraseology, of the pedagogue with the art of the born actor. He had added a large pair of wire spectacles (without lenses) to his make-up; and, as he stood there coughing, and looking over his notes, and stroking his goatee beard, even the blasé Mr. Palgrave was compelled to smile.

"Hem! Attention, please! '*Torrens dicendi copia multis, et sua mortifera est facundia*,' as the renowned satirist, Juvenal, observes, and therefore I purpose to restrain my inclination to entertain you with an exhibition of eloquent verbosity; and to adapt my language to the capacities of my unenlightened audience. I shall commence with a definition of 'Nautical Astronomy,' to simplify my subject as much as possible. In the beginning of the world there were always *naughty-gals*, and there were always *asses*—jackasses, I mean—fond of gazing at the stellar configurations above them as they reclined by the seashore on the primrose banks, where the wild thyme grows, and the nodding violet modestly closes her eyes, and so forth, in the balmy nights of midsummer holidays—er—and after a time people began to entitle this innocent recreation of stellar contemplation as 'Naughty-gal Ass-on-to-me'——"

“I say, Cardiff, none of that!” shouted Hudson.

The seamen on the main deck laughed loudly, and shouted, “Go on, ole ‘Chew’!”

The Captain himself was audibly amused; but the Doctor said, “Hear, hear!” to Hudson’s remark.

“Ah! you go back to the *Royal Navy* when you leave this ship!” said the Captain. The Doctor sniffed and pulled his moustache.

“Go on, Professor!” cried Mr. Palgrave; “never mind them!”

“I mean *As-strong-to-me*; for this recreation often led to considerable struggling and tussling—all among the nodding violets, etceterah, etceterah; and at its conclusion the naughty-gal was generally in a position to study more of the science than the jackass——”

“If you don’t——” began Hudson again.

Miss Palgrave was laughing quietly behind him. Hudson could faintly hear her. Joanna smiled in a perplexed way; she was wondering what amused the Captain and the other seamen, and especially Miss Palgrave beside her, whom she could feel shaking with laughter.

“Go on, Professor! We’ll make a note of that derivation,” said Eustace Palgrave. “I’ve seen you before in a story by Solomon Lascivonde. The way nature imitates art is remarkable!”

“Go on, pay out the lingo; etceterah! etceterah! go on, ole ‘Chew-the-rag,’” shouted many among the seamen sitting on the deck under the break of the poop.

“But many people have derived the word from *As-wrong-to-me*,” said Cardiff Price discreetly, “because they are of opinion that the *wrong* in this word

agrees with the *naughty-gal* in the other, in number, gender, and case. Well, boys, such was the origin of——"

Flap-flap-flap went the sails again.

"Keep her clean full!" roared the Captain.

"Dam that man at the wheel!" said the second mate. "Just when he's getting funny!"

Cardiff Price struggled along through his stump speech, with many interruptions; some of them brought about by the man at the wheel, some of them by his own allusions and double meanings.

"You're a prime play-boy!" said an Irishman, when he had concluded. "I wouldn't trust you with a widdier woman as old as Methusalem."

Hudson had suddenly begun to feel exceedingly virtuous. Though he had often laughed outright (in the fore-castle) at Cardiff's buffoonery, to-night he felt that he would have liked to pull the man off the platform and kick him.

"I think him very amusing," said Miss Palgrave, in the interval.

"What has that man been talking about all the time?" inquired Joanna. "Sure, he seems a great scholar for a sailorman!"

"My dear Joanna, you must have been born in a parsley-bed!" said Miss Palgrave.

"Oh! can't we be innocent when we like!" said the matron to one of her satellites.

Hudson caught her words, and he flushed angrily, and turning his head, he said very loudly—

"If we could, there might be some hope for you, Matron!"

"You low, bad sailor!" said the matron; "keep your evil tongue quiet!"

• Joanna pushed her foot gently against Hudson, and whispered to him not to reply to the matron. The young woman was perplexed. What cause of dislike could lie between the matron and this handsome young Englishman (for he was conceived as such in Joanna's mind), whom she had loved from that morning when they had first looked upon one another? That all women should love him seemed so probable, that it assumed a certainty quite bearable—nay, desirable—when the woman was one living in a different world to her own; or where a gulf of years or of ill looks separated securely.

Hudson remained silent. Miss Palgrave's approval of Cardiff's stump speech seemed an echo of something tolerant, or indifferent, within *himself*. Not one fleeting, antipathetic thought associated itself with any words of her own.

"When does your turn arrive, dear?" inquired Miss Palgrave of the young woman. "I have lost my programme."

"Not yet," said Joanna. "I follow the minstrels, do I not?"

"Is *this* your programme?" whispered Hudson to Miss Palgrave, producing it from the bosom of his loose shirt.

"Yes; you may keep it—for a souvenir—from me," whispered Miss Palgrave.

The "minstrels" had now appeared—Bill the quarter-master, Olsen the Norwegian (with his melodeon), and Sydney Bob with a couple of beef bones, the weight of which had been included in his allowance, "according to Act of Parliament." All of them had blackened their faces, leaving a wide margin of white flesh around their lips, in the approved nigger-

minstrel style. They danced, and they sang; they laughed "Yah! Yah! Yah!" and Sydney Bob asked "Mr. Yonson!" (Olsen) questions, which Mr. Yonson was unable to answer, and which Sydney Bob himself answered, to the delight of the younger emigrants, and to many of the crew, who had heard them asked and answered before. Their very staleness added a classic elegance to their natural verbal beauty.

Mr. Palgrave was now "terribly bored"; minstrel entertainments "always bored him excessively," he told Dominick D'Arcy. But his sister, who seemed to extract a joy from the most trivial of amusements, laughed with the others, and clapped her hands at the time-worn *jeu de mots*. Olsen's attempt to mimic a Moore-and-Burgess minstrel gave her especial pleasure. "Vy is leetle tog mit long hairs vot valks on hine'leg like Took of Vellington? Mister Yackson, I do not know vy leetle tog like Vellington Took. Vell, s'pose you tell ladies and shentlemen vy him like Vellington, eh?" Then Sydney Bob, mimicking Olsen, gave the answer in traditional manner. And Bill the quarter-master's "Yah! Yah! Yah!" had an effect on the company analogous to that recorded of audiences who used, once upon a time, to go to fairs to see mountebanks grinning through horse-collars. Bill's remarkable cachinnation was indeed so contagious that, despite his boredom, even Mr. Palgrave was compelled to laugh at last.

At the conclusion of this part of the entertainment Joanna D'Arcy was called for her song. She descended the ladder, and was handed to the platform by Eustace Palgrave. She stood there in the lamplight, feeling happy in her Sunday attire, and with Miss Palgrave's brass hairpins holding

up her heavy hair in the approved mode of the period.

"An *Irish* song, ladies and gentlemen ; silence, please !" called Mr. Palgrave loudly. There was some whispering among the young emigrants, both male and female. "Sure, the *Irish* is only what the poor old women used to speak where I come from," whispered the girl next to Bridget Slattery. The Kerry girl shrugged her shoulders. "Faith ! Ellen, she comes of as poor a lot as any, I don't doubt at all, at all !"

Said the other girl : "Did ye ever see such airs as she can put on ? I never saw her tidy before, the slut !" Among the single young men there were many Irish-speaking peasants ; but, as Dominick D'Arcy had said to Hudson, "they were half-ashamed of their own language." They nudged one another in the dark, and when Dominick stepped forward with his violin, one cried out, "Ah ! then, we don't want none of them old come-all-yers !"

Hudson remembered that Dominick had said there was no written musical notation to suit the music of the Gael. And when he heard this air played on the violin (an air that has been set to English words of Dalton Williams, "Adieu to Innisfail"), he could understand the difference between Thomas Moore's conversions and those beautiful originals which he had mutilated ; not done by deliberate transposing of notes, but by the fact that the accepted European notation was unable to reproduce the original music at all. But D'Arcy's violin allowed of an interpretation as flexible as that of the human voice.

And that which Dominick had also said, that those who heard Joanna sing would not like her singing,

Hudson soon discovered was a correct prognostication. In two instances it was faulty, though mainly true of Joanna's audience. At least Mr. Palgrave was delighted, and Hudson himself was strangely moved by Joanna's sweet voice, and the singularity of the tonality of the song. Here and there, during her singing, he found his mind dwelling on an incident of his youth. He recalled how, one evening on the river Menam, near the city of Bangkok, he had strayed far into a thicket of bushes and trees, and he had heard the singing of several voices in unison; singing somewhat nasal, yet full of a weird and subtle beauty that drew him to search around for the source of it. He had found the source in a little bamboo building, attached to a Buddhist temple, and the voices were those of a number of boys who were standing in a semicircle in front of an old man in a yellow robe, who was ejaculating, between the phrases of music, shorter and more guttural sounds. It seemed then to be, to Hudson's mind, the old man's "ah-h" at the end of every verse of some Siamese psalm. But, after peeping into the building, he had retired into the adjacent thicket; and there sitting down, listened, for as long as it lasted, to this strange music. The gliding of one tone subtly into another, and the half-heard harmonics of some of the notes, impressed him so much that he had never forgotten the incident, nor the noble and self-condemned attempt to imitate the singing with his own voice.

There was indeed something suggesting Oriental chanting, when Joanna D'Arcy sang in the manner of her country's peasantry; mysterious tones that seemed at variance with the accepted European

musical scale ; and Hudson, who had a fair knowledge of music, seemed to be listening to an inhabitant of another world,—one who was speaking another musical language to his own. Mr. Palgrave, who presently insisted that Joanna must sing another song, was reminded (he said) of some old Gregorian music that he had once heard sung by nuns in a convent chapel in Italy. But the fact was that Eustace Palgrave had received a new sensation and could not explain it.

Joanna D'Arcy needed persuading before she would consent to sing a second song ; the applause was confined to half a dozen, and the coldness of the reception accorded her singing of “ The Pearl of the White Breast ” (though evidently a reception expected by her brother) disheartened the young woman.

“ Well ! if that is *Irish* singing,” said the matron, “ give me my native *English*.”

“ Deed, there are beautiful English words to that song,” said an Irish girl ; “ it's only the common country-people that sing them Irish words like that.”

“ Well, my dear, they want civilizing, I suppose ; we can't expect much from a country that lives on potatoes.”

“ He-he-he ! ” tittered the girl ; “ what would they do at all without the peayties ! I don't know, matron.”

“ Silence ! ” cried Mr. Palgrave. “ Miss D'Arcy will sing the—the-cr——”

“ The ‘ *Coulin*, ’ ” said Dominick, prompting him sharply, almost irritably.

“ Ah, pardon me ! The ‘ *Coulin* ’ ; and in my opinion (as an artist) I think the lady is interpreting a very subtle and beautiful folk-music, whether she

is conscious of art or not. I had no idea that Ireland had a musical art of its own."

"I believe you are serious now," said Dominick; "and I am pleased to see that even Ireland can teach you something."

"Nay! don't be annoyed, Mr. D'Arcy," said Miss Palgrave. "He is really delighted with the singing of your sister."

"It is a great pleasure for me to hear *you* say that," said Dominick effusively.

The Captain had left his seat on the poop. Traditional Irish music had no charm for him; and the Doctor had also vacated his place to go below for a pipe. The Captain stood behind, looking aloft anxiously at the shivering leeches of the sails. The ship was breaking off her course more and more, and Captain Jessup missed his evening glass of grog, which the prolongation of the programme had separated him from.

"You may have another song, or maybe two, and then I ~~like~~ to swing the yards round," he said.

"And all of us go to bed," said the matron, yawning. "I'm tired of this."

Under disadvantages such as the feeling of unrest created within her, Joanna sang the beautiful "Coolin," that song known to Englishmen as "Though the last glimpse of Erin," by Thomas Moore. The *Coulin* (or *An Chuidhionn*), as sung by Joanna, was a restoration to original beauty and honour. Mr. Palgrave, who knew the English words of all Moore's melodies—though he could not sing one of them, except in monotone—was touched in his only vulnerable spot, and that was his art worship. He forgot straightway about "cold-hearted Saxons"

tearing chords from harps, and locks from hair, in hot-hearted passion, and only thought, or allowed his mind to dwell upon the vocalization of musical ideas. What an uncommon sensation! How perfectly this unknown language seemed to embrace, as it were, the form of the uncommon music! “Ah, sing again, sing again!” he cried enthusiastically when she concluded. Miss Palgrave said nothing. She merely clapped her hands with the others.

“Yes,” cried Hudson, “sing *once more*!”

“One more song,” shouted out many of the Irish emigrants; “one more *English* song!”

Dominick D’Arcy, who had played the airs of each of Joanna’s songs, but had not attempted to accompany her while singing, now began to play “Drink to me only with thine eyes.”

“That is *our* song,” whispered Miss Palgrave to Hudson, “and it is the last; so I hope you will do justice to it. Go, *mon cher*!”

Joanna was ascending the ladder to regain her seat. As Hudson passed her on his way down he whispered, “The angels must sing like you; I could listen for ever.” He really felt as sentimental as the words indicated.

“Ah! you’re making game of me, like the rest of them,” said Joanna.

“Did you never learn music?” inquired Miss Palgrave, as Joanna took her place beside her. “Did they not teach you the pianoforte at school?”

“I did not, then, Miss Palgrave. How I wish I did! And I never went to school.”

“Yes, it is a pity!” replied the lady. “You would improve your singing very much if you would study music.”

Poor Joanna felt that she was very ignorant, and she said so to Miss Palgrave. Perhaps, now that she and Dominick would be living together in Australia, he would teach her. But then had not Dominick himself said that he could not teach her Irish music? A musician who could play the music on his violin, too! And it was only her own Irish music that seemed to occupy the same mental space and time as her own soul (Joanna had unsymbolized conceptions of time and space). Yet the rest of the world must be right, and her singing was only a kind of "come-all-ye," as they called it! Didn't the people themselves laugh at it in Ireland? "Perhaps if she had learned music, like Miss Palgrave, she could explain why the Irish music seemed to fill her soul space with its peculiar beauty. She said so, but in other words.

Where explanations begin mystery ends. Miss Palgrave's reference to what she considered Joanna's defective ear for Miss Palgrave's own musical notation drew no explanation from Joanna. She could only think of a knowledge of Miss Palgrave's music helping her to express her own Irish musical traditions more acceptably to her hearers. Two civilizations, a thousand years perhaps, might have been a solution of an enigma whose existence even was unappreciated by both of the women, this night sitting there, talking about the singing of a song.

The Captain was walking up and down the weather side of the poop waiting impatiently for the conclusion of the concert. Half of the audience were not listening to Hudson's song at all. The words of the Captain, and his vacation of his place, and the Doctor's disappearance, was the signal for a general break-up. While Patrick Hudson, the seaman adventurer,

struggled through his song, only too conscious that his voice was irrevocably coarsened by years of singing chanties on windlasses and topsail halliards, he raised his eyes to the poop. Miss Palgrave and Joanna were in darkness; but the face of Bridget Slattery was quite visible to him in the ray of light from one of the lanterns. The young woman was looking at him with her lustrous metallic blue eyes; and her hearing seemed strained for every syllable of his voice. The suggestion of self-abandonment in her calm, mysterious face, and the deep interest she exhibited in his singing, flattered his vanity; and it contrasted so strongly with the general inattention that Hudson gratefully smiled at the girl as he concluded. Slowly a gentle smile overspread Bridget Slattery's inscrutable face, dimpling its placid contours in a dozen surprises of form. She clapped her hands, for the first time that evening. A vocal expression of satisfaction succeeded the smile on her lips.

“That girl over *there*,” said Miss Palgrave to Joanna, “seems greatly interested in the song.”

It seemed a stab in the heart to Joanna these words of the lady beside her, spoken so indifferently; a stab from a weapon that had been hitherto enveloped in a silken sheath. But Joanna felt the weapon (as it were), and not the hand that was wielding it.

When Hudson descended from the platform all the girls on the poop were leaving their seats to go below, at the matron's orders. Joanna had disappeared from her place at the top of the ladder, and there was a hubbub of voices. The emigrants and the crew on the main deck were likewise in motion, and, in response to the chief mate's orders, Hudson and a dozen of his own watch ascended to the poop to

stand by the main braces. The wind had fallen to a faint air, and the Captain had ordered the mate to veer the ship, as there was not enough headway on her to put her about. Thus Hudson unexpectedly found himself presently at the side of Joanna again, who was among the crowd of young women filing, one by one, down the narrow companion-way to their quarters.

He pressed her arm, unobserved by others, and whispered "Good night." She turned her head toward him, and then swiftly turned it away with manifest displeasure, but made no reply, and followed silently the other chattering girls below. A little further away he found Miss Palgrave in the darkness, who put her hand lightly on his arm, and bade him "Good night, and happy dreams!" "What has offended Miss D'Arcy?" whispered Hudson. The lady laughed and went below to the saloon without another word.

Hudson went to the braces with the other men, and he wondered at the sudden excommunication he had suffered. Ah, well, women were strange creatures! Let men work and play, and whistle them all down the wind; for was not that how he felt just then? He began to sing in the rhythmical manner of seamen, as they pulled the yards round till they were square.

"Yo-oh, yo-oh! O-haul-a-way-ay-ay-ay-yeoh! That's the way ay-ay-ay, my bully boy-oy-oy-oys! Yo-oh-oh-oh-ee-oh! Oh, the gals are kittle fish, my boy-oy-oy-oys! Sing, my bully boys, sing and square them there yards, I say!" (Hudson never improved on orthodox sea grammar; only an unfledged tyro would attempt that.) "Haul 'em round,

• I say-ay-ay-ay-ay! give me a gal, I say-ay-ay ay! Yo-oh-oh-ee-oh! what is gay-ay-ay-ay-ee-ee-ay-ay-ayay-ee-ee-oh-h-h-h! Pull, my bullies; pull for the Ratcliffe Highway, my bully boys; yo-oh-oh-oh-ee-oh! Me to-day and you to-morrow, that's the way-ay-ay-ay! Square them there yards, I tell you, square 'em, I say-ay-ay-ay-ay-ay-y!” and so on, yo-hoh-ing and say-aying his thoughts in orthodox sailor manner.

The patent blocks rattled as the men swung the yards round. Men on the main deck were swinging the mizen yards above the heads of the men on the poop. The first “lax-hauling” of the voyage came as a sudden surprise to the emigrants. What was the matter with the ship at all?

The decks were soon deserted by all but the crew. The matron had locked the door of the companion-hatch, and the women below were all going to bed. But some of the little scuttles in the after 'tween-deck were open; and one beneath the mizen channels, near Joanna's bunk, brought in the voice of her lover. Her eyes were full of angry tears, though she was kneeling beside her bunk saying her prayers. She found his voice coming again and again between her and God, whom she was addressing, and to whom she was making her nightly offering of her heart and soul and all that she possessed. Yet how far away from God her prayers seemed to travel! What was that Hudson was singing now? She must listen a moment—just one moment, God excuse her!

“Gals are kittle fish, I say-ay-ay-ay! To hell with the gals, my boy-oy-oy-oy! You to-day-ay-ay-ay, and me to-morrow-ow-ow-ee-ee-oh! Yo-oh-oh-oh-ee-

oh, I say-ay-ay-ay! Give me a gal, I say, what loves you-ou-ou-cé-oh alway-ay-ay!"

Yes, that was Hudson's voice! Oh! how she hated Biddy Slattery for making her so unkind to Hudson, when he wished her "good night" on the poop. That black-haired creature, how she hated her! And how she loved this man that was shouting in that strange way up there above her head! The rattling of the sheaves in the new patent blocks excited her imagination. And the voices of other men were shouting and singing with him now. All was pandemonium within her breast! She could not pray, it was no use trying! She must let the tears flow just as they chose; she must give way to her emotions; or she would scream aloud! Then she wept as if her heart would break.

"Indeed, it's little cause you have for crying, with a brother and all aboard the boat!" said the girl in the next bunk, putting away her rosary beads under her pillow. "If you were like me, now, with ne'er a one to care about you at all, you might feel lonely!"

"I don't feel lonely," sobbed Joanna; "it's only a weakness I have that makes me cry a little sometimes to myself."

"Oh!" responded the girl. "Well, it's the will of God, I suppose. Get into bed and let other people sleep! I'm dead tired."

Joanna undressed herself, throwing her garments into a corner; and, pulling out the brass hairpins, her hair fell to her waist in a disordered mass. "Oh, what harm did I ever do that devil's spawn, Biddy Slattery, that she should want to take him from me? God forgive her!" she was saying to herself. "Is it any wonder that I hate the sight of her?" (The

“brass hairpins were thrown after the clothes on the deck.) “And I, never to be looking for any man, and he to be saying he will love me for ever, and I to be telling him the same thing without meaning to tell him at all; and one day he’ll be making game of me, perhaps, and it’s all the fault of that Biddy Slattery, the black beast! How I hate her! Oh, God forgive me!” She lay down in her bunk, unkenpt, weeping, and wrathful.

“Haul-away-ay-ay-ay! A gal what is gay-ay-ay ay! A gal from Rattle Highway-ay-ay-ay! Point them there yards, I say-ay-ay-ay! Ho-oh-oh-oh-ee-ee-oh! Point ‘em, bully boys-oh-oys oh-oys, for the gals of the old Highway-ay-ay-ay!” sang Hudson with his shipmates, a few feet above her head, bracing up the main yard on the other tack; and the rattling of the blocks between every burst of chanty seemed an imprecatory refrain, certain in its own power of fulfilment, never varying, sure, monotonously direful.

Ah! God Almighty be good to her! She had never loved a man before! But what was that song he had sung about a woman’s eyes? She had never heard that song before. Perhaps he had chosen that song because Biddy Slattery was always making eyes at him!

Ah, that girl! She had a soul as black as her hair, to look at a man with her wicked eyes like that! What harm had she ever done Biddy Slattery at all? Well, God forgive all black-hearted women, said she, for they’d never have luck in this world, anyway, and the devil had ‘em when they died!

So thoughts succeeded thoughts in Joanna’s mind, and the night seemed very long to her as she lay awake. The matron had closed the little scuttle,

and she could no longer hear the voices of the seamen; but the breathing of her companions, and the squealing of rats foraging under the bunks and among the tin plates and dishes, kept her thoughts company. The ship seemed to be hardly moving at all now. When would this dreary voyage end? Yet, a few hours ago, she had no thoughts about that; she had felt content to sit beside Hudson for ever; there on deck, under the steady stars that witnessed the plighting of their troth! Well, no woman should come between her and her love; or if she did—*she*, the black mountainy thing—let her see to it—let her! or any other woman! Ah! how those terrible rats made her shudder! To think that she, who came of gentry, and she who had had a priest for an uncle! a parish priest!—should be compelled to travel the world in an old emigrant sailing-ship, instead of in a fine steamboat with beautiful cabins and stewardesses!—a place like this was fit enough for a girl like that mountainy Biddy Slattery, but not for such as she and Miss Constance Palgrave, her friend. She, Miss D'Arcy of Kilnatubber, whose grandfather had been a magistrate and a landed gentleman! She would tell Patrick Hudson that at the next opportunity. Perhaps he did not know that she came of gentlefolk, like Miss Palgrave! But then she had been cold to him at parting for the night; would he now speak to her again? She would ask Miss Palgrave to help her; they were so fond of each other. It was all the fault of that black Biddy; the devil d—; oh! there she was beginning it all over again!

These circles of thought, that seemed as eternal as the symbolic circle itself, becoming units of time in the restless mind, were the hell of self. Joanna,

like most Irishwomen, was no mystic ; she had no power to release herself. She lay there suffering, as thousands of others have suffered, and she, like them, created her own hell and her own suffering.

When morning dawned Joanna had prayed herself to slumber. When the sun had arisen, and she had ascended to the poop, her soul had arisen too, and the first thing that she did was to say, “*Go'mbean-nuighidh Dia dhuit a Brighid !*” to Biddy Slattery. And Bridget Slattery smoothly responded, “May God and Mary save you kindly, Joanna ; but you look pale !”

Thus are cycles of the soul but worn-out circles of thought.

CHAPTER VI

THE disastrous advice of the famous navigator La Perouse, that sailing-ships do well in keeping close to the African coast when outward bound, was followed by many commanders, as recently as twenty or thirty years ago; even in the months of August and September. But the *Young Rectender* had not in the course of her existence ever suffered such a lengthy delay north of the Equator before. The doldrums (prophesied by the chief mate) were exceptionally prevalent. The north-east trade wind had left them at a higher latitude than even that experienced officer could remember during his whole nautical career. And, with light airs and sudden squalls from the south-west, it was tack and tack about till the wind gave out altogether, and they found themselves some ten degrees north of the Equator, in a region of constant rain and electrical disturbance, and with an unexpected north-easterly current against them.

The rain, fell in sheets (rather than drops), flooding the decks; and the sails hung stiff and dark with their foot-cloths sagged, full and heavy with rain-water. At night the yards and rigging were luminous with composites (composants), when the lightning ceased to play among the waterspouts for a few hours; and the old Spanish sailor would cry, "Salve! corpo Santo!" and pray aloud for wind. One night this fire of St. Elmo streamed in a long flame from the

mainmast head with arms of crackling sparks. At this spectacle those emigrants whose duty, or desire for a mouthful of fresh air, brought them to the deck, and who were mostly Irishmen, blessed and crossed themselves devoutly, and one had cried aloud, “Oh, Christ Jesus, son of Mary! will I ever see dry land again!” The county Fermanagh seemed an arid spot compared with this!

Steamships run through this region of baffling winds, and calms, and rains, in two or three days, and can avoid a waterspout as easily as passing another steamship. But sailing-ships are as much at the mercy of the Demon Doldrum as ever they were; and those to-day who sail in ships suffer as sorely as did Dutch or Spanish mariner three hundred years ago from that demon's sighs, and tears, and magnetic passions; and anon from his callous placidity and glassy indifference.

The *Young Pretender* drifted hither and thither in the sudden squalls from north, south, east, and west, and would then lie for hours together, becalmed, with waterspouts rising around her and breaking above her. The crew were drenched day and night. The weather being warm, they wore no oilskins, and worked below and aloft in cotton shirts and dungaree trousers, with bare heads and sodden hair, and feet all puckered with continued soaking. The fore-castle steamed with wet clothes; but they were clean clothes, for everything had been scrubbed and washed that could be. Down below decks, in the emigrants' quarters, life was not so bearable as in the fore-castle; for men and women and children huddled together among their old unwashed garments waiting for dry weather again; and the windsail at the main hatch had to be,

taken down, and the ventilators elsewhere turned to leeward at every rainy catspaw of wind. The single young women's quarters suffered most from the confined air, and the temper of the matron and of most in her charge grew visibly worse day by day. Their quarters were above a large consignment of ale and porter barrels in the after hold, and the odour at times became unbearable. Sometimes, for a short breathing space, the girls came crowding to the poop, only to be sent below by a heavy thunder-squall or a breaking waterspout, to again inhale the stinking air of their prison.

The saloon passengers also kept below; but their quarters were better ventilated, and they were more spacious. Yet all but Miss Palgrave grew irritable, and sometimes quarrelsome. The Doctor and the Captain had not spoken to each other for three days. A breach between the two men had been a likelihood from the beginning of the passage. The chief mate growled at the second mate, and the second mate at the boatswain. Mr. Palgrave, who, to make the time less tedious to himself, had asked permission of the Captain to continue the portrait of Hudson in the saloon, was curtly refused by the master. Mr. Palgrave really wanted to begin another; for a *plein air* effect was not possible in the saloon; but the refusal included any sitting by a member of the crew. So the artist made pencil sketches of the Captain, which were intentional caricatures, and hung them against the bulkhead of his state room. Except for the tact and abundant good-humour of his sister, there had been an open rupture between Mr. Palgrave and the Captain.

"The deck is a slippery horror of gliding serpents,

these days,” said the artist plaintively. Trying one French novel after another, as an alternative to conversation, made him more plaintive than ever. “If I put on a horrid, hot waterproof, and go on deck, I am continually being thrown down by some of the moving ropes under my feet, and buffeted by those around me, or drenched by a waterfall out of some sail above me! Were it not for the charming idiom of some of the sailors, life would be unbearable! Last night, when I thought I saw a few stars appearing, I went on deck to listen to that Olsen; he cheered me a little; but one gets tired of ‘got-tam,’ and words beginning with capital B, though so varied in sound when proceeding from the mouth of a distinguished foreigner. Olsen had eighteen swear-words beginning with B last night; but that boatswain’s mate has a more picturesque way of expressing his opinions about womankind. I must admit he interested me somewhat last night. Down on the main deck a couple of wives were scrubbing clothes on the deck, between the showers. The boatswain’s mate trod on a little piece of soap, apparently, and he fell into the arms of one of the women—Mrs. Jenkins, the Italian’s wife, I think she was, judging from her voice. When the boatswain’s mate, with the rest of the watch, came up on the poop, to pull the ropes up there, he was airing his views about the sex in general. But he wants teaching that repetition of a decorative unit can be carried too far sometimes. A little instruction in fundamentals would doubtless improve his art. Then we had all those luminous things on the yards again. I wonder if it would be worth while painting an impression of them, between two flashes of lightning? No, Pyper is the only man,

that could do that ! Everything seems to have been done in art already ! Is it any wonder one feels despondent sometimes ? Really, Constance, I think I shall have to take to black and white for the comic papers ! I shall begin with Shackley and the Captain. Just look at them standing over there under the skylight arguing about a bit of hy-dirt on the chart ! Shackley's scrubby face ! Quick, I feel inspired ! Give me a pencil !"

"Yes," replied Miss Palgrave, as the two officers looked round toward Mr. Palgrave's state room (in which brother and sister were sitting, the door of the room being open). "Yes, Eustace dear, Mr. Shackley, as you remark, has a very interesting head ; perhaps he would like you to draw it. But you must do him more justice than you have to the Captain."

"If I'm anything like that picture of me which your brother did last evening, Miss Palgrave, he's as far from justice as we are from Australia !" said the master. The chief mate grinned, and pushed out his bristly chin sideways toward the Captain. The Captain, who had mislaid his spectacles, had been measuring up distances from a speck of dirt on the chart. The true speck of dirt was a rocky islet twenty miles from the other. The chart in the neighbourhood of the ship's position was now a network of interlacing and criss-crossing lines. This day they had been ~~employing~~ Sumner's method of finding the longitude, for there had been no observation of the sun for some three or four days. Neither could agree to the ship's position, within a margin of a few miles, and the chief reason of this was, of course, due to the unknown strength of the current, setting more

or less to the northward at this time of the year, in the neighbourhood of the Sierra Leone coast.

“We kept too close in on Cape Verd,” said the chief mate. The *we* was the nearest thing to *you* that the mate dare allow himself.

“I’ve hugged it nearer than that, this time of the year, before,” said the Captain; “but it’s that current this time that seems to be setting us back on the African coast! How is she heading the last time you were on deck?”

“Every point of the compass, sir!” said the mate.

The Captain stowed at the Doctor, who had just come below, hungry but unruined in manner. “Time for dinner, steward,” the master cried; “the *Jonah’s* hungry.”

The Doctor flushed, but threw up his head contemptuously, and went into his berth, humming a tune. “The longer the voyage, the longer the pay,” were the audible words he set to the tune presently, as he washed his hands and brushed his hair.

The Captain had already begun to feel that the man of science and the man of art (that was Dr. Benjamin Clyster and Mr. Palgrave) were two standing obstacles to that autocratic government in every particular, from setting the course of the ship to naming the courses of the dinner, which every captain should enjoy. The Doctor, who knew a great deal about navigation, having been trained as a naval cadet in his youth, had been heard to say to the second mate that no captain, at that time of the year, on a colonial voyage, “should keep in close to Cape Verd, though in the early months of the year they might run between the islands of that name and the African coast, and still have the north-east trades

to the very line, and sometimes carry them right across it." And though the Captain had kept close in to find the south-west monsoon, which usually prevails from June to September in this part of the Atlantic, the unexpected loss of steady winds altogether, and the strength of the adverse current (with the exceptional and northerly extension of the limits of the doldrums), seemed to give the words of the Doctor a weight of wisdom which overbalanced the technical knowledge of the Captain. There is usually no doubt whatever in the minds of seamen that "what should have been done" is never done; and that he who knows "what should have been done" is a better man than he who does it. For the doing of it immediately removes it from the region of the "should have been." The remark of the Doctor (overheard by the crew) had been already the cause of more friction between him and the Captain.

Mr. Palgrave seemed another obstacle to the master's rightful autocracy; but Miss Palgrave had sufficient tact to keep the Captain on speaking terms with her brother. Still, the confinement to the saloon was making the critical passenger so sarcastic at the dinner-table, and the Doctor—and now even the chief mate—seemed so amused at Mr. Palgrave's remarks, that the master grew more irritable every moment of his existence. Were it not for Miss Palgrave's abundance of animal spirits (rather than for her presence there as a woman), the saloon of the *Young Pretender* had been as stormy as the council chamber of the Dublin Corporation.

"Every point of the compass, sir!" said the chief mate again, rolling up the chart; "there ain't a capful of wind within a hundred miles of us! But Captain

Becher, R.N., in his book says that at this time of the year——”.

The Doctor had come out of his berth and gone into Mr. Palgrave's state room. The steward was preparing the dinner-table, which aboard the *Young Pretender* was served at one o'clock. To-day the meal was delayed by the consultation over the chart.

“Why can't these nautical people settle their errors of calculation in the master's state room!” said the hungry Doctor loudly.

“Listen to that ignorant Jonah!” said the mate to the mate.

“What would you say, sir, to lowering a boat and heaving the log?” said the mate to the master.

The Doctor was listening to the mate evidently, for he replied loudly to a remark by Miss Palgrave about the weather, “Yes, Miss Palgrave, a dead calm, but not a ray of sunlight for meridian altitude! and we shall drift back at the rate of fifty miles a day so long as it lasts! But why does not the master send out a boat with a sea-buoy and the log-line, and test the current, if he is not sure of his position?”

“Why, Doctor, of course the Captain knows best what to do,” said Miss Palgrave in a louder voice still, looking sidelong into the saloon.

“That's mere child's play, the kind of thing they do in the *Royal Navy*,” said the master contemptuously to the chief mate. “However, if you want to exercise the watch, and test the boats, you can lower the two lifers that are hanging in the davits, and pull away half a mile, and find the current. I wouldn't put much faith in that Becher's *Atlantic Ocean*; it's only a *Royal Navy* book. I took a star last night for latitude, and we can lay off current course and

distance from that when you find them, Mr. Shackley. I'll wager that Becher, R.N., is wrong!"

"Yes, sir; quite likely, sir; *after* dinner, of course, sir?" briskly from the mate.

"Why, of course, Mr. Shackley!" replied the master. "It will amuse Jonah! Such a bit of foolery like what they pass the time with in the scientific *Royal Navy* is bound to amuse Jonah! And we'll have all the girls on the poop to hear him lecture on navigation and seaman-ship; ha-ha-hah! Bosh!"

"The Captain is really delightful," said Miss Palgrave. "Confess, Doctor, you are only a dilettante navigator?"

"A dilettante," interposed Mr. Palgrave, "is one who is too wise to incommode himself with what he loves. Now, the Doctor doesn't love navigation any more than I do; do you, Doctor? I think it is beastly uninteresting stuff altogether."

The Doctor said that he was interested in every science.

"Oh, science has been the bane of life ever since the days of Socrates," said Mr. Palgrave. "Science has created the Philistine! Look at Shackley over there; he's got a snub nose just like Socrates! He does not believe that Helios drives a chariot drawn by white horses across the star-strown firmament, nor he; nor that the horses bathe themselves in the great stream of Oceanus every night—not Mr. Socrates Shackley! He does not believe that young Phaeton, unable to control his father's fiery steeds, brought the chariot too near Africa, and so burnt all the people into negroes—not scientific Mr. Shackley; nor you either, Doctor, dear, any more than you

“believe that at Joshua’s command the sun stood still upon Gibeon, and the moon paused in the valley of Ajalon. Oh! this wearisome science! Even a compassant, a *corbus sanctum*, is only a few sparks of electricity; and St. Elmo’s fire can be exhibited in a lecture-room without the aid of the saint!”

The Doctor smiled; he was a scientist, and also a rationalist.

“Mr. Shackley’s Bible is Lieutenant Raper’s *Navigation*, and his Prayer Book is Captain Becher’s: good, sound Royal Navy books, both of them,” said he; “but a little more mathematics, and a knowledge of what Mr. Babbage has written, would perhaps convince you, Mr. Palgrave, that the sun and moon standing still was no miracle at all!”

Mr. Palgrave threw back his head, and drew in a long breath, and said nothing. He was not going to argue about the meaning of the word “miracle.”

“But I don’t believe the earth is flat, nor that the sun is a chariot of fire drawn by white horses driven by a god,” said the Doctor.

“But you believe there is a current in the sea hereabouts drifting us back at the rate of fifty miles a day?” said Mr. Palgrave, as the dinner bell rang loudly, and the coloured steward appeared in the saloon with his arm loaded with dishes. . . .

“My support comes from the most intelligent race in history—the Greeks themselves,” continued Eustace Palgrave, following the Doctor and his sister into the cabin, where Mr. Shackley and the master were awaiting them.

“Except Socrates,” said the Doctor, sitting down.

“So you don’t like navigation?” inquired the Captain of Mr. Palgrave, as the soup was being served.

The Captain spoke as if he were spoiling for a hot argument. The artist deftly turned the stroke with a parry about what he understood—delicate cookery—and said—

"No more than I like tinned mulligatawny three times a week, Captain."

The Doctor had finished his plateful in a moment.

"Moah 'gittawny, sah?" said the steward, removing the plate.

"The best soup I ever tasted in my life," said the Doctor, "just like that 'st used to get in the Royal Navy."

Now the Captain was in somewhat of a quandary; he could not defend the cookery, because he was at variance with the Doctor and the Royal Navy, and he could not deprecate it, because that would seem to be agreeing with Mr. Palgrave. So he fell back upon that one unfeeling argument in all ship-board complications—the *argumentum ad hominem*.

"Some people don't know when soup is good or bad," said he; "they haven't any taste at all!"

The chief mate grinned and pushed out his chin toward the master in his usual way. Now how would the delicate Mr. Palgrave turn that? And did it not hit the Doctor as well? Both these ideas were in that facial motion of the mate's, and the Captain understood, and repeated the words, "No taste at all!"

Mr. Palgrave, however, was quite willing to mystify the simple-thoughted old Captain; for, holding up his unused spoon with a magisterial manner, he said affectedly—

"Ah! my dear Captain, kindly inform us what is taste?" as if he had been Pilate asking "What is truth?"

• The Captain's lame *ad hominem* reply that the artist had better go to school again and learn, was but a feeble stroke, and Mr. Shackley kept his eyes down on his plate. He must come to the assistance of his superior or he would be worsted in the fight. As the Captain hesitated—

"Is it good taste, Mr. Palgrave, to find fault with the food that everybody else enjoys at the table?" said the chief mate.

"Ah, Shackley, how Socratic!" said Mr. Palgrave, smiling good-naturally; "but, please remember I did not find fault with mulligatawny; I merely stated my dislike for mulligatawny three times a week."

"What is good once is good many times, and it's true of victuals, is it not?" said the mate.

"More Socratic still," said Mr. Palgrave: "but I dispute that point; and what is good is only what we believe to be good for ourselves."

"One man's meat is another man's poison, I suppose you mean?" said the Captain; "and one can have too much of meat sometimes, eh?"

"Precisely, my charming Commander," said Eustace Palgrave; "your proverbial philosophy is worthy of Tupper himself."

The sarcasm in his voice grated unpleasantly on all present, and Miss Palgrave hastened to interpose.

"Oh, Captain, how sharp you are to catch a point like that!" she said, with such a clever and practised note of admiration in her voice that the mate and the master were deeply flattered. Then she added—before her brother could feint again—

"Who is going in the boat this afternoon? Won't you take me?"

"Oh, Mr. Shackley in one boat, and the third mate in the other, with six men in each, I suppose," said the Captain,

"And can't *I* go?" asked Miss Palgrave plaintively.

"And if you got caught in a waterspout, what?" said the Captain.

"There has been none in sight to-day, Captain."

"No, no! Miss Palgrave. I can't let any passenger into a boat; but you can look on from the poop, and—and you can listen to the Royal Naval lecture on navigation," said the Captain, looking sideways at the Doctor, who was now cramming potted chicken and ham into his capacious mouth.

The Doctor growled in the face, but he grinned with masticatory accompaniment at Miss Palgrave.

The lady changed the subject again.

"What an unfortunate time it has been lately for the poor emigrant girls!" she said to the Doctor.

"How do they manage down below in that stuffy place? I can hear them complaining and quarrelling half the night! Their voices come into the saloon through those thin boards—there, behind that—that companion ladder."

"Yes; I shall have to physic some of them if they don't behave themselves," replied the Doctor; "the matron is full of complaints every morning. Some of them will not get out of their bunks at all; and those that go on deck get wet through, and change their soaking garments when they come below, and get wet through again when they go on deck."

"They can all come on deck this afternoon, anyway," said the master, speaking to Miss Palgrave. "It is not raining now, though I expect we shall have the clouds growing heavy again toward night."

• “Poor creatures, how they must suffer in that crowded place! I do pity poor Joanna D’Arcy; she is growing so pale and melancholy. This forenoon she would not speak a word to anybody. You should ask the Captain, Eustace, dear, to let Joanna come down here into the saloon, and then you could make an oil study of her, and I could read some of those funny stories by Lascivonde to her.”

“No use for him to ask me *that*,” said the Captain. “Why, you’ll want that man Hudson down here next, and be reading to him! Can’t allow that, Miss Palgrave; and consider the ‘Old Chicken,’ too! She would make mischief enough, you take my word for it, or I’m not Jonathan E. Jessup, Master Mariner.”

“That matron has a most interesting personality,” said Eustace Palgrave. “I can’t understand why everybody dislikes her; she has revealed to me ~~more~~ of the feminine mysteries than any other person I have met. *Sh!* Listen to her now! that is the voice! she is in the fore-cabin now, t’other side of that matchboarding.”

“Now, girls, it’s not raining; get on deck, every one of you. You, Miranda Jenkins! you leave that pair of drawers below; you can’t dry them on the poop, for that immodest crowd of men to gaze at them; hang them up here with these chemises. Mary Josephine Flanagan! did I not tell you to change yours? If you’ve only one pair, you can borrow another! Such a dirty lot of Irish pigs it was never my bad fortune to have under me before! It’s been raining for a week, and not six of you have washed more than your hands and faces. You, Statia Heggarty! your legs are like a red Indian’s from the dye of that petticoat. Get on deck with

you all ! You, Biddy Slattery, you're the only tidy girl among that lot. Why, Katty Dooley, I could sow potatoes between your shoulder-blades, they're so grimy ! There, get on your shawl, and go on deck with you. Hurry up, all of you ! or 'twill be raining again."

"She is often more descriptive than that," said Eustace Palgrave : "but I prefer it at night, before going to bed ; at meal-times it is not quite so entertaining. But the Doctor doesn't seem to mind ; he's a hardened sinner. Are you not, Doctor ?" Miss Palgrave was laughing.

"That's enough," said the master. "I'm glad I finish'd first. 'May the Lord make us truly thankful, um-er-um-er! Amen!'" All finished ? Get the boats lowered, Mr. Shackley !"

The meal ended abruptly (though the Doctor still lingered over some pumpkin tart, and then put a piece of cheese on some buttered biscuit and carried it from the table in his hand, nibbling at it as he followed the others to the poop).

~~On deck~~ again Miss Palgrave breathed freely ; and her vigilance relaxed. Everybody seemed interested, and many were amused, at the despatching of the two quarter boats, with a heavy lump of iron, and a hundred fathoms of rope, and a log line, and the little second-glass like an egg-boiler, in each boat.

Mr. Shackley took command of the port boat, and Mr. Somerville, the third mate, of the starboard boat. The surface of the sea was like a dark mirror ; the unruffled swell was as barely perceptible as the rising and falling of the breast of a sleeping tiger. The clouds were high and motionless for the most part ; but, here and there, descending in darker

stratiform layers, their quiet horizontality broken in one or two places by jagged points like sharks' teeth. Many miles away could be seen a streak of sunlight on the water, and the slanted rays from the hidden sun. Presently this streak of light disappeared, a zigzag flashes of electrical disturbance played about among the indigo-coloured clouds.

The third mate's boat had headed for the streak of sunlight, the chief mate's in the opposite direction. Patrick Hudson was pulling stroke oar in the latter boat; and as it drew away from the ship he lifted his left hand a moment, and waved it toward the crowd of young women leaning over the poop taffrail. Joanna D'Arcy, who was there by the side of Miranda Jenkins, affected not to see him, but, to both her surprise and chagrin, Bridget Slattery pulled the kerchief from her own neck and waved it ~~back~~ a moment toward the boat. She then turned her quiet, mysterious face toward Joanna, and pierced her with a steady gaze. And then Hudson lifted his hand again, and Joanna could see him laughing, and hear him singing with the other men the refrain of a song common aboard ships at that period—

We'll row, we'll row, o'er the waters so blue,
Like a feather we'll float in our gum-tree canoe.

Change of occupation had made both boats' crews hilarious. Joanna furtively crossed herself under her buttonless jacket. The third mate could be heard quite distinctly in the other direction, bawling with all the muscular power of a deep chest, and with a throat of iron, another sentimental refrain beloved of seamen.

“How far are they going?” inquired Miss Palgrave.

"Oh, a mile each way for comparative observations, I suppose," said the surgeon; "it's usual."

"And why have they got all that rope and those lumps of iron in the boats?" said the matron.

"That's to 'anchor' the boats," said the Doctor; "to keep 'em steady in the current, you know."

"And the little egg-boilers, what are they for?"

"Those are second-glasses, to time the log with; they'll heave the log when they 'anchor.'"

"And can they really touch the bottom of the sea in this part?"

"Oh, no!" explained the Doctor; "the iron will only keep them steady a while, so that the surface current cannot affect them; then they will heave the log and find the rate of the stream, and take the direction of the line, as it runs out, by the compass."

"~~And~~ you know *everything*, Doctor!" said the matron admiringly, as the young women crowded around with intent ears. "I believe you know more than the Captain himself; I have been matron in two ships before this one, and I don't remember such an ~~interesting~~ incident as this."

"Oh, it's common in the Royal Navy," said the Doctor lightly.

"Our Captain was never in the Royal Navy, was he?" inquired one of the girls. "I'm sure we are going out of our way, and will never reach Australia."

"There is no such thing as a *Captain* in the Merchant Service," said the Doctor; "he is only a Master, a sailing Master, you know; just a man to sail ships, that's all. 'Captain' is a military, or rather a militant, title; Master, and Pilot, and Mate, are strictly nautical ones, like Boatswain and Supercargo."

"You know," he added (as his hearers stood,

silent, around him, "in the Navy a Captain has to fight the Queen's enemies and defend the Empire, and men like me have to do our duty too."

"And isn't our Captain a real Captain at all, at all?" asked the girl who had spoken before.

"Well, of course, like *Doctor* Clyster, it's only common politeness on our part to call him a *Captain*," said the matron. The surgeon gave the matron a keen glance through his gold spectacles.

"Oh, I don't begrudge him his title. I am not the Board of Trade," said the Naval surgeon; "but, dear me! what a singular cloud is gathering out there in the third mate's direction!"

One of the shark's-teeth-shaped projections at the edge of a dense layer of cloud had grown larger and more pointed. Below it, near the boat, they could see its dark reflection pointing upward.

The Captain and Miss Palgrave were standing in conversation some distance from the Doctor and his audience, but the latter's words were, or the greater part of them, audible. The Captain looked at Miss Palgrave intently as he said, "Did you ever hear about Captain Cook, Miss?"

"What! the great navigator!" said the lady; "of course I have, Captain Jessup."

"And perhaps you've heard about Barker Snow, and how that fool of a Royal Navy Captain refused to let him and his merchant seamen go to the rescue of Franklin? No? Ah! Well, you might oblige me by asking Jonah over there whether Captain Cook was brought up in the *Royal Navy*—though they were glad to get him afterwards, eh? As for college training, Miss Palgrave, my third mate was at Cambridge University, and he's about the stupidest mate

I've ever had under me. What brought him to sea, along with Jonah, I don't know. I'm, d——, excuse me, if he can steer a boat; he's used to outriggers and sliding seats, I suppose, ha-ha-hah! Just look at him through this pair of glasses!"

Miss Palgrave took the binoculars and looked through. The boat was making a very zigzag course, and was now heading back for the ship, it seemed. Reflections had disappeared; the water was disturbed around the boat; the third mate seemed to be looking over his shoulder at something in the wake of the boat, and as if that thing were following it!

"They are coming back," said Miss Palgrave.

"What?" cried the Captain. "Coming back? Why, he can't have hove the log yet! What, in thunder, is the fool coming back for?"

"Mr. Shackley's boat is stationary, away over *there*," continued Miss Palgrave; "they are putting the lump of iron over the side now."

"Have another look *this way* at that University officer of mine, Miss Palgrave, my dear; what is he ~~doing now~~?"

"Oh! they are all pulling now like mad creatures," said the lady; "and, my goodness! what a commotion there is in the water behind them; it all seems boiling and steaming!"

"Waterspouts, sure enough!" cried the Captain. "Just look at that black cloud above the boat. Quick, give me the glasses, miss."

To the naked eye the boat had now disappeared. In the field of the Captain's binoculars the white life-boat could be seen spinning round and round, and the men's oars splashing vainly in the disturbed water; and, close by, the sea was heaping itself up into

another agitated mass; and above it other dark cones, or triangular shapes, were dipping, as it were, toward the boiling water.

“Get a cartridge up out of the lazarette,” cried the Captain, “and fire off that signal gun.” (The second mate, Mr. Parrish, was now standing beside him, having finished his dinner.)

As the second mate ran below, and the Captain unlashed the little one-pounder gun, the Doctor, with the matron and all the emigrant girls, came forward to tell the master that the third mate’s boat was lost.

“Ah! the boat is all right,” said the Captain; “it’s the men I’m thinking of. Here, stand aside all of you! Get out of my way, Surgeon Jonah! Give me that bag of powder” (to the second mate), “and the friction tub. Slew the gun round! Right! Stand away! Look out!”

The gun exploded in the still air with a deafening report for a one-pounder. The Captain looked through the binoculars. As he looked, he gave rapid orders to the second mate.

“Signal Mr. Slackley. He’ll understand the flag N, C, and look around for the other boat. Hah! there she breaks! There goes the spout! and the boat’s bottom up! Good God! I can’t see a man anywhere! Here, Miss Palgrave! look through the glasses. What can you see?”

“I can only see the bottom of the boat. And now the falling rain has hidden that!” cried Miss Palgrave.

“The chief mate’s boat will pass us pretty close,” said the second mate. “I’ll get the speaking trumpet and hail her!”

“Aye, quite right; do! do! Tell them to pull like devils!”

In a few moments the heavy sheets of falling rain that had hidden the capsized boat, disappeared, and once more the Captain looked through the glasses.

"Not a sign of life on it," said he. "We can only wait for the mate to bear down on it, it would take us twenty minutes to get one of the other boats off the skids into the water."

Presently the second mate was bawling through the speaking-trumpet to the chief mate's boat, and the latter officer was waving his hand in response, and urging Hudson and the other men to pull hard for the place of the disaster. All hands were now on deck, and every emigrant in the ship. Ejaculations of hope were on everybody's lips. The main and fore shrouds were crowded with seamen, all gazing intently at the little speck of white, floating on the unruffled surface of the sea; and on the chief mate's boat getting smaller and smaller as it approached it.

The Doctor had a pair of opera-glasses, and the second mate the long glass belonging to the ship; and their comments, as well as the Captain's, were ~~constantly~~ passed from one to the other the whole length of the ship, and back again, amazingly altered in their travels.

The men were *all* drowned; ~~no~~, all but *one*. They were under the boat and could not be got out. Hudson had dived under the capsized boat; he had not reappeared. The crew of the chief mate's boat were trying to right the other boat. *All* of the men were in the water. Hudson was smashing a hole through the bottom with the boat hook; no, he was *under* the boat. They were towing the boat back. All were saved! No! there were only seven men in the chief mate's boat! All were lost but one man.

• It was true that the capsized boat was now being towed back, and it was true that the number of men in the mate's boat had only been increased by one man, and they presently discovered that he was Cardiff Price, in the second mate's watch.

“Sure enough,” said the Captain, “they have knocked a hole through the bottom of the other boat; and maybe there is somebody under it, and alive; for these lifeboats have air tanks and float high, and there's room for half a dozen men above the thwarts. If they can keep their heads out of the water they might be alive! Have a parbuckle ready, bos'n, when they come alongside. No! get a strop through each of the ring-bolts, and clap on the davit tackles, that will right her!”

When the chief mate's boat at length reached the side of the becalmed ship, another half-hour had elapsed, and the six men pulling at the oars of the heavy lifeboat were exhausted. Their progress had been very slow, and they had stopped for a few minutes to break another hole through the bottom of the other boat.

“Who is underneath?” shouted everybody as they had come within hail.

All the men in the boat were wet through with seawater, and Cardiff Price was as pale as a page of a log-book, and groaning with pain. The chief mate looked up at the Captain and shook his head. They pulled round to the quarter davits and adjusted the strops to the ring bolts under water, and hooked on the tackles. Then many hands, as many as could find a place on the boat falls, emigrants, men and women, seamen and officers, pulled as if their own lives depended upon righting the boat.

Joanna D'Arcy was crying softly to herself, "Thank God!" and "The Lord have mercy on them," alternately. The first ejaculation had reference to Patrick Hudson, the other to the missing men. Hudson and the other men below were helping to turn over the boat, as those upon deck pulled at the tackle. Who was underneath? Everybody was either clamouring or groaning and weeping.

Presently the boat turned over suddenly, nearly full of water, and there, lying under the thwarts, was the still body of Mr. Somerville, the third mate.

"Hand over hand! up with the boat! Haul away, my hearties!" cried the Captain.

The water rushed out of the two gaping wounds in the bottom of the boat; and as it rose to the height of the poop, a number of willing hands lifted the ~~sudden~~ body of the third mate out, and laid him on the deck. Cardiff Price was hauled up in a bowline out of the other boat, and carried forward to the fore-castle.

"Now, then, where's Jonah?" cried the Captain. "Get to work, some of you, and pump some air into him! Let Jonah try his skill first: it's time he did something!"

"It's no time to snarl and sneer," said the Doctor. "Stand back, all of you! Come, Mr. Palgrave; take off your coat and roll it up! That's it! Now, to and fro! to and fro! gently and regularly. Ah! we must get the water out of him first. Turn him over on his chest."

But, though the Doctor and the others applied every possible method of resuscitation for nearly an hour, they could not restore the third mate. Mr. Palgrave, who for the first time since he had stepped

aboard seemed to be real flesh and blood, was, with much persuasion, at length made to desist. Perspiring with the unwonted exercise, he expostulated. A heavy lock of his dark, dank hair hung down over his brow.

"Surely he can't be *dead*, Doctor! It's too awful! Let somebody else try! You are not going to give him up like that. Give him some more brandy. Wrap him in blankets. Oh! it's too awful! Let us try again!"

"No; dead! quite dead!" said the Doctor. "Poor fellow! But what about the other five men, eh? Don't make too much fuss about *one*. And we have all to die some day. I'll now go and attend to the other man. He was spitting blood, I noticed."

"Let the sailmaker sew him up," said the Captain, "and we'll give him a proper funeral to-morrow morning out of the Prayer Book. I have lost a good officer" (Miss Palgrave tried not to smile at the *nil nisi*, and failed), "and five of my best men, and all on account of this *Royal Navy* nonsense. What current did you find, Mr. Shackley?"

"Sou'-sou'-east, sir, about one knot, not more."

"Just what I expected," said the master, raising his voice; "the regular Guinea current, of course; we are not close enough to land for a northerly current, and we are not far enough south for the equatorial current. But doctors are navigators these days?"

"Yes, sir; I think we shall have wind to-night, sir. There's a heavy squall making up over there to the west."

"Aye, Jonah's about done his worst," said the Captain, looking after the Doctor; "my best officer and five men. There's a nice entry for the log-book!"

Some of them must have got 'tangled in that hundred fathom of rope when she capsized, and I suppose none of them could swim. I can't myself, for that matter, and I've been thirty years a sailor. Five able seamen, and my *best* officer! Good Heaven! what luck, and six degrees north of the line! If that Doctor isn't a regular Jonah, I never saw one! There, tell the sailmaker to sew him up; and tell the carpenter to make that boat all right again in the morning. I'll go below and write up the log. Good Heavens! five first-rate able seamen and the best officer I ever had under me!"

A heavy squall with lightning and rain soon cleared the decks of all but the crew. The *Young Pretender* again ~~shot~~ sailed southwards on her mission, and with shortened sail—for the squall, and the breeze which ~~followed~~ it, was west-by-northerly. The body of the third mate was laid in a bunk in a berth under the poop, which opened on to the main deck, and had been used as a hospital during the voyage. Here the sailmaker, assisted by the boatswain's mate, ~~wrapped~~ ^{wrapped} the body in old canvas, and put some heavy pieces of holy-stone at the feet, and then stitched it all up snug and shapely. It was now quite dark, and through the open door the boatswain's mate could be seen holding a lantern over the dead man, while the sailmaker worked away with needle and ~~thread~~ ^{thread}. The watch kept aft on the quarter-deck by orders, as they were frequently wanted to trim or shorten sail in the uncertain breeze. Sometimes a man would peep into the "hospital," and come back to the group of seamen, huddled together under the break of the poop, with a comment such as, "Boys, oh, boys! did ye ever see the like!" or,

“She’s an onlucky hooker, lads! you take my word for it!” or, “Who’d sell a farm and come to sea? I wish I was out of her! There’s a Jonah somewhere, ain’t there, boys? I pity ole ‘Chew-the-rag’! He’s fixed!” The old Spanish sailor who had cried “Salve! corpo santo!” to the composants on the yards, and called them “Our Lady’s crown,” was alone jubilant, and prophesied finer weather and a fair wind.

And among not only the crew, but in the minds of many of the emigrants there was a great depression, and a feeling of predestinated disaster. The Captain’s own words, his reference to the Doctor as “Jonah,” were circulated through the ship. The Doctor’s failure to restore the third mate’s life had lowered his prestige in most of their minds. What was the good of a doctor if he could not save the life of a strong, healthy young man like the third mate? And it was soon said by everybody (outside of the saloon) that the boats had been launched to please the Doctor. One man was heard to say that it was a pity the Doctor himself had not gone in the third mate’s boat, for then he would have had a free passage to land in the belly of a whale. The seaman, whatever notions he may have about the prophet Jonah’s spiritual qualities, has not yet rejected the whale that preserved him. And though the wind, with variable strength, sometimes squally and sometimes a light air, carried them continuously on their course, yet dissatisfaction grew every minute stronger. That evening, the third mate (whose duty it was) would have weighed out all the provisions for the various messes the next day. The second mate, assisted by the steward and cook, took the place of the third mate; and, new to

the business altogether, made many blunders, and trod on many a tradition, as it were, that had been growing in the 'tween-decks. The married women began to clamour for more of this food, or less of that ; to ask for arrears of sugar and butter ; and to insist that the salt beef was shortweighted. It was a night of general dissatisfaction, and the presence of the dead body in the ship made the more optimistic among them quite gloomy. In the single women's quarters the prayers for the dead could be heard. The men on deck could plainly catch the responses of the girls ; and one of the men, who was a Catholic, crossed himself repeatedly and devoutly. Sometimes he peered down through the little grated hatch on the quarter-deck, or turned one ear to it and listened. One of the drowned men had been an Irishman, named O'Halloran, and the Catholic seaman felt that it was his duty to pray more for this one of the household of the faith than for the others. "Boys, oh, boys ! I wouldn't mind the others ; but Lord have mercy on Mike O'Halloran ; the best of 'em all, I tell you, bar none."

In the middle watch that night, Patrick Hudson was pacing the deck with Dominick D'Arcy—who was on emigrant watch himself—and talking over the events of the preceding day. The musician, who with the other men had run up to the poop when the boats had arrived, and had attempted to help the others in the general excitement, had also noted his sister's tears, and had seen her looks cast toward Hudson. In that crowd of men and women, where everybody was shouting, or talking, or wailing, he also had shouted more than he had heeded. But, on reflection, he now recalled the words of his sister,

and her looks as she spoke them. And he recalled Hudson's own looks toward his sister, though the young woman and Hudson had not spoken to each other, but rather seemed estranged. Dominick also recalled the night of the concert, and the familiar words he had heard pass between them. At one point of the concert—that night of his violin *obbligato*, and of Miss Palgrave's sweet, effusive thanks—he had indeed caught sight of his sister's hand resting on Hudson's shoulder, and saw Hudson's own raised to touch it. He felt that an explanation would be desirable; but he found some difficulty in broaching the subject.

The two men first began to discuss the catastrophe.

Patrick Hudson explained the nature of water-spouts, and the cause of their gyratory movement. Then they fell to exchanging thoughts about death and judgment, and how unprepared most men were for sudden death. From that they turned to reflections on the merits of the dead officer. Presently Dominick said abruptly—

“I overheard the chief mate saying to the second mate that he believed you had a certificate, and that the Captain would do well to put you in the third mate's place.”

“Yes, I shall become quite a gentleman for once in my life, Dominick, shall I not? The mate spoke about the matter to myself in the second dog-watch.”

“And then you will live in the cabin—along with Miss Palgrave and her brother—and there will be no night walks together again, will there? Faith! I'm sorry for myself, any way; I was beginning to like you, and, so was—er, I think, my sister has a liking for you, Mr. Patrick.”

Hudson remained silent for a minute or more. The conversation had taken a turn that seemed scarcely a pleasant one to him. Yet was he not deep in love with the young woman? Why should he not admit it to her own brother? Yet he hesitated to reply to the direct question that D'Arcy (the ice now broken) put to him as he remained silent.

"Sure, Mr. Hudson, and are you not fond of the girl yourself?"

The seaman felt very uncomfortable. How should he answer? And why should he be reluctant to avow his affection, if he felt that it was worth anything? But was it worth anything? Would it last longer than this passage to Australia? How could he tell this earnest young Irishman that he doubted himself? That he loved, and yet felt very uncertain about the duration of his love? At length he responded rather lightly—

"Oh! I think she's the handsomest girl in the ship, Dominick, and you must be proud of such a beautiful sister!"

"But you don't like her in the way I mean, then?"

"Why, what way do you mean?"

"You know well enough, Mr. Hudson, and so does Johanna."

"And does your sister like me in that way, Dominick?"

"Mr. Hudson," said D'Arcy seriously, "you'll be one of the officers soon, and living down in the saloon with Miss—er—you'll be up there on the poop among the young women every day, and I trust to you as a gentleman not to make a fool of the girl. I have a great liking for you myself, but I can't hate like Johanna."

“Can’t *hate*, Dominick?”

“Aye,” said D’Arcy quietly, “*hate*, I said. I know Johanna, and I give you fair warning. Don’t make a fool of a girl that loves you.”

“Come,” said Hudson, “I don’t intend to make a fool of any girl, especially your own sister, Dominick; I respect her too much, I assure you.”

“Mind you!” continued Dominick, unheeding Hudson’s words, “I don’t want to catch you with any talk about marriage—I’m not one of that sort, Mr. Hudson—time enough when we all set foot ashore, if it comes to anything. No, I don’t mean that! but I warn you Johanna’s not the girl to be made a fool of by any man, or *woman* either. I know her better than you do. The most affectionate woman on the world, but——”

“Yes?” said Hudson, surprised, “go on.”

“No; that’s enough. I’ve said my say; but I will miss these night watches together, when you are living in the saloon with Miss Palgrave.”

“Oh, we can walk up and down the quarter-deck of an evening, when it is my watch below,” said Hudson, quickly, and relieved by the change in the conversation. “You seem interested in Miss Palgrave?”

D’Arcy’s manner became somewhat embarrassed.

“Well! and do you not consider the honour of the promotion, or the society of a lady like Miss Palgrave?”

“Honour! ’tis a fine word, Dominick! but I don’t think you will find much of it among us saloonmen. Why, Mr. Shackley, for instance, would lick the Captain’s boots for a reference at the end of the voyage. If there were no passengers aboard this old Indiaman you would not know us—if you could see

us. That dirty-tongued old bos'n's mate that sleeps in the fore-castle was in the barque *Northallerton*—did you ever hear of her ? ”

“ No. Where are you going ? ”

“ To get near these halyards ; there's a squall coming. Well, ask him to show you a few scars on his arms and chest ; one of them's a bullet-hole. The *Northallerton* was hardly a month out before—no matter. Ah ! we're a nice lot when we're left to ourselves, Dominick ! (There she heels !) ”

“ But you are different from the like of *them*, surely, Mr. Hudson. Faith ! I'll not believe that you would act like a devil, any way ! ”

“ There goes four bells ! and here comes the squall down upon us ! • Good night, Dominick ! ”

“ Aye, aye, sir ! ‘ stand by topgallant halliards,’ sir ! ”

“ Ah, Bill, now son ! hurry up and relieve that son of a Dutch —, or he'll have us ten miles out of our course, running her off like that ! ‘ Let go, sir ! ’ aye, aye—all gone, sir ! Now then, bully boys ! clew her down, clew her down, ho-ho-hee oh-h-h ! ” (Hudson already felt the quarter-deck influence.) “ ‘ Stand by topsail halliards,’ aye, aye ! all clear, sir ! There she blows, boys ! there she travels ! now we're moving again ; ah !, if she were not so light we'd be having the royals on her ! Top-gallant halliards again ! Aye, aye, sir ! come on, lads ; hoist away, stretch along, all of us ; walk away with it, you sons of toil ! walk away-ay-y-y ! Ho-ho-and-up-she-rises ! ho-ho-and-up-she-rises ! so-early-in-the-morning ! walk away with her ! ”

The next day, an hour after breakfast, the body of the late third mate was committed to the sea with

all the lugubrious ceremonial befitting the occasion, the Captain reading the prayers with solemn unction. Hundreds of eyes attempted to pierce the ruffled surface of the water, after the splash made by the falling object, especially the eyes of those on the poop, as that part of the ship passed by the spot. (The burial took place amidships.) For a few brief moments the white canvas shroud could be dimly discerned, shooting rapidly downward; but in a few more the place of sepulture had passed astern, for the ship was travelling through the water at the rate of three or four knots. Then the eyes of many on the poop followed the rings and eddying of the water above the body, until it was all lost to sight.

Mr. Palgrave was silent. He had said nothing at the breakfast-table to anybody. Even his sister could get no more than a mono-syllabic response from him. The Doctor was the only one that preserved his usual cheerful demeanour; and strangely, or perhaps consequently, all the others of the saloon felt more depressed than before the burial. It is a relief to every body when a ship has rid itself of a dead man; but the gloom of all seemed to increase, the more the Surgeon smiled, and explained the cause of asphyxia, and how remedies were of no avail in certain instances of it. The general feeling aboard, and especially among those on the poop, was that Dr. Clyster was a bungler in his profession. The matron had a clean pocket-handkerchief held to her eyes the whole forenoon, and she herself was overheard to speak the word “Jonah,” presumably of the Doctor. When the news that Cardiff Price was himself in a bad way, with internal injuries, caused by the boat’s water-barrel striking him in the chest as the boat

capsized, the depression of all increased. When those on the poop could follow the spot of burial on the water no longer, they turned to one another with sighs and head-shakings. The Doctor could find nobody but Miss Palgrave to converse with him. Even she did so in a way that seemed quite at variance with her usual manner.

Some interest in the living was presently excited by the Captain's commands for the able seaman, Patrick Hudson, to "lay aft!" And when that man had obeyed and stood on the poop before the Captain, everybody crowded around to know the reason. Joanna D'Arcy kept behind the other girls, her eyes still wet with weeping; but she looked through the group at her lover with pride in those beautiful, strange eyes of hers, expecting that the master contemplated a eulogy of Hudson's behaviour on the previous afternoon; for Hudson had dragged Cardiff Price from under the upturned boat, by diving under it. Their estrangement, for which Joanna blamed Bridget Slattery, made her feel more emotional than if she were on excellent terms with her lover. She looked at the face of the woman she considered her rival in his affections with a glow of desire in her eyes; the desire to lessen her character in the eyes of Hudson and everybody else, and to be revenged for the torture she had inflicted upon herself. Ah! how noble he looked standing there facing the Captain and the two mates! How she loved him!

But there was no eulogy of Hudson by the master of the *Young Pretender* or by anybody else. The Captain began by an abrupt question as to Hudson's qualifications as a seaman.

“I’m told you’re a second mate by certificate; yes or no, my lad?”

“Quite correct, sir!”

“Number of certificate? Have you got it with you?”

“Number 19,762, sir; it’s in my ditty.”

“Port of examination?”

“London, sir.”

“Good! best certificates in the Board of Trade, London certificates; no dodging the examiners at Tower Hill! Place of birth?”

“Dublin, sir.”

“What? You are not an Irishman?”

“Half-and-half, sir; my father was English, but I consider myself Irish, like my mother.”

“That’s not right, then: you’re *English*, and you will suit me as third mate, I think; are you willing?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Mr. Shackley, go down to my state room and get the ship’s articles.”

The chief mate went below, and presently returned with the Shipping Articles and the Muster Roll. The Captain spread the articles on the sliding roof of the saloon companion ladder, and proceeded to read them. The crew were called aft to the quarter-deck to make the ceremony more impressive. Captain Jessup read the articles in a slow, resonant voice. The Doctor was standing near by, and the master wanted to show the medical officer how much Act of Parliament there was in the Mercantile Marine. The Royal Navy, forsooth! Then he turned to the second mate and told him to get a pen and a bottle of ink from the saloon.

The pen and the ink forthcoming, the master

coughed importantly, and then suddenly ordered all the crew to come up on the poop, and arrange themselves in watches, on each side. Which being done to his satisfaction, he said—

"Now, my lad, step forward and sign on!"

Patrick Hudson stepped forward and put his signature to the articles; and then the Captain made a note to explain the second appearance of the signature on the document—for Hudson's name, also appeared among the able seamen's. Then the master made an entry on the Muster Roll, and turning to the new third mate, and presently to the crew, thus addressed him and them:—

"Mr. Hudson you are now no longer an able seaman, you are one of my *officers*. I shall expect you to do your duty faithfully. You will kindly proceed, during this watch, to bring your effects aft to the saloon, and you will occupy the late Mr. Henry Somerville's berth, which I trust you will find comfortable. Your chief duty will be to act under the first mate, and you will therefore remain in his watch; you will also have charge of all the stores, and I shall examine your books weekly myself.—Men! you will obey Mr. Hudson (as third mate) in all lawful commands; he is now one of the officers of this ship.—Mr. Hudson, go about your duty, sir.—Men, forward all of you!—Mr. Shackley, we shall now proceed to make an entry in the Official Log-book of the events of the last two days.—Mr. Parrish." (to the second mate), "tell the bos'n to tell the bos'n's mate to tell the men that there will be an auction of the late Mr. Somerville's effects at two bells in the first dog-watch, after the decks have been swept down."

"I knew Mr. Hudson was not one of those ordinary

vulgar sailors all the time,” said the matron to the Doctor.

Hudson, who was now walking the poop in the absence of his immediate superior, the chief mate, overheard the remark and smiled. How respectable he had suddenly become! He walked to the break of the poop and called a boy who was swabbing the weather scuppers.

“Go to the fore-castle, my lad, and bring my ditty bag and donkey’s breakfast aft; and don’t forget a flannel shirt and a pair of sea-boots in the spare bunk under the bowsprit. And I lent Horatio Beady my second cap this morning; mind and ask him for it! There, bear a hand, and get all my dunnage! *You* can have my hook-pot and pannikin; but *you’ll* find a sheath-knife in a leather becket over my bunk—you can bring *that*. There’s no spoon; I swapped that for tobacco with Olsen yesterday. There, bear a hand. Oh, stay! there’s half a ration of sugar and nearly a bully tin of molasses; give those to Cardiff Price, the poor man; there, bear a hand!”

“All right, Pat,” replied the boy, leisurely going on with his swabbing.

“You obey orders, you young imp of h—,” cried Hudson passionately, “or I’ll give you the tail-end of the main sheet!”

The boy looked up, and then dropped the swab. He was wearing a pair of dungaree pants that Hudson had given him a week ago, the legs of which were rolled up to the knee, and the upper part gathered in at the waist with a leather belt. He looked somewhat scared. Was this Pat, the able seaman, who had been so kind to him?

“Well, don’t you hear me, boy? Get forward,

d—— you, and fetch that toggery of mine, or I'll put you out on the gaff with a grease-pot, and in your watch below ; get for'rd, I tell you ! "

" Aye, aye, sir ! " cried the boy, starting off unwillingly and slowly.

Mrs. Jenkins, who was scraping a dinner-plate in the lee scuppers, looked up at the third mate and smiled. She had been friendly to Hudson since the beginning of the voyage ; it was now imperative that she should continue friendly, for he was in charge of the stores.

She turned and called after the boy, the boy looking back.

" You just hurry up when that gennelman ossifer tells you ; can't you move your legs, hay ? Why, my little boy could run faster 'n you, couldn't you, 'Tonio ? "

Antonio Jenkins, the little brother of Miranda, who was always to be found wallowing in the scuppers, wet or dry, threw his arms around his mother's neck, as she scraped away at the dinner-plate.

" Ah ! " said Mrs. Jenkins, in a very loud voice, for Hudson to hear, " I knows a gentleman what's fond of little boys, I does. 'E says as 'ow you're a charmin' little feller, that's what 'e says ; and 'e wiped yer down with 'is own nankacher, 'e did, my little pet. Kiss yer muddens, den, Toniyo, and look at the gennelman ossifer on the poop up there ; ain't 'e a fine gennelman ossifer ? 'E's the thirdy-matey, 'Tony ; ain't you fond of 'im ? 'E's sich a good sort of réal gennelman ossifer, ain't 'e ? and ain't like them common sailor-fellers at all ; 'e's goin' to give us our sweeties, 'Toniyo, and our squpy-bully, and our bikkies ; ain't 'e a nice gennelman ossifer, ain't 'e ? "

Antonio seemed pleased at the prospect of soupy-bully and sweeties, and hugged his mother. But Hudson had turned away from the rail, and had walked aft to the helm. Bill, the quarter-master, was steering.

Said Bill grinning—

“You’ve dropped in for a soft job, Pat!”

“You just drop the *Pat*, and mind your steering, my lad; you’re a quarter of a point off your course, and the wind’s fair enough. Let her come up, I tell you! We’re not bound round the Horn, but the Cape.”

“You’re getting smart, ain’t——” began Bill, aghast.

“Silence!” roared Hudson. “I’ll have no back talk, d’ye hear?”

“Oh! yes; I hear, sir!” mumbled Bill, flushing.

“You attend to your steering, and I’ll mind my own work, my lad! And remember that my name is *Mr. Hudson* in future!”

“Oh, good Lord!” whispered Bill to himself, as Hudson walked forward again. The next person accosted by the third mate was Mr. Palgrave, who was leaning over the rail, gazing toward the distant horizon. The artist was singing softly to himself a very mournful Italian song beginning with “Deserted,” and ending with “I am dying!”

“That is not a very cheerful song by the sound of it, Mr. Palgrave,” said Hudson.

Mr. Palgrave looked over his shoulder and replied with a monosyllabic negative affirmatively used.

“We have a fair wind,” said Hudson; “your heart should be as light as air!”

Mr. Palgrave had no ear for music, that was certain;

for he was singing the Italian words in a kind of rhythmic monotone.

"You seem quite downcast," continued Hudson.

"Ah!" said Eustace Palgrave, at length finding his voice, "I am growing tired of this voyage. I wonder what made me so foolish as to embark upon it. I should have chosen a steamboat."

"A steamboat would never have stimulated your sense of the beautiful; they are simply marine locomotives," said Hudson.

"Oh, I am tired of these eternal ropes and sails," said Eustace.

"And the men who hand and reef them?" said Hudson, laughing.

"Yes," replied Eustace, "a tiresome lot they are indeed, these men of the sea. Before I left London I tried to read Linschoten's *Travels*, but when I came to the second page and read about wages, and provisions, and the goods of those who die in the ship, 'but little coming to the owner's hands, being embezzled and made away,' as he says, I lost my interest. I see you people have not changed much in three hundred years."

"Allow me to direct your attention to the ladies, then," said Hudson, as several of the emigrant girls drew near, their ears intent upon the dialogue.

Hudson remembered that he was now third mate, and consequently had the liberty to converse with those on the poop whenever he chose. He turned to the young women who had halted by the rail and said, "Biddy Slattery here will amuse you, will you not, Biddy?"

Bridget Slattery looked at Hudson and blushed deeply, and it seemed to be with anything but pleasure

at his mode of address. The face grew less immobile ; the lips trembled ; but the eyes remained steady, metallic, mysterious. He had spoken condescendingly, as if he were the Captain, or the Doctor, or the marion. Joanna D'Arcy, standing some distance away, saw the blush on the other girl's face, and the heart in her breast again began to thump against it with jealous passion. Mr. Palgrave turned toward the group of girls, and made an effort to be his old self again. Hudson divided his attention between the dog-vane, the man at the wheel, and the young woman. Presently Miss Palgrave came on deck and accosted him.

“Permit me to congratulate you on your promotion,” she said.

“Thanks.”

“You will now live in the saloon, I believe ?”

“Yes, Miss Palgrave ; we shall now be companions for the rest of the passage. Are you pleased ?”

“You will be able to see Joanna, and to speak to Joanna, and perhaps sometimes to——” said Miss Palgrave, unheeding the question.

“Yes, sometimes to—— ?” inquired Hudson, smiling ; “sometimes to what, Miss Palgrave, may I inquire ?—Keep your course, Bill, my lad ; she'll be all shaking in a minute ! and the wind's a point free.”

“Aye, aye, *sir* !” cried Bill, whose ears had been open for the topic of Mr. Hudson's dialogue, and the wake of the *Young Pretender* had become quite serpentine in consequence.

Hudson and Miss Palgrave walked forward, and Bill could hear their voices no longer. No matter, Bill had a capital inventive power, and the fore-castle should have the benefit of it.

"Yes, Miss Palgrave, sometimes to——?" repeated Hudson.

"Wait until this afternoon, and I will tell you in the saloon," she replied. "There is, a very thin partition, close to your berth—oh, I will tell you by and by. Here comes Joanna! What have you said to her lately? She looks very melancholy."

"You take an interest in Miss D'Arcy?" said Hudson lightly; "in her brother, also?"

"In the sister? *Une ne-m'oubliez-pas*! Of course I do, Mr. Hudson, ever since that morning."

"What morning?" The third mate affected ignorance. His vanity compelled him.

"The morning you fell in love with the young woman. And my interest has increased since the night of the concert."

"You are exceedingly plain with me, Miss Palgrave; really, the topic is an embarrassing one for me, I must admit."

"Oh, my dear man, I've lived in the Latin Quarter of Paris with Eustace, my brother, and we speak of love affairs without any conventional nonsense. Eustace has had his love affairs, of course; and so have I. Now, don't affect to be shocked! And I suppose you have had yours, also; many a one before this latest, eh?"

Hudson had read French novels, books like Murger's *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*, and others dealing with the kind of life to which Miss Palgrave was hinting at, and in which life (he thought) she had no doubt dipped (as it were) for the sensation reported of it. What an affected "Bohemian" she seemed! And she could talk of love! Miss Palgrave was as ready to discuss all the phases of love as readily as she

was to prattle about art. And her present extraordinary animation made her strangely attractive to all the adventurer in Hudson.

“You must know, Mr. Hudson, that I have had experience in these little affairs. Men must love women so long as there are women to be loved; of course they must; it's human nature, and it's pleasant; so why should not you? Really, I am dying for a little affair of my own! The Doctor is too prosy and scientific altogether; the Captain is out of the question, *n'est-ce pas?* And as for Mr. Shackley, he never shaves himself, except on a Sunday fortnight.”

“There is the second mate,” said Hudson, smiling.

“Oh, that horrid tobacco-chamasticates makes him simply repulsive,” said Miss Palgrave. “Really, I am thinking seriously of throwing myself at you, now you have come to live amongst us!”

At this sally Hudson could do nothing but laugh loudly. It might merely be badinage on Miss Palgrave's part; but it was both amusing and delightful. Joanna, who had drawn near, yet hesitating to approach the couple, caught Hudson's eye, and blushed a deeper red than had Bridget Slattery; but her blush was one of pleasure. How handsome her lover looked standing there talking on terms of equality with this fine English lady! The pride of Joanna was soothed at the friendship that evidently existed between her lover and Miss Palgrave; just as it was stirred into furious antagonistic strength at the presumption of a girl like Bridget Slattery, one of Joanna's own Irish race; no better than, nay, a thousand times inferior to herself! For was not Joanna the niece of a parish priest; and had not her grandfather been a landed gentleman! She drew nearer to the

pair, and Miss Palgrave turned suddenly and caught her by the waist. The matron and the other officers were below; and the large hatchway cover above the single women's companion-ladder hid the group from the rest on the poop.

"Come, Joanna, here's somebody dying to talk to you; I shall be quite jealous of you to-night—*voilà!*"

Joanna resisted feebly. Hudson was looking down into her eyes. What understanding was there between Constance Palgrave and Joanna D'Arcy? She kept her own fixed on the deck, and said, blushing still—

"Indeed, and I'm glad you're an officer now, Mr. ———"

"Pat," said Miss Palgrave, prompting. "If you don't call him Pat when I am present, I shall detest you!"

"Oh, Miss Palgrave, spare us!" said Hudson, feeling uncomfortably warm. He began to contrast Miss Palgrave's vivacious tolerance with Joanna's modest reluctance.

"And squeeze—her hand," said Miss Palgrave, looking first one way, and then the other, along the poop, "and promise to love each other, and for quite a long time."

At this Joanna looked up suddenly and gave her lover a wild look; but *he* was laughing. It is a pleasant thought to the adventurous soul that the bonds of love are elastic. She turned away, laughing also. Ah! Miss Palgrave could not know that their love was established for ever; how could she? or she would not make a harmless pleasantry of it; of such a sacred thing as her love! The ice of her

silence was now broken, however, and she felt grateful to the English lady for having brought her lover and herself together again. Yes, they would both laugh, of course, when a lady like Miss Palgrave bantered them a little; that was, no doubt, the fine English way. She could sing for very joy, and when she crossed the poop Bridget Slattery was surprised to see the gladness in her eyes. The Kerry girl immediately left the group around Mr. Palgrave and walked over to the lee side to see what had become of the new third mate. He was still conversing with Miss Palgrave. Bridget returned and looked at Joanna again. Ten minutes before Joanna had been the most melancholy girl on the poop! There was subtle comprehension in the Kerry girl's magnetic eyes. Joanna turned and gazed at her, and then turned away, and covertly blessed herself with the sign of the cross under her jacket. She was now singing one of those Irish songs about love that Bridget always made fun of! Invocation of a sacred name was a match for that black d——, ah!

"You mentioned the word *to-night*," said Hudson to Miss Palgrave. "Will you tell me what you meant by being jealous '*to-night*'? Not that I can imagine you being jealous at any time, or of anybody."

"Wait until this afternoon, when the rest are on deck, and we are together in the saloon, and I will tell you," said Miss Palgrave. "and in the meantime I shall tell Joanna something she does not know. I am interested in your love affair, and I shall help you to the best of my power."

"You are very kind," said Hudson affectedly, "and I shall await the elucidation of the mystery."

Miss Palgrave looked at him intently, posing her

aristocratic head and smiling with her merry, shallow eyes. The freedom of her manner had a strong attraction for the adventurer in Hudson, and when she put her lips together like a rose-bud and entwined her hands behind her neck, he felt a sudden desire to take her in his arms and kiss her lips passionately, although it was broad daylight, and those on the main deck could have seen them! It was a sudden sexual desire; and like the flash of conscience, that lights up the whole panorama of life, every kiss that he had taken and received from women burned there on the lips before him as in a picture of interchangeable sensation—sight and feeling.

In a moment he had overcome the sudden temptation; but she stood there, her hands behind her neck, her elbows extended, and a sleepy smile still in her shallow eyes. Her vivacity made sudden room for a strange tenderness.

"Yes," she said slowly, "you shall be rewarded. Joanna is a very beautiful young woman, and you shall have your desire——"

"What do you mean? You are the most enigmatic woman I have ever met."

"You have said almost as much before," said Miss Palgrave. "But I am as simple as a child, and I can love like a child, and forget like a child. We are all children, playing in the world. Let us play and love while we can. You shall have your desire, you silly child; if Joanna wishes—if she can be compassionate——!"

Then Miss Palgrave suddenly clapped her hands together, laughed merrily, and tripped away. Hudson walked to the man at the wheel, feeling somewhat ashamed of himself, without exactly knowing why.

Can one be tempted vicariously? Can one sin with an absent one, through the medium of a present one with whom there is no desire to sin? He was thinking. All his sins with women had been direct heretofore; there was no doubt of that! With whom did he desire to sin? It seemed an unnecessary word, that, sin! A stupid, unmeaning word, that men and women had invented to frighten themselves with!

Away with such nonsense! Here was that helmsman, Bill, off his course again. “If you can’t keep your course, I’ll send you away from the wheel, my lad!” he said in an angry tone.

Bill muttered under his beard that the yards wanted trimming, as the wind was drawing aft a bit, and he couldn’t keep his course with them braced up fore-and-aft as they were. Hudson understood the muttered explanation, and felt somewhat abashed at his own negligence. Fortunately the Captain was not on deck. The new third mate hurried to the break of the poop and halloed for the watch to lay aft and square the yards a couple of points; which being done, and the commotion having brought the chief mate to the deck, Hudson went forward to slack on the jib and staysail sheets a little. When the bos’n’s mate had performed this to his satisfaction, and the weather fore-braces had been rounded in a little, Hudson walked to the door of the fore-castle and peeped in. Etiquette, Merchant Service etiquette, prevented him from entering except on a matter of ship’s business. So he stood at the door, on the star-board side, and addressed one of the watch below who was darning a stocking, and anon drinking out of a pannikin.

"How is that man Cardiff, my lad? Pretty bad, I suppose?"

A deep groan came from a bunk near the able seaman, and then the voice of Cardiff Price himself replied, very feebly—

"Aye! Pat, old man, I'm food for the sharks. The Doctor almost said as much. I'm bleeding somewhere inside."

"Oh! don't say that, man! I fell from the fore-royal yard in a ship I was rounding the Horn in, and broke my thigh on the jutting of the cross-trees, and hung there half an hour in the dark, before I could be brought down to the deck by the back-stays; and the splints the carpenter made were no good; and three weeks after I had to have the leg broken again in Rio, in the hospital there. Why, Cardiff, an odd rib or two doesn't matter much, mate; you'll soon be right!"

Cardiff's only response was a long groan.

"Come into the fore-castle—Mr. Hudson, sir," said the other able seaman, "Mr. Jonah's only just left him."

Hudson entered, and stood by Cardiff's bunk. Above him, and at both his head and at his feet, a seaman snored heavily. Conversation in a forenoon watch below does not disturb a seaman who has been hauling ropes all night. A ray of bright sunlight, hot and tormenting to the sick man, fell almost vertically on Cardiff's pale face, as his head reclined sideways half over the bunk-board.

"Go up on to the top-gallant fore-castle and pull a rope across that dead-light," said Hudson to the other able seaman, darning his stocking.

"I'll have no light, if I do," said the man.

“Well, then, darr’ your hose on deck. It’s fine weather now.”

“It’s my watch below, ain’t it? G—d— me, but I’ll have my watch below!” cried the man passionately, throwing down the stocking.

“You’ll do what I tell you, my lad. Is that your whack of molasses by your side on the chest? I see you’ve been making molasses grog, and drinking it, too! Now, then, up on deck with you, and darken that dead-light!”

“What the b——,” began the man; “we’re third mate now, eh?”

Hudson looked straight into the man’s eyes, and, lifting his hand, pointed to the deck above. The man cursed under his breath, and went out of the fore-castle, and up the starboard ladder, and in a few moments Cardiff’s face was in shadow.

“Thanks, Pat,” moaned Cardiff; “my eyes were near blinded with the sun. Give me a drink of water, my son! And thanks for the molasses.”

Hudson lifted the other man’s pannikin of molasses water to the quivering mouth above the goatee beard, and the vessel rattled against poor Cardiff’s teeth.

“It’s sweet, but I like it,” murmured Cardiff, in gasps. “I was always very partial to sweet things—since I was at Morven Grammar School—before I ran away to sea—and I used to creep out—of the dormitory at night—to steal sugar from the housekeeper’s private pantry. Ah, me! I wish I’d joined the Royal Navy instead of the Reserve, and now old ‘Chew-the-rag’s’ going to make—a sweet mouthful—for a white-bellied old shark!”

“Sh! don’t say that, Cardiff! You’ll pull through;

that Doctor's a d—d fool. Don't you mind what he tells you.”

Cardiff Price gasped for breath; then he said—

“Aye, but he's a *Jonah*, Pat; he's a *Jonah*. And he will bring—bad luck—to the ship. Mr. Somerville—and me—and all of us. The steward—says that he's ‘*Duffy-Jonah*’ himself—you know—that's what they call—Davy Jones in the—West Indies where he comes from—along with that—other nigger, the emigrants' cook—but, as Cicero—says—Pat, my son—*Superstitio in qua—inest—inanis—timor Dei*’—I ain't—paying out the guf now—I mean what I say; and I believe—in old *Duffy-Jonah* more than—I do in God; it's superstition—but I can't help it—and I haven't—any sense—or I should be a sailorman—I—Lord, help me!—should be at school—again stealing sugar—oh, God! I'm hot as hell!—my chest is—my heart—ah!—there's *Jonah*—there!—there!—*nomen amicitia est*—ah—you—*inane—fides!*”

“Cardiff's growing delirious,” said Hudson to the other man, who had now returned: “moisten his lips with that molasses drink, and I'll send the Doctor for'rd.”

“What in hell am I to drink, if I give him my whack?” said the man. Hudson, who was on the point of leaving, turned back suddenly and lifted his clenched hand. In a second a spot on the man's cheek-bone lay bare of flesh! The man in the top bunk (the old Spanish sailor) opened his eyes at the yell the other man gave. Then he jumped out of the bunk quickly.

“*Yea?* would, eh? You would? *Que gracia!*” * said this other man ironically, and immediately closing

* *Quay Grathia!* (derisively)—What a wonder, now!

with him whom Hudson had struck, and gripping his hands tightly; for the stricken man had put his hand to his belt behind for his sheath-knife.

“Let him go D’Alberquerque,” said Hudson, “and attend to Cardiff; he’s dying. My God! look at the poor fellow. Hold him up! I’ll fetch the Doctor!”

Great gouts of blood were spouting from the ghastly mouth of the sailor; an internal blood-vessel had at length given way in the neighbourhood of a fractured rib. Hudson sped aft along the main deck, pushing aside the emigrants who were lolling about. He found the Doctor in the improvised little surgery under the poop, once an officer’s berth, with a door in a passage leading to the main deck. Beside this berth was this culley-way, or passage, and it had originally led to the fore cabin and saloon; now in the middle of which was the scuttle, or opening, for the single women’s rations to be passed through at meal-times. This scuttle in the partition was now wide open—not that it was dinner-time yet—but for the purpose of clandestine conversation with those on the main deck. Discipline was grower laxer as the days passed. Mrs. Jenkins and Miranda and others had been exchanging tattle about the doings in their respective quarters. Hudson could see several girls through the scuttle—Joanna among them—as he hurried to the door of the surgery, and entered the little piece of passage in order to call the Doctor. The Doctor was reclining in a canvas deck-chair in the “surgery,” and he was reading.

“Well, what is it?” he inquired.

“Man burst a blood-vessel, sir!”

“Who—the injured man?”

“Yes, sir; make haste!”

The girls near the scuttle heard the words, and saw Hudson's eager face. "Oh! and will he die?" cried one; and "God help the poor man!" cried another; and "God help us all!" cried a third.

"All right, Mr. Hudson; I'm coming!" said the Doctor, putting down the book with a sigh. "I told the poor fellow it was a case with him."

"That's the part you need not have told him!" said Hudson sharply.

"So you imagine the knowledge has killed the poor man?" said the Doctor, pushing his gold-rimmed glasses on his nose firmly, and gazing at Hudson with a smile.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Jenkins to her daughter, through the scuttle, "Jenkins says yer to point yer fingers at the Doctor, like this yere!" and Mrs. Jenkins extended her first two digitals and closed the others on the palm of her hand.

"And what is that for?" said Joanna.

"*Wot*, my gal! Jenkins says 'e's a Jetty-tory, like the Pope,* yer know!"

Hudson, after turning to look at Joanna through the scuttle, and receiving a sad smile from her, ran forward again, the Doctor more leisurely following.

Cardiff was now in a very bad way. All the second mate's watch had now turned out of their bunks, seven bells (half-past eleven—the watch-below dinner-time) just having been struck on the fore-castle bell. Many of the emigrants had crowded around the windlass and the fore-castle door, and were peering into the gloom. There were loud murmurs for the Doctor, who, when he arrived, found some difficulty in pushing through the young men. He could hear that word

“Jonah” muttered by more than one of them. The emigrants were adopting the phraseology of the seamen, and one said something about “Davy Jones’s locker” in the approved nautical way. Cardiff was being propped up by the arms of the old Spanish sailor, who was the only one in the watch unconcerned for his dinner. The seamen in the fore-castle made way for the Doctor, who quickly discovered that poor Cardiff Price’s hours, if not minutes, were numbered. Old “Chew-the-rag” was already too weak to drink the gallic acid and water which the Doctor immediately mixed in a pannikin. By his orders the chest of the dying man was deluged with cold water until the fore-castle deck was flooded. The watch below murmured as they ate their pea-soup and biscuit, sitting up on their bunks, to keep their bare feet off the sloppy, blood-stained deck.

When the Doctor tries tincture of arnica, they nod to each other, and twitch their nostrils with contempt. Some of the mate’s watch, Beady, Olsen, and others, have come below, and are looking across from the port side of the fore-castle, and making audible remarks about the case.

“I heard as ’ow turpentine was good for blood-spittin’,” says Beady. “Yer sniff it; that’s ’ow yer take it! I believe in turps! Pain-killer’s made o’ turps, they ses.”

“Blood-spitting, you call it?” cries another. “There won’t be a drop of blood in the man in five minutes; what I say is, give him a good stiff glass of grog!”

“Hold your tongue, man!” says the Doctor. “Do you want to kill him straight off, with your stimulants?”

"I say," cries a man across the fore-castle to Beady, "whose a-killin' of the poor bloke, eh? Not somebody of the name of *Jonah*! What? Look out, boys! Don't let *Jonah* try his hand on you, if you ever want to see the Ratcliffe Highway again. I say! Silvyo Dalbykirk, he'll get well, manyana, eh! Sobry-la-marka, eh! Your bloomin' compysants don't bring him round. I say!"

The old Spanish sailor does not heed the banter; he goes on dashing cold water at the dying seaman's hairy flesh.

But the Doctor looks round an angry flush on his cheek, a bottle in one hand, a pannikin of water in the other, but says nothing. Cardiff is stretched across two sea-chests, and Hudson is now supporting his head. One of the sea-chests belongs to Cardiff Price, but the other, with a crack in its lid, belongs to a man who is attempting to slip a blanket under the dying sailor, in order that the blood and water shall not percolate through the crack and wet his clothing. Cardiff is too weak to moan; he can only lay his wrinkled neck across Hudson's wet arm, and let the blood flow between his pale lips, and down his goat's beard to his hairy chest. He hardly seems conscious of his shipmate's presence.

"How do you feel now?" whispers Hudson in his ear.

Cardiff opens his eyes and closes them again without so much as a moan.

"Go to the cock, one of you men, and fetch some hot water—boiling hot!" says the Doctor. "*Acaba ya! hombre de bien!*" to the old Spaniard, who now desists.

"'Ot water, wot's 'e going to give 'im 'ot water for?" says Beady.

“God help a poor shellback when he falls sick!” says another man.

“It’s an onlucky sheep, mit a Yonah onpoord,” says Olsen. “I shoost find id hart vork do make mad mit vet vool; and I don’d ead mine dinner shoost now! It vas bretty pad times in dis scheep mit a Yonah onpoord!”

Presently there is a commotion at the fore-castle door. The Captain is coming along the deck, and the man with the hot water is telling him about Cardiff Price. Captain and man enter the fore-castle together.

“To hell with that hot water!” cries Captain Jessup in an angry voice. “It’s ice he should have, and give the poor fellow a glass of rum!”

For a moment it seems that the Doctor, who has not spoken to the Captain for several days, is about to address him; but he merely dips a cloth in the hot water, and places it on the chest of the dying man. This is repeated several times, but the bleeding does not cease; it increases rather; and Cardiff grows weaker and weaker, and his scarred cheeks more death-like; and at length he cannot open his eyes in response to Hudson’s words.

The fore-castle was crowded with men now, but they all grew strangely silent. The Captain’s futile reference to ice had made them all conscious of the impossibility of saving Cardiff’s life. Ice on an old wind-jammer! They shook their heads at one another. But the suggested administration of rum seemed feasible relief to them of the sea.

Then the Doctor directed Hudson and another to put Cardiff Price into his bunk again, and to let him pass away quietly.

The Doctor was already hatless. The Captain removed his, and Hudson and the others presently did the same. The emigrants outside turned away, one by one, silently and mournfully, as if it were expected of them to do so. Presently the Captain left the forecastle, the Doctor following, and Hudson spread a blanket over the ghastly goat-like face and blood-befouled body of his shipmate. Then all hands, except two ordinary seamen, went on deck. The master looked into the sailmaker's house as he walked aft, and gave a short command to the occupant of it. The two ordinary seamen washed out the forecastle.

That afternoon, as the sailmaker was stitching some worn-out canvas around the body of Cardiff Price, Olsen's words were on everybody's lips.

"It's an unlucky ship when there's a Jonah on board," said everybody to everybody else, except to the Doctor, who heard it repeatedly, nevertheless. And that evening there were two auctions of seamen's effects instead of one—Olsen was wearing the Naval Reserve man's blue cloth trousers, and Bill his cap; and old "Chew-the-rag's" body had disappeared beneath the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.

CHAPTER VII

ALL that the old Spanish sailor had really claimed for his corporasants came about in orthodox sequence. The prognostication was solely meteorological. The wind held fair, and the *Young Pretender* crossed the line.

A week before there had been some preparation for the celebration of this event; but Cardiff Price was to have been *Neptune*, and one of the crowned sailors—a young ordinary seaman—*Amphitrite*. But now the handle of *Neptune's* trident was restored to the boatswain's locker, along with the deck-scrubbers; and the long manila beard for Cardiff's make-up disappeared into the junk barrel.

Despite the fair breeze, the gloom deepened on the faces of the men; and though there were still more able seamen on board than would have been the case had there been no emigrants, they grumbled among themselves at the reduction in their numbers. The fresh-water allowance having been reduced by reason of the defective condenser increased their ill feelings. Hadson's promotion was another cause of discontent, and not alone among the stamen. In the married people's quarters the wife of the Italian Jenkins began to scatter seeds of dissatisfaction. She found that the blandishments of a rather stout Cockney woman of some eight-and-thirty years (who, in justice, be it stated, looked no more than eight-

and-twenty, for there was not a wrinkle nor a grey hair to betray her age—her daughter Miranda alone did that)—she found that the blandishments that she had practised on the late Mr. Somerville had, when transferred to the new third mate, no effect on her rations of sugar, and preserved potatoes, and salt beef. Consequently it was soon rumoured among the married men and women that they were getting less than their allowance. From the married quarters the rumour spread to the single men's; and it would probably have taken some hold in the single women's; but the ma'ron (who had been treated with quite an ostentatious civility by Hudson, mainly on Joanna's account) silenced it by weighing the provisions herself, in the presence of all the girls. But Hudson's provision book soon showed that the stores had certainly disappeared more rapidly in Mr. Somerville's time, and Mrs. Jenkins's behaviour pointed to some fraction of the reason why. At the end of the first week, about the time the yards of the *Young Pretender* were braced forward again for the steady south-east trade winds, Captain Jessup had ceased to refer to the late third mate as "the best officer that ever sailed under him." The loss of seven men also made the difference in the quantity of stores expended seem greater. The Captain and the new third mate became quite friendly, and the chief mate began to exhibit unmistakable signs of jealousy.

When Patrick Hudson found himself settled as an officer in the saloon, he very quickly made himself at home. It was not the first time he had sailed as an officer, and his bearing showed that he could adopt the manner of officer or able seaman as it pleased him. His manners in the saloon of the *Young Pretender*

were contrasted by Miss Palgrave with those of Mr. Shackley and Mr. Parrish. The Doctor and Eustace Palgrave were both interested in the man. The first, perhaps, because Hudson showed some slight acquaintance with science; and the latter, possibly, because he could converse intelligibly on topics agreeable to the spirit of the dilettante artist and affected Bohemian. Both, perhaps, because the society of such extremely nautical people, as the Captain and his two other mates was becoming a daily burden increasing, *pari passu*, with the length of the voyage. Indeed, the presence of Patrick Hudson in the saloon relieved many an hour of what would have been querulous tedium to Mr. Palgrave; and something that at times deepened into the shadow of ennui to his usually irrepressible sister.

Constance Palgrave, who had never complained of a moment of boredom before the advent of Mr. Hudson, now was heard occasionally to complain of lassitude when the third mate would be absent for hours together on duty, either forward on deck, or down in the store-room by the mainmast in the married quarters, where the opened barrels of pork and beef, and split peas, and kegs of salt butter, required his daily attention. Sometimes she could hear his voice in the after hold, directing the men as they rolled barrels and turned over cases of canned food, preparatory to hoisting them up the after hatchway for the supply of the store-room. His voice would ascend through the ventilator, and she noted the change of idiom from that which he spoke in the saloon. Then she would laugh aloud, and, putting her head into the ventilator, call down, “Oh, you naughty man! do be quiet; I can hear you up here!”

Then there would be a sudden silence in the hold. Once she heard a voice mimic her, and she felt a thrill of pleasure at the response of Hudson to the man "to keep his — tongue between his — teeth, or he'd d—n soon pull it out of his throat!"

The first afternoon that Hudson had entered the saloon she had kept her word and explained the mystery of the thin partition that separated the fore part of the saloon from the fore cabin, which the single women used as a washing place in the early morning, a sitting-room, workroom, and playroom during the day, but deserted during the night. Part of this fore cabin could be used as a hospital, should any of the young women fall seriously ill, an event that had not happened. A ladder from the poop above had been fitted to this quorum fore cabin, as the original outlet was on to the main deck, now blocked by the forward partition across the alley-way, in which the scuttle (referred to in the last chapter) was cut for the transmission of provisions from the galley at meal-times. Miss Palgrave—after second officer's dinner, when Eustace had gone on deck as well as all the others, including the steward (who always smoked his afternoon pipe with his colleague in the ship's cook-house)—Miss Palgrave had showed the new third mate how the matchboarded saloon partition divided his own berth, once twice its breadth, as well as cut off the end of the saloon before the mizen-mast. She pointed out that the steward's temporary privacy was on the other side of the saloon, that the chief mate's berth was two removed from his own, and the one between was full of sails, that the second mate's berth was next to the steward's on the other side (which was immaterial, any way,

because Mr. Parrish was always on deck when Mr. Hudson would be below), and so, with the chief mate fast asleep, and the Captain and Doctor, who both slept at the other end of the saloon, opposite to her own state room and her brother's; and—

“Well! can you not see what I mean, without further explanation? It will be an easy thing for you to pry open one of those thin boards in your berth. Go and look at it; there is only one nail at the top and one at the bottom, and surely six inches is wide enough for——”

Hudson did not look astonished, but merely repeated her own words, “surely six inches is wide enough for——?” making a question of them.

“Why, you silly man, have you never kissed a woman, that you repeat my words like a parrot, without so much as a parrot's inclination to be fondled and petted? Why, my little canary up there comes to the bars of his cage for a kiss from me; look, now! Sweet! sweet!”

She stood on the saloon table and put her lips to the gilded bars of the bird-cage.

“See? How he loves me! Look! *Paddy!*”

She stood there on the table, flushed and laughing, and again Hudson felt tempted to take her in his arms and smother her with the kisses he desired to give another. She stepped down to the settee, standing a moment by his side; and thence—requesting the assistance of his hand—stepped to the deck. It was more than weak flesh could resist, and Hudson took her in his arms, and in a second had not only given, but had also received a dozen passionate kisses.

Constance Palgrave gently disengaged herself presently from his embraces, and pushed him away,

smiling. Hudson looked foolish and embarrassed ; and stood there silent before the woman who had had her way after all. Then he said softly, " I am so sorry, but I did not know what I was doing."

" You silly man ! " said Miss Palgrave ; " you poor, starved, silly man ; I thought you would eat me ! Oh ! how poor Joanna will suffer some day ! "

Again that charming tolerance of another's love for him !

" Nay—er, Miss Palgrave, mention her not at this moment ; I feel so ashamed of myself ; I cannot say why."

The adventurer and nautical knockabout stood there like a schoolboy before his first mistress—severe, yet encouraging.

" Nonsense ! Fiddlesticks !—You're not ashamed, Paddy. I shall call you *Paddy*, in private ; do you hear ? I prefer Paddy to Pat ; you have kissed many a woman before you did me, I'll be bound—why, I can tell that you have ! So none of that masculine hypocrisy ! I suppose you will tell that poor innocent Joanna that she is the first one you have loved ? *Cela se donne des airs de petit innocent !* Dear me, what creatures you men are, to be sure ! Come ! kiss me again, there is nobody near ; I am not an ugly woman, am I ? and I will only confess to six-and-twenty years ; so—so, I am still young and innocent ! Foolish fellow ! *Tenez !* "

But Hudson had not kissed her again—just then. He indeed felt a very foolish fellow. He had requested her to forget that he had kissed her at all ; and presently retired to his berth, to smoke and read the afternoon watch away. Anon his eyes would stray toward the new boards of the temporary par-

tition, which had converted what was once a roomy first-class state room into a smaller berth, and which divided him from those women's voices he could indistinctly hear conversing about poor Cardiff Price, the Doctor, the ship, and (for a few moments) about himself. That was now the matron's louder voice, and she seemed to be saying something flattering about himself, for he plainly heard a voice like Bridget Slattery's calling down the lower ladder to the "tween-decks, "Come up, Johanna, and hear all the good things the matron is after saying about Mr. Hudson!" And then he heard Miranda Jenkins respond sharply, "Ye're gittin' mitey smart, Blady! 'ow'd yer like to be made game of yerself?"

Patrick Hudson, adventurer and seaman, smoking and reading on his side of the thin partition, kept raising his eyes to look at it; and he noticed that a broad-bladed tool like a chisel could very easily pry open one of those lightly-nailed boards; for the two small nails that Constance (he was beginning to carry her Christian name in his thoughts)—that Constance Palgrave had indicated were both on his side of it. The nails also could very easily be replaced, and nobody would ever detect that they had been removed! They were new-fashioned American wire-nails, why, he could draw them with his own strong teeth! One board, next to a stanchion, was not even tongued into a groove like the remainder. He could see a streak of daylight between it and the stanchion. He gave way to pleasant thoughts of midnight meetings with Joanna, and he felt it his duty to tell himself that he detested Constance—Miss Palgrave, who would be in the secret. But could Joanna be persuaded to come to the narrow opening like Miss Palgrave's bird

to the bars of its cage? How that canary had pecked at the beautiful lips! He even found a strange pleasure in telling himself that there was no need to detest her—this lady time-killer past her youth—for then she seemed only a very pleasant and necessary vehicle for his love to travel on to its consummation. It was a delightful paradox. But would Joanna consent?

That night on, ne poop, after the young women had been locked below for the night, Miss Palgrave came to him and said that if he heard a light tap on the partition about half-past twelve (one bell), he might remove the board and have his desire. All in the cabin and in the 'tween-decks would be asleep at that time, and there was no light whatever in the fore cabin after ten o'clock. Hudson had half-ashamedly thanked her, and counted the long minutes until eight bells (twelve o'clock midnight), when he and the chief mate were relieved by the second mate and boatswain. Then, when he had locked the door of his berth and put out his little lamp, he gently loosened the board with a broad scraper, made from a flat file which he had obtained from the boatswain's locker. The nails could presently be easily withdrawn by the fingers alone. Then he sat down and waited for the expected tapping on the thin bulkhead of his berth.

His heart was beating tumultuously as one bell drew near, and he could hear the heavy breathing of the chief mate, the nearest occupant of the saloon to his berth. He was to tap himself in response, said Constance Palgrave. Perhaps Joanna was waiting there in the dark fore cabin already! He would tap now. He did so, very lightly, then again—louder, but got no response. He tapped again, but

he still got no response ! The straining and creaking that, even in steady light winds, is common below decks in sailing-ships, emboldened him to tap harder. Then one bell was struck on the poop, and he rapped again. At intervals of about five minutes he repeated the rapping, but he got no reply whatever ; and at last at two bells (one o'clock) he carefully pressed back the nails with the flat steel scraper, and got into his bunk and fell asleep, calling himself, and feeling himself, a very foolish man.

The next night it was his middle watch on deck ; but during the dark second dog watch he had contrived to speak a few words to Joanna, as she waited on the lee side of the fore-cabin hatch, seemingly for him to speak to her. She hung her head at his words of soft reproach, and at first had said nothing, but she sighed much.

He said she was cruel to torture him. At which she made a brave struggle to remain silent.

Then she said : “ Ah ! Pat, and would you have me meet you in the dark like that ? Sure, it can't be wrong, or a nice lady-like Miss Palgrave wouldn't ask me to, I know well enough ; but I've never done the like of it before. She has the fine quality ways—but it's hard for one like me, Pat ! And then that black Kerry one ; ah ! I heard her step on the ladder. There ! now I've given myself away ! Bad luck to her ! ”

“ And you were *there*, after all ! ” said Hudson joyously ; “ that ‘ step ’ was my rapping ! ”

“ No ! indeed, I was waiting to go to the place Miss Palgrave told me, for nearly half an hour. I could hear nothing but the step of her ! But I was ashamed and afraid. And when I went below to

my bed again, there was Biddy Slattery in her bunk, with a piece of candle alight, letting on that she was saying her beads, by the way! Oh! how I hate that one! I am sure she must have followed me up the ladder in the dark. Promise me never to look at her, Pat! She's working evil between us! Ah! if Miss Palgrave only knew!

"You only imagine that," had whispered Hudson. "Promise to meet me at the same time to-morrow night!" And he continued in the like strain until the footsteps of the matron warned them to separate.

And at last Joanna had promised her lover, on the condition that he would not speak to Bridget Slattery again. Joanna's fondness for Miss Palgrave, and her hatred for Bridget, stirred what little irony lay in his temperament; but he kept his word, and easily avoided the dark-haired Kerry girl, and conversed freely with Miss Palgrave during the day following, Joanna throwing him many an affectionate glance when she could do so unobserved. Hudson compared, almost unconsciously, the vivacious, tolerant, and careless Constance with the beautiful Irish girl, prone to fits of melancholy and fierce suspicion. The adventurer within him delighted, he looked into her pale grey eyes and read there a comprehension of himself. Such a woman as Constance, of course, understood his nature completely, and never could such a one make him feel worse than he was. And what sound white teeth she had, and what dimpled corners to her mouth! Her merry laughter was contagious, and when she talked about the "Latin Quarter" and the "freedom" of the life there, he almost felt inclined to unbosom himself of some of his own experiences.

Eustace Palgrave listened in his languid way, but said little. He had that afternoon begun a study of Biddy Slattery—which he intended to work into a picture of two figures, the other being Miranda’s—and what he had to say was chiefly about the effect of light on black glossy hair. “Red hair, such as Joanna’s, was more paintable under artificial light,” he said. The second burial at sea, strangely enough, had not added to the taciturnity he had at first shown; some indication of petting, he had indeed somewhat recovered his normal, half-critical, half-bored demeanour. Mr. Shackley was gently bantered as before, and Eustace received the chief mate’s caustic remarks in something approaching good-humour. But the general discontent aboard the *Young Pretender* was continually disturbing the harmony of the saloon (what had remained of the original supply), and the relations existing between the Captain and the Doctor were a constant factor in making up the mass of general discord. The Captain’s growing admiration for his new third mate was already another; and Miss Palgrave’s undisguised preference for Hudson’s company was certainly yet another, and an important one. Shackley was professionally jealous; but both he and Mr. Parrish, the second mate—men of a different type altogether from Hudson—were annoyed at the manners of the promoted woman—manners which they felt (being both seamen of the old born-to-the-trade school) reflected upon themselves. They both, following the Captain, had ostracised the Doctor, and the word “Jonah” was as much on their lips as on his, or on those of any of the crew; but Hudson treated the Doctor with respect, and, affecting his society, conversed freely with him. And yet the

Captain was not offended with Hudson! What was the Merchant Service coming to? "To think of one of the after-guard currying favour with the old man by giving the emigrants short allowance, and saving a few ha'porth of stores!" said the second mate to the chief.

"Oh, you've been listening to idle talk," said the mate magnanimously; "they get their proper allowance, and a d—n right too good it is for 'em, too, the bog-trotting lot; but there's just as good sailormen as Patrick Hudson in the ship, and that wouldn't give themselves the airs he does. You would think, to hear him talk to the Captain, that he had a master's ticket, instead of a greaser's! And the way them gals fancy him, well——" and Mr. Shackley poked out his unshaven chin towards the second mate.

"I take you! Aye, aye, I take you, Mr. Shackley! He's got the gift o' the gab, that's it—with womenfolk or manfolk, just as it jibes on either quarter. But, Lor! it don't bring him a cent more o' wages! And his time as third don't count at the Board o' Trade."

Hudson had indeed the "gift of the gab," and when the humour to exercise that gift fell upon him he even astonished the Doctor and Mr. Palgrave at the way he kept Captain Jessup almost spellbound, gazing at his new third mate with admiration and self-congratulation.

And Joanna D'Arcy had felt the full force of this gift, a whispered flow of sweet persuasive endearments. On that chance opportunity in the early equinoctial dusk—she lingering behind, the last to go below (the matron with her jingling keys looking for loiterers in the gloom at the other end of the poop)—she had promised to meet him the next night, and she had

protested that nothing should keep her from the tryst.

To his third or fourth knock against the thin board of his berth had come no answer, however. Ah! her modesty alone prevented her from returning his signal, of course! As two bells struck he had pulled out the nails, removed the board, and thrust his arm through the narrow opening his imagination filled with a picture of her supple warm body clothed only in a night garment. She would affect some slight resistance, but she would find her lover bold with the knowledge that consent had brought her to the tryst, and no affectation of reluctance might gainsay it!

Then she would yield to that long, passionate outpouring of loving words that seemed to be an objective part of the picture, and their trembling, hot lips would be at last pressed together in that narrow six inches of space for whole minutes at a time; he never releasing her thrilling body for an instant! The man felt faint with the excessive pleasure of anticipation. Between his kisses his lips should find time to whisper all that was in his mind; nights, and nights to come, of love, nothing but love!

But Joanna was not there! He waited some time, and then restored the board to its place. What thoughts were these that now began to agitate his mind? There was no sleep for the rest of his watch below; but only, as his head cooled a little, a rapid succession of soberer thoughts. And one very sober thought persisted in returning every other moment, the thought that he, Patrick Hudson, deserved severe self-reprobaton. What had he premeditated? This young Irishwoman, of the same affectionate and

emotional race as that of his own mother, had poured forth her love for him, between her ejaculations of the name of the Almighty God. It was that Name that continually rose in its three great capital letters in his imagination, and seemed to condemn his conduct. "Well, he had kissed women before, and it had not troubled him much, and he was not going to play the hypocrite to himself; to him, Patrick Hudson, ready to throw his bag aboard any ship that came his way, to sling his blanket over his shoulder and spend a month in the Australian bush, or to loaf away sunny days on a South American beach! Kiss? kissing? Why he was growing objectionably moral, that's what it was! That Glasgow girl didn't think much of kissing; she could have given Constance Palgrave a few points on all that made life sweet to a tramp of the world, blest with robust health and a surplusage of animal spirits. He could not forget, however, that to Joanna he had spoken words that he had never spoken to any other woman, though they were in direct request by her. They were those he had uttered the night of the concert: "I shall love you always, I shall be true to you, and so what matters about other women? Let us love each other, Joanna!"

The serious, deep, almost mysterious fervency of Joanna's temperament now became a troublesome thought. He almost felt aggrieved that she should have spoken of the future. He told himself that he ought to detest Constance for her strange way of bringing about such an opportunity for Joanna to be drawn into a fool's paradise. Why, a month after the ship arrived in Australia, where would Patrick Hudson be? In a whaler, bound South about? In a schooner bound for the Fee-Jees? Felling timber,

blue gum-trees, beyond the blue mountains of New South Wales? Anything, but not a prospective husband for any woman, Joanna D'Arcy nor any other! A woman like the vivacious, attractive Constance Palgrave, with the independence of motive that comes of a private fortune, and with the experience of travel, knew him and his nature as well as he did himself. She could wave a hand on a deck or wharveside—and forget straightway. How lightly must lie the foolishnesses of careless love in the breast of such as she! And then Joanna's unreasonable suspicion of the dark Kerry girl came like a cloud between him and the young woman he had just seen (in heated imagination) clasping with his arm and loving with his lips.

Ah! he could love with his lips, but he had no soul for invoking the name of God to bless his love! Joanna was taking him too seriously altogether. Her absence to-night was an instance of the prudery of a woman who contemplated matrimony! Matrimony? Her brother Dominick had suggested the probability of marriage after the voyage was done, had he not? At least he had spoken the word! The more he thought of Joanna's exacting, self-interested affection for him, the more he contrasted Miss Palgrave's careless, irresponsible joy in the mere physical manifestations of love.

He could not sleep, and presently a sudden fear fell upon his soul.

A great fear fell upon him for the first time in his life. It made him light his little lamp and look for a book to pass the next two hours with. For sleep was further away than ever.

He had several books of his own; but Miss Palgrave had given him a few books that very afternoon. One

of hers would surely suit his mood? They were lying in the bottom bunk of the berth along with a spare boat's sail, a couple of boat's compasses in their little binnacles, and a few hanks of sail twine. He took up the first that came to his hand; it was a book of short stories written in the analytical mode that was finding favour already with the idler-thoughted among the British race. One of these stories seemed to harmonize and set in proper key the discordant thoughts of his mind. At least it presently engaged his interest; and, like many another reader, he began to find analogies within himself (however contrary to his experiences, in fact, were those related). Indeed, the chief male character in the story was in many points the diametrical opposite of his own spirit, and the fictitious experience that made the groundwork of the tale the absolute reverse to any of his own. "*This man of my story*," he read, in the words of the novelist—

"This man of my story had never known the love of woman; neither as maiden loves youth, nor as wife husband, nor as mistress the protector of a light name." ("I pity him," said Hudson.) *"In his earlier manhood his patient, steady, almost solemn temperament, had fought well against the buffeting of external life and the poignancy of interior disappointments; for he had at first cultivated a philosophy that had for its central axiom—'What is, is well; for were it otherwise it would still be what is.'"* ("I've felt like that myself.") *"But as he grew older, and his youth departed for ever, moments of gloom began to stretch into long days of it. Not that the world had pitted itself, as it were, more bitterly against him; but that he had come to expect it to do so in a lesser degree. His patience had not met with its reward; and*

it needed a different order of philosophy than his to kill for ever that foolish expectancy of mundane benefits, or pleasures, a philosophy that experience of life in more sanguine men is founded on both a worship of and a contempt for the uncertainty of Chance.”

(“Um, um,” said Hudson. “I wonder has Miss Palgrave read this story? This would not suit Bill, the quarter-master. There is certainly a lot of ‘old rag’ before we come to the girl, and I see further on there is some ‘religion’ in it. However, let us turn back a little. Here’s the man’s description; it would suit me in most particulars, I think; but if I heard aright the other day, Mr. Palgrave, or was it Constance—I mean Miss Palgrave? But I know that I am a handsome fellow. I’d be a fool if I didn’t know that.” And Hudson leaned his head forth from the bunk to look at himself in the square foot of mirror screwed to the bulkhead on a level with the top bunk. He smiled at himself in the glass with a vanity that would have been superabundant in the vainest of women.) Then he went on reading—

“The man was of sound and healthy body, and mentally of attractive, and indeed of exceedingly clever, parts; as his past life conclusively proved. What strange destiny was that which had denied one, with well-formed figure; intelligent, thoughtful clear, steady eyes; with ruddy cheek; red lips, and a white, regular set of teeth; with a sympathetic manner of address; and a voice that was more than pleasant in the ordinary sense, rather of uncommon richness of quality; what strange destiny was it that had denied him from childhood until his fortieth year the affection of any woman?” (“Ah, I am but thirty,” said Hudson, “and women have loved me. I think this man must have been a—ah!”)

"At a select reception", or in the drawing-rooms of wealthy middle-class society, after two minutes' conversation he usually blundered into the depths below the surface of things. He habitually committed the unpardonable offence of saying what he thought, and very often all he thought, if his hearers permitted him; and that is as unpardonable as any form of malice; for nobody forgives careless sincerity. He had no drawing-room talk, as differentiated from after-dinner talk when ladies were not present; for his mind was as pure as the subjects he chose to speak about in either dining- or drawing-room. His sincerity should have cleansed everything to everybody; but society never did permit that sincerity should ever enlarge on the ever-living truths of life, except in the uncompromising vernacular of decayed make-believe. He had begun to discover that there is less make-believe in the apology of society for its own vagaries, than in the admission of its sins. In a drawing-room, men and women have assembled to make-believe that they are deceiving each other; yet nobody deceives his neighbour; and it is simply the common, or the universal temperament, of a period, that for a few brief years overrides at stated times of human congregation the individual temperament that would unfold in the more secret of its workings." (Hudson's thoughts strayed a moment toward Constance Palgrave, and her unconventional animalism, overlaid by a stratum of culture.)

"No man more than he had surely ever longed for the friendship of woman; for for the kindnesses that good women may show toward men without question of wrong." ("Ah! without question of wrong; good!") "Both men and women had received favours from him, for he had given of his intellect to the favoured of Pluto; and to the unfortunate, the free assistance of a generous

purse.” (“Well, a man can buy a woman, but he can’t buy a woman’s love ; and he can’t buy himself a substitute ! This man seems to have been as unfortunate as the boatswain’s mate, who swears he’s never—no matter.”) “*His life had been pure*” (“Hum !”), “*placid, and to a great extent solitary ; abstemious always. For fame, and it certainly was his among many thousands, of his fellow-countrymen, he cared little or nothing. His critical writings were studied by other and lesser men, who affected to depreciate his judgments in private ; and in public treated him to the flattery of careful incognizance ; while they pilfered his ideas, his opinions, and sometimes his phraseology. But he cared little what men thought of his talent ; for his temperament was one that had left him impatient hunger for other joys than those which come from literary fame ; and those joys his destiny had denied him.*” (“Poor devil !”) “*When a friend would sit with him in his study of an evening and talk of art ; and the life of the literary artist ; of the author ; of the critic ; he would listen, courteously attentive in outward seeming ; but an irrelevant word would suddenly betray that his mind was bent on other sources of serenity than the satisfactions of masculine friendship. He would say sometimes, ‘I write as so do you ; I have money and so have you ; you are not an old man, neither am I ; your writing may be all in all to you, though women have favoured you with their love ; but I, whose work you rate so high and which you tell me others also do, well, I believe I would sacrifice any possible praise by men and women of my work for two slim white arms around my neck, and the kiss of a kind woman, who loved me, on my lips. Now laugh, if you choose !’*” (Again Hudson’s thoughts turned to Constance Pagrave.)

The analysis continued: "He had never known a sister's love, nor had desired such. Nature, which so frequently gives one woman all male children, and another all female children, seldom plants the seeds of desire in the hearts of these sisterless and brotherless offspring, a desire for an affection which nature has decreed impossible. But men and women shall, by the law of attraction, the like for the unlike, seek ever for the torments of bi-sexual union. A sacrament is a thing of Spirit; supernatural; and nature is indifferent to it, or there would be an end to torment and temptation. And this man knew nothing of the Sacrament that is like the herb Moly against the enchantment and the tortures of love. His friend, whom women had loved, and whose love he had rejected, had plagiarized Herrick's verses 'Upon Love,' and bantered the man with them—

"You play with Love as with the Fire
The wanton Satyr did;
Nor can you know, nor can desire,
What under there is hid:
Thou Satyr he but burnt his lips,
But you's the greater smart,
When—kissing, Love's dissembling chips—
The fire roast you heart!"

("Ah, I like that!" said Judson. "I wonder what Constance thinks of this singular story! Ah! here's the woman of it; enter Woman!")

"But one was to appear upon the horizon of his life, not one of 'Solomon's cruel creatures' that so often 'bringeth a man to repentance,' but one who may rather be described in the words of Nicholas Breton, one whose virtue is continence, 'her labour patience, her diet abstinence, and her care conscience.' Indeed, so much was conscience her care that it seems, it was the only

thing that kept her from joining a company of religious ; for she deemed herself unworthy of association with those whom she erroneously considered more austere than herself.” (Hudson affected a shudder.) “ Her beauty was that of a lily set in a sunrise ; by which it may be understood that she was a slim, pale woman, with reddish hair of a golden cast rather than of an auburn. Since her schooldays she had been in the keeping of an aunt, fast becoming a devotee herself, and the disciple of an ascetic doctrinaire (a cleric of great sanctity without doubt), and his maxims were revered by both aunt and niece as the very words of Holy Writ.” (Another shudder, not so affected, by Hudson.) “ The man once said to the young woman, when they were at a gallery of pictures, ‘ I hold with Plato that through art our souls must mount upward to beauty, rising from the contemplative love of fair forms to fair deeds, from fair deeds to fair thoughts, and from fair thoughts to the loveliness that is uncreated, that secret and holy beauty.’ And the pale woman, with cheek as rigid as ivory, and lips as emotionless as carved jasper, turned her pure grey eyes to his, and responded without the shadow of a smile, ‘ I have heard Father Jarmony say to Aunt Delia that “ the beauty of this world is a snare of the Evil One.” ’ ” (Hudson crossed himself swiftly.) “ And how, then, can we contemplate it so as to rise to the uncreated loveliness, as you say ? ” “ We must,” he replied, “ not only contemplate, but enjoy ; and feel to the very core of our hearts what earthly beauty is ; or our souls can never arise and welcome perfect loveliness at all ! ” He could see another of Father Jarmony’s maxims in her pure and solemn eyes, and sighed. “ Oh, let us skip a few pages,” said Hudson, “ These people are not flesh and blood.”)

"It was a cold winter evening some weeks later that I found myself"—("Oh, who is I?—the fictitious narrator?")—"found myself sitting in the window-seat at his chambers; the front room used as his study. The lamp had not been lighted, and I awaited his coming in the dusk; expecting him, as usual, to come alone. The door was open wide, and when I heard his step on the stair I turned away from the window of the large room—the one furthest from the door, for there were three windows—out of which I had been looking; and I made a step forward to greet him. Owing to the noise made by the carts rumbling over the paving-stones of the street, perhaps, I had not detected a second and a lighter footfall than his; for now I could plainly hear two in the passage at the head of the stairs; and in a second I heard two voices; his (a voice which trembled strangely) and a woman's; whom I recognized as that of the lady he had been frequently seen with of late in public. Before I could make my presence known—and, indeed, while I hesitated half-ashamed to do so—I heard her voice utter a sharp word of remonstrance, and he had replied, 'Nay, it is no sin; it is of the virtue that saves from sin; I will not take it, as men do, with a show of violence that the affected resistance of a woman may allow her to save her conscience, or her prudery; but I will ask you, yourself, of your own free will to kiss me in token of that joy which can alone make life worth living to me. Come, dear heart! trust me! and let me feel for once in my life that two souls have overridden the barriers of the senses and are at one with the love of heaven and the delight of the supersensual.'" ("Cunning fellow, that!")

"Had there been even a pause, perhaps my attempt at a cough had been heard by one or both; but she re-

sponded, immediately and loudly, every word she spake slowly dropping into its grammatical place, rounding and completing each sentence. And presently she had stepped backward, I thought, and he had released her hands, or there was no meaning in her subsequent, 'There, that's better. Thank you! No, you have not hurt my hands. You were not rough. But I cannot—never—do what you wish. Since my parents died I have kissed nobody but my aunt, and her only at morning and night; so that if you desire to remain my friend, you must never ask me such a thing again; for it is asking me to commit a carnal sin deliberately and inexcusably.'

Hudson put down the book. He had never met this type of woman; and he could not conceive that such had ever existed. And the man in the story that was not man enough to know that every woman that has health and youthful blood in her body can never be won by philosophy and metaphysical obscurities seemed a feeble creature. But so much as he had read had produced a mood, semi-religious and conscienceful. He began to contrast his own view of life with that of the woman in the story. The selfsame action of himself with Constance Palgrave, of himself and Joanna Darcy, had utterly different significations, of course! The name of the Almighty that Joanna had invoked would also persist in coming between her and himself; and when six bells had struck (three o'clock) he was still lying awake, his mind filling with self-accusation of a sin he had but committed in imagination.

For a moment he had fallen into a light slumber, the lamp still burning at his bunk-head. Then he suddenly grew more wakeful than ever. Why, surely that was a gentle tapping on the thin partition?

No ! it must have been a rat scuttling about that fore cabin floor ! He turned on his side and put out the little reading-lamp screwed to the opposite bulkhead, and composed himself for an hour's sleep. No ! no sleep ; and, surely ? yes ! that was a gentle knock on the partition at his feet ? Could it be—Joanna ? He quietly got out of his bunk, and stood leaning against the partition. He put his hand, the flat of his palm, on the board that he had removed before. Again a knock ; and he felt the board itself vibrate ! Then pressing his ear against the partition, near the crack between the board and stanchion, he heard a whispered name. It was his own name, and it was *Joanna's* whisper.

She also could not sleep. Love had brought her bare feet and glowing body, and beautiful face, to the tryst ; after all !

Hudson's imagination was on fire again as he thought of that heavy rich red hair falling below her waist ; of the soft young lips pouting for his kisses ; of the yielding waist ; of the soft warm bosom that was all his for the taking ; and the perspiration was heavy on his forehead as he wrestled with his conscience. Six inches of boarding and two slender nails between the two beating hearts ! Could not two or even *three* boards be easily removed, swiftly removed, and as swiftly replaced ? Two were ample room for the passage of her body. There was one nail to each. When one board was removed these nails would come away with the next board at one little pull. Those carpenters at Plymouth scamped hidden corners of their work such as this ; or did never such a situation as this arise in the minds of the Board of Trade Surveyor ? "God of God ! how easily and quickly can she come to both my arms !" thought Hudson.

The name of the Deity lingered on his lips. Yet—God Himself knew—what was a kiss but the touching of one part of a woman’s body with one’s like part? Hand to hand, or lip to lip, what mattered? Then would he send her to bed after one fond kiss; just one? Was it but a kiss he meditated?

Again the gentle knock, and again the whispered name, and then he heard her soft footfall, and the brushing of her night garment against a piece of paper on the deck as if she were turning away. He put his lips to the crevice between the stanchion and the movable board, but said nothing. He would wait just a little longer. In a moment she had knocked again, and he felt her warm breath actually on his lips! He put his ear where his lips had been, and listened in the darkness, trembling with the struggle between his emotions and his conscience.

“Oh, are you waking, darling?” (Tap, tap.) “Will you not answer your own ‘hanna,’ who has kept her promise and loves you madly? Ah! for God’s sake, speak just one kind word to me, Pat!” (Rap.)

In the darkness Hudson stood silent and trembling still. The name of the Deity on this Irish girl’s lips came between him and his desire. Above his head he could hear the regular, rhythmic footsteps of the second mate and the boatswain, walking side by side; the fittings in the saloon and the fore cabin creaking gently and intermittently as the vessel lurched in the rising sea; the chief mate snoring in the next berth but one to his own. Half an hour ago he had not heeded such things; he had seen (in that delightful mental picture) pressing one long, last, good night on Joanna’s responsive lips, and almost crushing

her against the thin boarding with his strong right arm. Now, he heard more than these sounds; he heard his own heart pulsating, and he heard the name of God spoken within his own mind! Never had Hudson been brought, willy-nilly, into the supreme court of conscience before on such a count as this! And he felt a sudden rebellion against his Judge. That stupid, impossible story, too, was making a fool of him, and Constance Palgrave had read it, of course; she, who would! But would she? In a flash there came to the man an illuminative mental picture of the safety of the shallow Constance Palgrave, and of the peril of this deep-natured girl.

"Mac De ar g—cumbdac! Take down the board, Pat! I can hear you breathing beside me! What ails my darling at all?" (Tap, tap, on the partition.) "Is it making game of me you are, like the others? Well, the Son of God be between us and all harm! I'll go to rest again! Good night! I can't believe you're making a fool of me! No! God in heaven forbid! Say good night! No? Ah!"

Her peril was past, and would Joanna ever know it? Seven bells (half-past three) struck presently, and there was no other noise but the creaking of the cabin fittings, the snoring of the chief mate, and the steady tramping of the two men on the poop deck above.

Eight bells (four o'clock) struck, and only one pair of feet were tramping the poop deck. The other pair were descending the companion-way to the saloon; they were those of the boatswain, and they were bringing him down to arouse the two officers for the morning watch. The boatswain went first of all to the berth of the subordinate officer, and turned the

handle of the berth. The door, as usual, was unlocked, and it yielded to the boatswain's hand, but only about six or seven inches. There was something against it like a foot or a boot, so the boatswain put his mouth to the opening and called out, not too loudly (by the Captain's standing orders)—

“Eight bells, Mr. Hudson, sir; rouse and *shiao*, sir; show a *leg*, sir! eight *bells*, sir! I can't get in to light your lamp, sir!”

He waited for the usual response before fastening the door; and, when it came, it certainly struck the boatswain that the third mate was lying in the bottom bunk among the boats' binnacles and sail twine and other things: certainly not in the top bunk upon his straw mattress, as on the night before.

Then he went and aroused the chief mate, shaking him by the arm, as that officer slept very soundly, and often needed a second and a third call.

Patrick Hudson's voice had indeed proceeded from the direction of the lower bunk in his berth; for he had fallen asleep leaning over it, kneeling beside it; and it was his outstretched foot being touched by the door that had awakened him. Patrick Hudson, adventurer, no better man than he should have been, had been kneeling in prayer before he fell asleep!

When he gained the poop, some minutes before the chief mate, he walked to the break and mustered the port watch; ordered the wheel and lookout to be relieved; took the orders for the mate, and bade the second mate a good morning sleep. Then he went down to the main deck to see that all braces were well belayed, the breeze having freshened. Until half-past five—coffee-time—there was nothing further to do; but Hudson kept to the

quarter-deck in preference to the poop, and the chief mate therefore had that deck all to himself. It was still quite dark, and Hudson stood up on one of the after bits and looked toward the east for the first streak of dawn.

"He had both wished and thought the quarter-deck to be quite deserted; but a voice behind him called his name. Dominick D'Arcy, who had adopted the prevailing nautical fashion among the seamen in congenial weather and walked in his bare feet (like many of the male and some of the female emigrants), stood just behind him. Hudson had not heard his soft approach, and seemed somewhat embarrassed at his greeting.

"We have had little talk together of late, Mr. Hudson."

"No, Dominick; what are you doing out of your bunk at this early hour?"

"Oh, it's my two hours—or rather one hour—as some of the men are up at five—and then I shall lie down till seven, perhaps. I have come aft to make my quarter-hour report, 'All's well!'"

"The emigrants laugh at your vigilance, Dominick. You are the only one now that troubles about making a report, I think. Some of the men don't keep watch at all, I believe; is it not so?"

"It is, then; but some nights there's half a dozen of them awake all through. They're great gamblers and have a little money among them, and an odd sailor or two joins them."

"And how do they see to play cards after ten o'clock? Isn't that your 'lights-out' time?"

"Ah, well, Mr. Hudson, I'm not going to tell on them; and I know you sailormen don't trouble about

such things ; but they have found the means to see right enough.”

“Well, why shouldn’t they have ?” said Hudson carelessly. “I suppose some of them have candles, eh ?”

“Oh, faith ! they have a better light ‘than that ; but they all go to bed when I am on watch, so I must not tell on them. And they hang up a blanket and make a little corner for themselves, and keep quiet when I’m lying down ; so what matters !”

“Aye, what matters ?” said Hudson lightly. “The second mate has all the paint and paraffin oil in his charge—he’s the ship’s greaser, not *me* ; and I suppose a pint of oil lasts those men a week in their bully-tin lamp ?”

“How well you know everything. Mr. Hudson ! I need not have told you at all, it seems ; but I feel a little nervous sometimes.”

“Many’s the pint of oil I’ve stolen out of a ship’s paint-lecker in my time,” said Hudson, “so you don’t expect me to report a little thing like *that*, do you ? Shipowners rob the sailormen oftentimes, I can tell you !”

The third mate spoke as if somewhat irritated at D’Arcy’s hesitating answer ; and the latter responded quickly that he was sorry that he had referred to the matter at all, and inquired about his sister.

“It will be Sunday to-morrow,” said Dominick, “and —”

“To-day, you mean ; there’s the dawn,” said Hudson.

“To-day is Sunday, of course,” said D’Arcy, “and I’ll be up there on the poop in the afternoon with her.”

"Aye ! I suppose you will, Dominick."

Hudson spoke as if the matter were of no interest to him.

"I will; and Miss Palgrave has asked me to play something on my violin for the girls ; so I shall bring my instrument and amuse you all. I hope it will be fine, but the wind is strengthening."

"That's the south-east trade wind," said Hudson ; "it will be fair, steady, breezy weather for the next week or two ; and it may let us inside of Tristan, and then we'll get our strong westerly gales for running our casting."

"Miss Palgrave," continued Dominick, "said, in her note that the blackamoor brought me yesterday, that she can give me an introduction to a gentleman whom she knew in Paris, and who is manager of a theatre now in Australia ; so I will try for a first violin in an orchestra while waiting for a situation as an organist. And then she knows people who will help me to first-rate tuition, too. You and Johanna may see me conducting an orchestra perhaps some day ! I write music, as you know ; perhaps I will be conducting my own operas !"

Dominick seemed this morning, in contrast to the prevailing mood among the majority of emigrants lately, to be in quite buoyant spirits. Hudson got down off the bits, and looked keenly into the face of his companion. The dawn was lifting, and Dominick's face had quite lost its habitual melancholy. So Constance—Miss Palgrave had sent Dominick a note ? She had done that more than once before. Well, what of that, any way ? What was that to him—the third mate of the *Young Pretender*—or to anybody else ? But the words "you and Johanna"

certainly gave him some pause. Hudson collected his wandering thoughts.

“Your sister, Miss D’Arcy, is always delighted to have you with her on Sundays, Dominick.”

D’Arcy looked at Hudson, and nodded his head. He had noticed the formal way Hudson had referred to his sister; but none of the gravity that had shown itself on a former occasion when she had been a subject of their dialogue shaded his words as he said lightly, “Mind yourself, Mr. Hudson! So it’s *Miss D’Arcy*, now you’re flard mate! Ah! well, to be sure that girl Bidday from Kerry is a real Ronsin Dubh, and has an eye like a witch, but—the least said soonest mended. You seamen are strange people; first one and then another; they say a sailor has a wife in every port. Now, if I were to fall in love with a lady——”

Hudson breathed freely, and the keen, eager look died out of his eyes. Yet he felt strangely irritated at Dominick’s subsequent words, as the ingenuous young musician unfolded his mind to the seaman to whom he had become so strongly attached.

“If I were to win the love of a lady—and perhaps my talent may do that some day—I would not bring one line of sadness into her happy face; for she, whom I would teach how to love me, would be as light of heart as morning air: as bright as yonder sky over there where the sun will soon be coming. A lady who would love my music as part of myself.” After a pause Dominick continued: “That lady in the saloon—Miss Palgrave—to change the subject—er—she understands a great deal about the technique of the art; you would be surprised if I told you all she knows about music. Last Sunday she and I were

talking for an hour together" (Hudson interjected a short "I know"), "and she showed such great interest in my career as a student of music, and said I should have gone to Paris or Leipsic or Brussels to study. She knew one of our Dublin professors who was an Italian; she knew him in Paris. And she knew poor Bizet, too, the great Bizet! When I told her that I was Irish, she would hardly believe me, and said she always liked the Irish" ("She didn't know that you were—er, Miss D'Aicy's brother, of course," said Hudson ironically)—"she loves the Irish and the French, she said. And she is rich, too, isn't she? She is going to help me when we get to Australia. Ah! she has the kind heart entirely. She has lent me a book of poems by Pensage. And she loves the Irish! And she was one of those whom poor Bizet invited to the rehearsal of 'Carmen'! She—"

"What a ~~chameleon~~ you are, Dominick!" said Hudson. "I thought there was more of the pale moonrise colour in you than the golden sunrise! Why, we shan't know you shortly. What about Carolan? 'The moon may rise again, but not the sun for us,' eh? Dominick? Leave the ladies alone; keep to your music; that's my advice."

"You seem annoyed, Pat. I used to call you Pat, did I not, before you were third mate?"

"Go on, call me Pat; I like it," said Hudson. "I'm only a nautical knockabout, God knows, and hardly deserve a Christian name at all; but you are clever, you have talent, perhaps you are a genius that some great rich lady such as you are thinking of—a duchess (why not a princess?) may discover and advance one of these days! Ah, I envy you,

Dominick. You should return to Europe and compose grand operas ! ”

“ Ah, now you are joking, Pat. I'll not believe that you are angry. What have I said to annoy you at all ? Poor artists (for I know I am an artist, and that I am poor is true enough) must always seek for patronage and wealth ; and it is they that can love deeply too ! But if I ever love a woman, it will be for the music that I can see in her.”

“ See music in her ! ” repeated the third mate, surprised. “ What ! as well as money ? ” Then he remained silent for a few moments, Dominick looking at him with a smile on his fleshy mobile lips, and his dark eyes all aglow with intelligence.

“ See music in her ! ” reiterated Hudson, looking up at Mr. Shackley in the faint light from the aurating east, as the chief mate paused at the rail ; ah ! yes ; I understand you. I can see ‘ Nancy Lee ’ the last British contribution to the music of the sea, there on Mr. Shackley's chest, ‘ Nancy Lee ’ on a musical-box ; his bristles always remind me of the barrel of a musical-box ! ”

Dominick laughed. He could see that Hudson was only affecting to misunderstand him ; but why the third mate should do so did not trouble him. He began to talk about himself again with all the egotism of the student who imagines himself a master.

‘ I am writing a suite of arias—a kind of song cycle—with words of my own—drawn from my impressions on this ship—the theme develops itself as aria succeeds aria ; yet I am keeping the character of the whole quite—I forget the exact term—no matter—but it forms a complete cycle of airs all illustrative of the expanding central idea. At first I am

in a minor key, rather plaintive and doubtful, but the dominant idea is there; I never lose that, Mr. Hudson. Then I go on to something broad and slow—*adagio*, we musicians call it—grave, largo, and then *lento*—but that is all elementary shop talk—an aria in four flats major; then one in a sharp major key; that's the one I am working on now; an *allegro* movement losing itself, at last diminishing into a faint *allegretto* echo, as it were. But mind, Mr. Hudson, my dominant idea is never obscured; it is always there, like——"

"Like the fly in transparent amber," said Hudson, almost brutally; "and everybody will wonder how the devil it got there, and you alone can tell what brings your fly into your lump of musical amber—what?"

"Ah! I don't know you, Pat, when you talk like that. My dominant theme is the power of love, turning grey sorrow into gladness of soul. Love can always be measured by its power to transform, by its capacity for carrying joy. I cannot explain myself; but I believe you could if you liked."

"Joy!" said Hudson bitterly, but yet carelessly withal. "Love brings joy! Wait—until you fall in love, Dominick; you won't talk about joy!"

Dominick D'Arcy turned and grasped the hand of his friend, and said with an outburst of affectionate candour, "I believe I am in love, Pat; and that is how I came to write this music. Indeed, I envy you up there on the poop every day, and down in the saloon between whiffs, whilst I must wait for Sundays. You shall hear another *obligato* of mine this afternoon, an expansion of a *cantique* by Gounod, just by way of an exercise to kill time. Miss Palgrave

is going to sing the words ; she said so in her note to me, she——”

“ There comes the sun ! ” said Hudson hurriedly ; “ and there goes two bells ” (five o'clock), “ and here comes the steward to see that the cook is up ! Get to bed, Dominick, and have a sleep !—Halloa, there ! you Beady ! and you Olsen : Get out the deck scrubbers and brooms, and bring them aft. Boatswain's mate, see the after pump rigged ! it will help the draw buckets. Here, you boy ! you roll that wash-deck tub aft, and put in half an hour's pumping up on the poop ; it'll take that time to fill the Captain's bath, let alone the tub, the way you pump with that d——d toy-fixing of an apparatus ! You other men rig up the force pump ! that's *some* use, any way. Bear a hand, too, my lads ! You won't get the times with me you had with Mr. Somerville. You'll have your coffee when you've made all ready for wash-decks—not before ! I'll have the decks squeezed down by four bells, or my name's not Hudson ! ”

The men began to grumble at turning to before coffee-time, even to the extent of making preparations for washing decks at three bells. Their coffee was now ready in the galley. The boy heard the grumbling of the men. Though two or three minutes would finish their part of the preparations, the boy himself would miss his coffee, and have half an hour's pumping up on the poop with the little portable standard pump that screwed into the deck near the wheel. (The water trickled out of this little pump, and was allowed to run along the lee water ways of the poop into the wash-deck tub under the break by the poop ladder.)

The boy excelled his murmuring shipmates, and he made more noise than the rumbling wash-deck tub

he was struggling with, steering it as well as he could clear of the numerous obstacles that crowded the deck. It was a big tub, and it needed a strong man to roll it along that heeling deck in a fresh breeze. A few of the married women were combing their hair after their morning's ablutions in one of the adjacent houses at the main shrouds. The tub took a sudden deviation just abreast of them, and then went over the foot of one of the group. The foot belonged to Mrs. Jenkins, the Italian's wife.

Then Hudson, who, with a gloomy brow, was watching the boy, uttered a savage nautical curse, and walked toward the group.

When he came near them Mrs. Jenkins was rubbing her foot; but seeing Hudson, she said to the boy—

"It ain't your fault, Tommy. Them as cuts down our herlowances ought to 'ave more sense than give a kid like you a tub like that to 'andle—it's as big as an 'ouse!"

Hudson had certainly in this morning's ill temper of his, meditated a cuffing for the boy; but Mrs. Jenkins threw a verbal attack upon herself. That woman had already spread a spirit of disaffection among the married people, and he knew it. And Hudson's abstention from joining in the general reproaches against the Doctor (which were on every emigrant's lips), as he weighed out the stores every forenoon in the 'tween-deck, only increased the scandal against himself.

"You just allow me to mind my own duty, woman!" said Hudson irritably; "you're making enough mischief in the ship, as it is. How many times have you dry-holy-stoned under your berth, eh? Not once since you came aboard, the Doctor says; and

it's the dirtiest corner in the 'tween-deck. Short allowance? Why, isn't everything weighed out? You attend to *your* duties, and I'll take care of *mine*."

"That there four-eyed Doctor's as blind as a bat, for all 'is gold specs," said Mrs. Jenkins indignantly; "an' if that Joner tells lies about me, I'll go and see the Captin, I will! And I allers 'ad enough to eat myself and feed 'Tonio and ole Jenkins 'issell, when that poor hangel of a Mister Summyville was in the store-room. 'E wasn't like summun else wot we knows on, was 'e, ole gals? Lay, gals? was 'e?"

The other women all looked sympathetic and shook their heads. They had quarrelled among themselves often enough, but they were united in the opinion that the stores were insufficient; that they were of very bad quality; and that the Doctor was somehow responsible for it by failing to save the life of the late Mr. Somerville, in whose time there had been no complaint. It is true that Mr. Jenkins's opinion of Mr. Somerville had not been such a flattering one as his wife's; but there had been such a lucrative system of blackmail in the late third mate's time, that everybody was satisfied. A wink from a married woman, and a request for "a little extra for Mrs. Jenkins," filled the applicant's can with sugar, or her pan with salt butter. Hudson had checked this exorbitancy, as it has been recorded. Hence his disrepute among the majority of married women, especially among those with children.

Hudson had referred to Mrs. Jenkins's well-known disregard for cleanliness in the irritation of the moment. It was no affair of his, and he cared not a crumb of a ship's biscuit whether the woman performed her share of dry scrubbing or not every morning.

The Doctor was the official who was responsible for the health of the emigrants—nobody else; and he felt the foolishness of his unconsidered and retaliatory interference. But the woman had wounded his *amour propre*, and several men and women had now gathered around, with towels and bits of soap in their hands. He tried without success to think of something laconic, yet dignified, that would allow him to retreat with honour. Had his antagonist been a man, he would have made short work of it. The steward passed by with the pot of cabin coffee, and the words, "Coffee, sah! already, sah!" It was a relief!

"Coming, steward!" said Hudson, turning on his heel; but he had delayed too long. Mrs. Jenkins's own *amour propre*, which was of a special order, the kind that perhaps only a London woman of her type could develop, a peculiar mixture of vengeful intolerance and vanity, had been deeply wounded by Hudson's reference to the dirty deck in her corner of the dark married quarters, where Giacomo, her husband, smoked and expectorated. Most of the men, and also a middle-aged woman from Waterford in the next bunk to the Jenkinne one, smoked, too; so there had been no dispute in the married quarters so far on this count. There was hardly a patch of clean deck in the married quarters. More than one family neglected to dry-scrub the deck in the vicinity of their bunks, especially those in the darker corners of the 'tween-deck. Mrs. Jenkins felt quite at home with her increasing audience; so she curled what was once an exceedingly beautiful upper lip, and with immeasurable scorn vociferated—

"Dry-scrubbing, you and that there Joner—Jetty-tory—wants us 'ard-workin' women to be 'at,

mornin', noon, and night? ,Oh! ' yas! you jes go and scrub that there lydy, you're er carryin' on with! I spose you fills 'er bath for 'er, don't yer? Gives 'er all the fresh water yer robs us of, hay? We's a gentleman now, hay? D'yer think I ain't got no dam heyes, hay? She's a nice lydy, ain't she? A nice pair of yer! D'yer think I can't take yer measure? Go and fill up yer cabin water-tanks; she wants scrubbin', outside and in. I know them there sort o' lydies; 'we 'ad 'em in 'Ackney, where I comes from. I've seen 'em afore now! Yer needn't get red in the face, cos I've got yer on towst! You abuse us poor 'ard-workin' married lydies! We're all respectable married women, we are, ain't we, gals? yas! We don't travel about on account of our brother's 'ealth, do we? Oh, no, we bearn our livin' honest. Go and scrub some of the dirt off 'er! go on! Don't stand there like a monkey-on-a-stick waitin' for somebody to pull yer legs." (Her personal pronouns then became rapidly involved, as her anger mounted.) "We're an ossifer now, ain't we? We can carry on with the lydies now, can't we? Once upon ay time, we can be doin' of another gal's 'air up --so 'arly in the mornin'—eh!--in the valley bee-lo-oh!--and larfing laughrishin' like at us up on one of them poles, can't some of us? Mile and feemile, yas! 'Lor, Joanner, 'ow nice yer are!' ses she, but me and she is lookin' up at us on the pole! 'Lor, my lydy dear, yer much nicer!' says summun else up on the pole, 'though I can't sy as I doesn't like Joanner's 'air, yer know, my lydy deer; but yer've got a bruffer with long 'air wot can talk about pick-shers, and 'e's a-goin' to pynt me, later on, 'praps, ses summun on the pole, ay, pretendin' to be 'ard at

work ; cos 'e's dam cunpin', is summun ! Yas ! yas ! *we're* dam cunnin', yas ! yas !—'e's dam cunnin', eh, gals ? "

, Little specks of froth began to appear on Mrs. Jenkins's lips, and one or two of the Irish married women, wavering in their adhesion, murmured such phrases as, " It's a shame for her, so it is, to be carrying on like that ! " and, " She might leave other people out of it, any way," and, " I cannot make head nor tail of what she's wild about, unless it's the bite and sup we're all getting has put her beside herself ! " Hudson said nothing, quiet, half-amused contempt in his eyes ; but he noticed that the group was grown larger, and that the watch had finished their coffee and had joined the emigrants ; and that which more than anything still fastened him to the spot was the return of Dominick D'Arcy, who came, wondering at the cause of this woman's mysterious abuse, and the introduction of his sister's name into the midst of it.

Mrs. Jenkins drew a few deep breaths, and then, looking around for encouragement, her husband being below somewhat compensating for the blank look on most of the faces present, proceeded, shaking her hair-comb at Hudson—

" Summun was nice and kine to our little 'Tonio, hay ? 'E's so dam cunnin' ; but summun else ses to 'erself, ses she, ' Young respecttable married women mus' be dam cunnin', too, and take care of 'emsels with fellers wot wants to know where daddy is ; yas ! yas ! D'yer think I ain't got yer measure, bay ? Gals, look out ! I wouldn't be in that there Joanner's shoes for all the jewellery in the Tar of London ; *we're* chummy with the four-eyed Jetty-tory, *we* are ! and *we* don't care a dam what 'appens to our nice lydy's warmin'—

pan, hay! Ain't I got yer measure? Ain't yer shamed of yerself *now*, hay? Ain't yer sorry yer spoke? P'raps yer a Jetty-tory like ole four-eyed Joner, and it ain't safe for a gal like that pore Joanner to know yer! Let 'er look out! Go' blymy! if I didn't know Mirandy was a——”

She checked herself suddenly, and Hudson looked at D'Arcy. The latter looked both perplexed and annoyed. All the men were grinning, and Bill the quarter-master was nudging Beady on one side of him, and Sydney Bob on the other. Then, after a short silence, as if all expected Mrs. Jenkins to continue her tirade, Dominick D'Arcy said very quietly—

“I suppose you are aware, Mrs. Jenkins, that I am Miss Johanna D'Arcy's brother?” There was a long silence.

Mrs. Jenkins, who was now somewhat cooler hesitated to address him, and Hudson, with a shake of his head at Dominick, turned toward the poop. Mrs. Jenkins noticed this, and fired a parting shot at the third mate.

“Yas, go away! you ain't fit company for us decent married women. Go and scrub 'er lydyship, inside and out! You're another Jetty-tory, that's what *you* are, and if I was this nice young H Irish fiddler feller 'ere, I'd watch it that I didn't let yer know my sister——”

That Fate should have put a scourge into this woman's foul mouth was too grotesque. Hudson turned swiftly round again, and cried—

“Hold your lying tongue, you—you stupid, evil-minded woman!—Lay aft, you men, and start the decks; scrubbers and brooms on the poop! There's three

bells!—Aye, aye, sir, watch is laying aft, sir!” And he went aft to the chief mate, who had come forward to the rail, and was wondering why his subordinate had left his mug of coffee to grow cold, standing in one of the empty buckets on the poop, with a slice of bread-and-butter as a cover to the mug—the steward’s method of retaining the heat in the coffee as long as possible.

— Then, when Mrs. Jenkins had followed Hudson’s retreat, she turned to speak to D’Arcy, but he had also disappeared; disgustedly and silently he had gone below. And as none of the other women seemed inclined to talk, the Italian’s wife proceeded to finish her toilet in silence; triumphantly drawing her comb through a remarkably luxurious growth of hair, and tossing back her head set on its big white round neck—a neck which, if—in approaching its fortieth year—it was more massy than it had been at twenty, was yet quite free from the wrinkles and creases of age.

CHAPTER VIII

THE rising sun sent his pale golden rays on the group of women at the main hatch ; on the men in their bare legs paddling in the water on the poop ; on polished brass of binnacle and capstan, standard compass and cap of sheerpole ; on each stream of water running out of the lee scupper-holes. They turned to unbleached yellow holland the white apron and cap of the German baker, busy with baking loaves in his little house with open door. They turned to showers of falling crystals and amethysts the jets of spray under the bows of the old sea queen, with her kilted Caledonian for ever drawing his claymore on the playful porpoise. They crept into the fore-castle and glinted on pot and pannikin ; on shiny india-rubber sea-boot, and oilskin ; making black more brilliant than white, and white in the shadows every colour of reflected light.

They shone through the saloon skylight, and upon the little canary in its ornamental cage, and roused it to prolonged bursts of shrill melody ; waking for good the Captain in his state room, and making the languid Eustace Palgrave turn over in his bunk. They stole through the little circular scuttles in the 'tween-decks, fore and aft, disturbing many a sleeper, making him there draw the blanket over his face, or enticing her here to rise for a breath of morning air.

The strengthening rays of sunlight had already

stirred more than one of the young women in the after 'tween-decks, and two of the scuttles were now open. As they, one by one, arose they ascended to the fore cabin to wash, and then descended again to finish their attiring. The hatchway door on the poop was locked until six o'clock; but few slept until that hour, for the matron herself was an early riser. Hudson could hear her voice in the fore cabin, almost the only voice, for of late the general jubilation of morning, the conversation, the banter, the laughter, the singing, common at first among the young women, had daily grown less and less. But when he passed the ventilator of the 'tween-deck he never failed at about this hour to hear that fervent rhythm of prayer and counter-prayer in the language of the Gael, that psalter of secluded devotion, never heard before this voyage on the old Indiaman—rising, falling, heeling in sympathetic rhythm, lurching bravely onward to perform her mission, unconscious of it. Yes; Hudson, when an able-bodied seaman, with his broom in hand, or, as this morning, third mate, condescending to assist the boatswain's mate (so far as the poop deck was concerned) in hanging the running gear on the belaying-pins, or in an occasional cast of a bucket of water into a quarter boat to tighten the planks—Hudson, as man or officer, had never failed to hear that measured hum of morning prayer.

But, as he hastened the grumbling men at their deck-washing, helping them in their work, he suddenly heard, for the first time for several mornings, that rich contralto voice of Joanna D'Arcy—that voice which had almost thrown him into an ecstasy the night of the concert. She was in the fore cabin, singing one of her native Irish airs, the most plaintive

of all the songs she knew. She seemed to sing this morning as if crooning over something dead within her soul. Hudson could understand the silence of the other girls and the matron until she ceased.

Then he heard the matron say—

“My! what glum spirits you are in this morning, Joanna! I must get Dr. Jonah to prescribe for you.”

The men washing decks around the fore cabin skylight had lingered to hear the singing, and they had heard the matron’s voice too. Hudson hurried them along. Bill the quartermaster winked at Beady, and Horatio Beady winked at Sydney Bob; and if Sydney Bob did not wink at Olsen, it was because Olsen had one of his big ears down to the little latticed ventilator in the roof of the skylight, and was winking himself at another man.

“You yooost come to de righd place, Karl Olsen! you heer everydink!”

Hudson walked away from the skylight, his breast in a turmoil, angry thoughts about everything and everybody tumbling over one another in his mind. He stood on the rail and looked into the weather quarter boat.

“Here! you Olsen! Stretch this lug sail across the deck! It’s rotting away for want of an airing! D——your eyes! D’ye hear me, man!”

When Joanna had answered the matron (who of late had spoken to her more kindly than formerly): “It’s true for you, Matron, I feel sick of heart this morning; but I want no doctor, thank you!—why had his internal dissatisfaction with himself increased? Why had her brother Dominick irritated himself by his candid expression of his hopes and plans? And why had that woman in the married quarters now

made him—Patrick Hudson, adventurous seaman—fearful of straight thinking about certain things, and angered himself against his own fears? He presently set the boy to swab the poop-deck (the men were now on the quarter-deck), and then approached the mate with an inquiry whether the Captain was up yet.

They were the first words he had freely spoken to Mr. Shackley that watch. It was an uncommon inquiry from his subordinate, as the chief mate should have been the officer of the two alone interested in that event of the morning watch. Mr. Shackley replied shortly that the steward had just been inquiring if the Captain's bath tank had been filled, so he supposed the master had arisen. Then the chief mate unlocked the door of the fore cabin companion hatch, and some of the young women soon made their appearance. Hudson immediately left the poop to go forward on the pretext of superintending the washing down of the other deck, and Mr. Shackley, the unshaven, walked up and down behind the hanging boat's sail, remmating on his subordinate's growing importance in the master's eyes.

"He's a smart seaman, but he's only got a second mate's certificate, that's a comfort!" said the mate to himself. "I'll wager the first words Captain Jessup speaks will be, 'Where's that smart third mate of mine? I want to see that third mate of mine. Go and find that A1 third mate of mine!' Dam it! I don't know what ships are coming to, when third mates get all the putting, and superior officers have to eat humble pie!"

Hudson had apparently found duties that still kept him forward, and when the matron came on deck she found the chief mate walking the deck alone. The

emigrant girls were beginning to parade the poop in all directions, complaining of the wet boat's sail and pushing it aside ; so Mr. Shackley at length had to stop his perambulating. The matron accosted him, as he halted near her, with a morning greeting, and then she said—

“But who's our new third mate this morning, Mr. Shackley?”

The mate looked at her, poking out his bristly chin, and grinned sardonically at the “Old Chicken.”

“So you're another of 'em, are you, Matron?” said he.

“Why, what do you mean, Mr. Shackley?”

“Want to see that smart third mate of ours, eh, Matron? Well, he isn't far away; he's giving our respected and honourable bos'n's mate, who can't spell his own name, a helping hand with the forred deck. If you stand here so that that sail does not obstruct your vision, you may be fortunate enough to catch one fond happy glimpse of the proge-rodgedy, or whatever his learned highness the third mate calls himself! You'll excuse a poor, humble sailor like me pointing out his majesty's present—er—er—location, won't you? But his onerous duties prevent his nightiness from approaching any nearer at present.”

“Oh!” said the matron tartly, and quite perplexed at Mr. Shackley's sarcasm, “the ship is becoming unbearable; it's all that horrid Jonah of a Doctor I declare!” and she walked away disgusted.

Mr. Shackley scratched his chin, and leered sideways at the man at the wheel, who, being close by, had probably heard all. The man smiled with a knowledgable air; the chief mate had never been so familiar as to leer at any of the men before. Mr. Shackley,

who was working up for an' extra-master's certificate, was an invincible stickler for the dignity of the after guard. But the man felt emboldened to say a few words, as the vessel was steady on her course and the breeze steady, fresh, and fair.

"Mr. Hudson is a smart officer, Mr. Shackley, sir! Isn't he, sir?"

The chief mate left off rubbing the stubble under his chin, and opened his eyes wide. He suddenly remembered that he was Mr. Shackley, chief mate of the *Young Pretender*, and master-presumptive of a sister-ship in the same old company she belonged to. The open eyes half closed again in a forbidding scowl.

"Stow your gab, my lad!" said the chief mate, moving away from his post near the wheel. "The man felt abashed; he was one of those who were beginning to grumble most, and he had a wound but partly healed on his right cheek-bone, the work of Patrick Hudson."

"Anyway, I'll lay my b——y bottom dollar our fust lootenant hates him like pizen!" he muttered under his heavy dark brown moustache.

Mr. Shackley had taken but a few steps when he encountered Eustace Palgrave, whom a strong ray of sunlight and the shrill song of the canary, and the early tramping of women's feet, had driven from his couch long before his habitual time."

"Good morning, Shackley! Where's the Doctor this morning? I can see nothing with that canvas thing hanging there! He's usually up early on Sunday mornings, is he not?"

"So it's Mr. Sawbone, Jonah, R.N., with you, Mr. Palgrave?"

Mr. Palgrave stared at the chief mate, and then dropped down on the skylight seat behind him. He

passed his thin long fingers through his heavy damp hair, and smiled good-naturedly.

“Now, do not be so cryptic, I pray you, Mr. Shackley! Really, my constitution, after all the shocks it has lately received, will not bear it, I assure you! And where’s our friend Mr. Hudson this morning?”

“Dash my best brass buttons, if I wasn’t expecting that!” said the chief mate. “I wish I had a framed photograph of his lordship that I could give you. It might lessen your grief at his absence.”

“You are soaring, Shackley; your intellectual pulse is elastic—racing—as Dr. Clyster might put it. I cannot hope to measure its abnormal beats. The pulse is quickened as one ascends, the Doctor says. And you are evidently cultivating that most subtle form of conversational art, the art of suggesting innumerable questions. I appeal to Miss Bridget Slattery here, who is graciously giving me sittings for a Cybele in my study for Atys and Cybele. I appeal to her, whether any photograph could compensate me for the absence of my model? Photography, Mr. Shackley, is an objectionable verisimilitudinizing of every natural fact except a necessary one to art; photography is the—ah! my dear Constance, the top of the morning to you! as I presume Miss Slattery here would address her compatriots in her native county of—er—(I always forget those Irish counties) in her land of potatoes and rheumatism and——”

“Common sense!” said the irritated mate, walking off with a nod to Miss Palgrave.

“Deed!” said Biddy Slattery, bending her head back slowly and proudly, “I’ll not let you draw out my picture any more now. You can paint Johanna’s picture instead!”

Constance Palgrave put her arm around the girl and drew her down upon the seat beside her brother and herself, and fell to praising her dark hair, her "blue" eyes, and the delicate flesh tints of her cheek.

"And he won't paint Johanna?" whispered Bridget.

Miss Palgrave kissed the calm, regal face affectionately, and returned her whisper in her little brown ear, "He won't paint Joanna. Biddy dear!"

Bridget looked across the deck. Joanna D'Arcy had appeared with Miranda Jenkins, and both were looking her way.

"Does he paint pictures on Sundays?" she whispered again.

"He shall *you* this afternoon," whispered Miss Palgrave. "You know the Captain has church in the morning."

Bridget smiled, and slowly nodded her head. She watched Joanna furtively. Both Miranda Jenkins and Joanna D'Arcy were in conversation with the matron.

"What is the matter with you now, Joanna?" said the matron. "You look as savage as a tigress! Everybody seems to be bewitched on this ship. It must be that Jonah, I feel certain."

"Let's 'ave a 'alf hour up an' down, Joanner," said Miranda, "and git an nappytite for the soft tack an' train hoil, as mother calls it; come on! (Over on that side! This wet sail is blockin' the way 'ere.) I wish that 'Ulson feller would give us a bit more to eat; mother ses 'ow 'e's starvin' of us all."

"Oh! what wicked lips!" said the matron.

The two girls walked away, and Miranda said to Joanna—

"Lummy, Joanner, if the Ole Chicken ain't gone

on that there 'Udson; ain't yer jellus, dear? 'Ow does it feel like to be in love like? Wy, I loves *you* more'n any man alive; I can't nunderstan' 'ow eny man can git fond of a gal in petticoats nyther. I wish the Capting 'd let us dance with each other on Sundy afternoons, when they comes up 'ere; that's whint I like, Joanner. The men could 'ave one side to theirselves, and we could 'ave the hother, hay? I loves dawncin' with another gal, don't you?"

"Oh! is it making game of me you are, Miranda dear—like—like everybody? Oh! don't talk, let us go up and down the deck faster. I wish I could run away from the ship!"

"And you were a-singin' this mornin' like a lark on a sod of grass in a cage, like father used to 'ave 'angin' out of 'is winder in 'Ackney," said Miranda, perplexed in her turn at Joanna's sudden melancholy. Then she whispered, "Ain't yer seen 'Udson this mornin'? Wot's the matter?"

"Oh! please don't," murmured Joanna. "Ach! it isn't that; you don't understand. Singing! indeed I was; *is fier d'ruit*—it's true for you, dear! Do you believe in the evil eye, Miranda?"

"Do you mean that Dr. Joner feller, what shoves his gold specs into all our bunks every mornin', sniffin' with his nose like a mangy dawg at a bit o' butcher's meat on a stall, hay?"

"Oh, no, no! Never mind, walk faster; don't look at Biddy over there. Come on!"

"Miss Palgryve 'asn't spoke to us this mornin', 'as she? I ain't 'eid 'er, Joanner. 'As Biddy been tellin' lies about yer?"

"No, no, not that. Walk faster; come on!"

"Oh, yer's the Capting, look! and there's ole

Shackley runnin' to get in 'is fust 'Ow-d'y-do,' sir! as usually."

The chief mate, with chin projected, was hanging on the words as they fell from the mouth of the master. Despite the fair easterly nature of the south-east trade wind, (which, if it held, would carry the *Young Pretender* quickly over a considerable arc of the great circle the master was sailing her on), Captain Jessup's humour was growing visibly worse day by day. As already related, his quarrel with the Doctor had been a constant source of depression to all in the saloon except Miss Palgrave, and the advent of Patrick Hudson had but slightly alleviated it. But the last few days, a complaint—which, the tropics always brought with them to add to the master's tribulations, and to strain his temperamental patience—had manifested itself in more than ordinary and former virulence. It usually disappeared as the weather grew cooler, and needed no medicine but abstinence from stimulants, tea, and coffee, and the like; but the master's reluctance to consult the man he had quarrelled with, and his self-erected barrier to the surgeon's professional sympathy, apparently aggravated the temporary indisposition. It, at least, did not improve his temper.

Captain Jessup received the morning report with short snatches of disapproval. The ship could lay half a point to windward of her course, and the trades would surely draw ahead in a day or two; and when he looked at his compasses fixed under the poop deck in his state room while he was dressing he saw that the ship was a quarter of a point to leeward. He would have the ship kept on her course (he said), and not run off to leeward like that! Then he had had to wait

two minutes for his bath ; he would have his bath tank filled at two bells (five o'clock) in future, instead of at three bells. He knew the pump was rigged early enough, for he heard it working half an hour before he got out of bed. How was it his bath was not filled before ? And who hung up that boat's sail right across the poop ? •In everybody's way !

The chief mate reflected how he might put the blame on the third mate ; but he remembered that Hudson had sent the boy to the pump half an hour before the usual time, and he, Mr. Shackley, had been walking the poop all that time the wash-deck tub had been filling. And his presence there tacitly sanctioned that of the sail. Presently the master asked who had the pump rigged so early ; and in the prevailing spirit of his contrariety, complained that the noise had awakened him, and he would have none of that in future ! His bath should be filled when the steward required it. Mr. Shackley grasped at his chance.

"Why, that was Mr. Hudson's doing," said the mate ; "and I thought you had told him to dry that lug sail."

"Ah ! he's no sloven !" cried the Captain, veering round again. "Aye ! he wouldn't let my boat sails rot, not he ! Where's mr. third mate, eh ? He's the smartest officer I've ever had under me. Where's Mr. Hudson this morning ? Where's the third mate ?"

"Forred, sir."

"Forred, eh ? I won't have any officer of mine working like one of the hands ; didn't I tell you that before, Mr. Shackley ? He's to keep his watch like an officer, and attend to stores, I say ! He's got the best head for stores I have ever seen on a third mate's shoulders. I'll have him aft, when yards and sails

are all trimmed and proper! Go and fetch the third mate! No! don't blow that whistle of yours as if he were one of the men. Go and tell him yourself that the Captain has sent for him. Mr. Hudson is a smart officer and a good seaman! Say Captain Jessup requires his attendance on the poop."

Mr. Shackley found the third mate right out on the bowsprit, shaking the fore-topmast stay with both hands, while a man inboard was preparing a tackle to set up the lanyard of the stay.

"Anybody would think you were wanting to get as far away from the poop as possible this morning," said the maté. "That stay is all right. Put away that tackle, my lad!" (to the able seaman); "go and lend a hand to squeegee-down the main deck! You're more use there!" There was a wolfish snarl in the chief maté's voice.

"The stay's a bit slack, I think, Mr. Shackley," said Hudson, surprised.

"Come in out of that!" said the mate. "There's Captain Jessup wanting his own 'blue-eyed darling boy,' like the gal in the song. Hurry aft with you! he's counting the seconds on his best chronometer."

"Anything wrong, Mr. Shackley?"

The mate was incapable of making a reply; he turned away, biting his nether lip, and rubbing his bristly chin.

When Patrick Hudson reached the poop on the lee side he saw the master standing right aft at the taffrail; and between him and the advancing third mate were gathered in several small groups some score of the young women. The matron wished him "Good morning!" pleasantly as he approached. Hudson replied to the "Old Chicken's" greetings with an

excess of politeness, raising his cap—an action he usually reserved for Miss Palgrave. He merely touched its peak for the rest. By the side of the matron now stood Bridget Slattery, who was also smiling at him. She had said “Good morning!” like the matron, and it seemed to others there that Hudson’s smile, and response, and salutation, with his cap, were comprehensive of her presence as well as of the matron’s. Biddy turned her blue-green eyes (those eyes that could quickly turn to almost a deep emerald shot with azure, in the morning sunlight), turned them quickly in the direction of Joanna D’Arcy, now walking up and down behind the boat’s sail with Miranda, on the other side of the deck. Joanna was immediately looking in her direction. She saw Hudson’s pleasant smile as he passed along and disappeared. Then Bridget Slattery laughed one long laugh of victorious delight, infecting the matron herself, who relaxed her thin lips into quite a perceptible simper.

“Gracious me, Biddy! what changeable girls some of you are. I could hardly get a word from you down below this morning, you were so glum. He-he-he! what are you laughing at? He-he-he! Do stop, please!”

There was a note in the Kerry girl’s strange and unexpected merriment that woke a different chord in some dark recess of Hudson’s soul; and he passed on wondering and slightly perturbed. He had not looked toward Joanna; but he felt that she had been looking intently at him. The events of the preceding night, a few hours ago, were pictured vividly in his imagination. And he had indeed wished to get that morning as far away from the poop as possible. Mr.

Shackley's words had, like a fluky stroke in a game of billiards, made a surprising cannon ; and perhaps, if Mr. Shackley had only been aware of his cannon, no tyro at billiards would have shown so much satisfaction at his stroke as Mr. Shackley at his. The chief mate had played off the Captain for a pocket, and had inadvertently struck Joanna, as it were. Hudson was quite certain that the reason he wished to avoid the poop (at least until the breakfast bell had cleared it of Captain, passengers, and emigrants) was for Joanna's sake, and nothing more. And he had meditated had he not ?—a visit to the Captain's state room after breakfast, on business of a very personal nature ; for it related to his reinstatement in the fore-castle as an able-bodied seaman, and a suggestion that the boatswain, who was an intelligent man, should be promoted to the position.

And the reason for the Captain's consent was that he, the third mate, was creating general dissatisfaction among emigrants and crew : but the reason for himself—the motive of his action—was it not Joanna ? But would his action, like another fluke in a doubtful beginning of billiards, would his ball hit something else—somebody else ? Perhaps he had better—?

He faced the Captain, and touched his cap, nautical wise.

The master began to question himself why he wanted the third mate, except to talk to him, and for the sake of it ; but after a few words about the bath, and a request that he would always in future see the pump rigged early as he had done that morning, he fell back on his favourite theme of late, namely the saving of stores and the scarcity of water, as the passage had already been an unusually long one.

Hudson answered the Captain with an effort; he was turning over the other matter in his mind, and he was longing to broach it. Presently the matron began to call the young women below; for the three married men who acted as porters to the single women were carrying loaves of bread, and pails of tea and coffee, toward the scuttle in the passage on the main deck leading to the fore cabin.

Standing as he was, facing forward, Hudson caught a glimpse of Joanna at the doorway of the hatch; she had turned her face toward him, pale and sad; yet there was a weak attempt to smile at him on her lips. The Captain's back was toward him, and Biddy Slattery had gone below first. But Hudson looked blankly, either, it seemed, right at her or else at Miss Palgrave, who had taken up a position by herself near the mizen shrouds, toying with a rope above her head. Her brother had gone below again, saying that Mr. Shackley's chin had reminded him that he himself had forgotten to shave that morning, a sin of omission which his sister said was one of the few deadly ones which she never could forgive a man.

Hudson consequently did not return Joanna's weak smile. She was in peril; he must save her from her enemy—himself. He was conscious of her glance; but he ignored it. Something within his soul dulled any attempt at reflection. Joanna descended the ladder, her long red hair wind-blown about her neck; her strange, beautiful eyes, with their concentric rings of grey and brown and amber, misty with sudden moisture. A lump of unexplainable self-pity made her throat feel sore, and she vainly tried to swallow it. In a swift morning hour she had become one of the self-tortured, lost, ones of love;

and the weight of a self-created foreboding bore down, unopposed now, her passionate spirit. She disappeared; and Hudson's eyes roamed from the vacant doorway to Miss Palgrave, and from Miss Palgrave back to the doorway, and from the doorway to the Captain. Surely Joanna had been in peril? From whom? Not from himself—Patrick Hudson?

"Why, yes! there must have been great extravagance in dealing out the stores when that Somerville was third mate," the master was saying.

"Oh! there will be enough for another three months easily, sir," said Hudson.

(Love is not full of pity, as men say,
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.)

Yes, that was the motto on the title-page of that absurd book that Miss Palgrave had lent him!

"Aye! if we reach port in three months we shall do well enough, Mr. Hudson; but I was never ship-mates with a Jonah before, were you? What about the *water*, with that makeshift for a condenser they put aboard of us in London? I don't want to shape a course for Cape Town. I always go as far south as I can at this time of the year."

"It will give us all a pint and a half a day," said Hudson.

"It won't surprise me if the engine gives out entirely before long," said the master. "Oh, my back! D—n that Jonah! We should be getting over a gallon per man, according to the makers, and easy pressure on the donkey! I want to run the casting down in fifty! We'll lose a month of Sundays if we have to call at Cape Town!"

The master moved across to the dog-vant fixed in

the rail, and Hudson followed. The poop-deck was deserted by all but Mr. Shackley at the break on the lee side, and Miss Palgrave at the weather mizen rigging. Presently the steward came aft with the saloon breakfast, and, going below, rang the bell.

Mr. Shackley turned and looked toward the Captain, and the latter made a step toward the companion. Hudson felt that he must speak his thoughts now, or he might have to wait until after breakfast, and then perhaps his resolution would be gone.

“Captain Jessup, sir! One moment, please! I have a favour to ask you.”

“Well, Mr. Hudson, what is it? Speak out!” said the Captain, turning round, putting his hand to his back, and swearing under his breath.

“That you will rate me as an able seaman again, sir!”

The master opened his keen eyes wide, and wrinkled up his tanned forehead in surprise.

“Why, what in the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, first cousin to the devil himself, do you want that for? Ain’t you satisfied—what? Ain’t you my third mate—better fed and paid than any able seaman; with a berth in the saloon all to yourself, and you never need to put your hand into a tar bucket, or to handle a spike? What in thunder has come over you now, eh? Oh! my back! D—n that Jonah!”

“I am afraid—well—I think, sir—I mean, I don’t think, sir—you see, sir—I—”

“Now, don’t aggravate me, Mr. Hudson. I feel cross as an anchor-stock this morning; and if it’s some fad or another, you can talk to me about it another time. But don’t you think I’m going to let you go

forr'd again, because I'm not; rest easy on that point!"

"You won't let the boatswain take my place, sir?"

"I won't let anybody," said the master. "I'll have *you* third mate, as you're on the articles as such; so that's all about it!"

Hudson was trying hard to think of a specious reason why he should be granted his request; but, for his very life, he could not. However, he walked a little way with the Captain toward the companion, and ventured to allude to the dissatisfaction among the emigrants as to the quantity of provisions and water they were receiving; but the master sealed his lips immediately by replying that he, and he alone—the Captain of the *Young Pretender*—was the only man that needed satisfaction, and his *third mate* gave him that, and there was an end to the discussion!

Then Hudson clutched at a straw, feeling himself dragged down into the depths by a treacherous will, and said that the noise of the emigrants in the fore cabin next his berth prevented him from sleeping in his watch below. The Captain permitted an approach to a laugh, while he straightened his back, his hands on his hips, and said—

"Is that all? Well! shift your kit into the berth next the chief mate's. Clear put all those sails, and put them into yours, and tell the steward to make it tidy; then you'll have your sleep easy enough. Why couldn't you tell me that before? Come on, Mr. Shackley! Breakfast is waiting! Hulloo! Hi! Mr. Shackley! Breakfast! That Jonah won't have left us a crumb by this time. Now, Miss Palgrave! Hi, Miss Palgrave! Have you no appetite this morn-

ing?" (He threw his voice toward the open skylight.) "Somebody's slaying his thousands like Samson; I can hear his jawbone going like the crank of the main pump." (The cabin biscuit was already the home of the weevil, and the Captain's jest was a standing one at sea.)

Hudson walked aft again, but Miss Palgrave did not follow the master and his chief mate down to the saloon. She remained at the mizen shrouds, leaning back against the pin-rail and playing with the bight of a rope that hung down from the fair-lead above her head. Hudson looked at the slim delicate throat, and small pink ears, and pointed chin; and looking he longed to hear her speak a few words, no matter how commonplace they might be; and he thought the more commonplace the better just now. She stood there, not for a second looking his way, swinging the bight of rope, throwing it from her and catching it again, as if she had determined to forgo breakfast altogether. It was like looking at sunlight playing on the surface of a pool after a dream of volcanic fire.

He stood at the binnacle waiting for her to turn her head. The man at the wheel, he with the unhealed wound on his cheek, presently said—

"I can't quite see the compass, sir; if you please, Mr. Hudson, sir!"

Hudson moved aside; he had inadvertently stood in front of the binnacle; but the man's excessive civility made him smile somewhat grimly. Then he caught sight of Constance Palgrave's eyes glancing for a moment in his direction. He smiled again, or rather prolonged his previous smile into one a little less grim. Then he thought he saw a reciprocal

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smile on the lips of the woman ; and he walked forward as if to pass her. But as he drew near—

“ Well, Paddy dear, and did ye hear the news that’s ‘goin’ round ? ”

The voice was so soft that had he not been so near he had not heard it at all. It was a direct invitation, and he accepted it. (To be sure ! Sunlight on the surface of a little shallow pool ; what else ?)

“ What news, Miss Palgrave ? As ‘distressful’ as that of the song which you have learned of late ? ”

“ Distressful ? You poor melancholy people, all of you. Come over here behind this mast ! I want to talk to you. (Yes, steward, I know ; I shall have some coffee in my state room, later on. Tell the Captain I am not coming to table this morning.) ”

The steward, who had put his head up the companion, disappeared, and they heard the Captain below, at table, shouting his name. The mast and the suspended boat’s sail, and the big ventilator of the lower hold, and the coils of ropes on their belaying-pins around the mast—all effectually hid the two from the gaze of the helmsman. The quarter-deck below seemed quite deserted. Miss Palgrave continued—

“ Now tel’ me, why are you looking so distressed, you silly man ? Is Joanna not kind to you ? Did she not keep her word ? How absurd ! And I have been envying her all night ! ”

These were not the commonplaces that Hudson had been prepared for, and he began to feel like a penitent before a strange confessor who found excuses for faults instead of condemnation. The singularity

of this woman's freedom attracted all the adventurous nature that had made him a careless, almost a conscienceless, roamer of earth and ocean. Yet he felt, in her presence, rather as a fool than as a sinner. The time had passed when he could treat her playful insincerities with the quiet irony he once felt they demanded. She put her hands behind her back, and pouted her lips, and half closed her eyes.

“Oh! what a perfectly artless, uninteresting creature you are!” she said.

“What has art to do for men like me?” said Hudson, with but a dim comprehension of his own meaning or of hers. The feeling was growing strong within his breast to take this woman in his arms and tell her all. The fear of a chance pair of eyes—such as those Jenkinine ones—somewhere on the main deck, which commanded this spot on the poop, alone checked him. She seemed to divine the thoughts in his mind, and gently shook her head.

“Not now,” she said.

“You said?” he inquired.

“Not now. Tell me about last night, do! Ah, I can guess how you longed, and longed. It is the way with men. Eustace has had his little affairs, in Paris, you know. How dejected he used to become when his first love deceived him, and she went to the poet Pensage. You have never heard of Pensage, the poet of the new school, have you?”

“No. Oh, yes! slightly, that is—you ~~lent~~—~~er~~ but I am not dejected, Miss—”

“Sh! say *Constance*, softly; do! You may do it here; nobody can hear!”

“Constance!” The name was more sighed than whispered. • Yes, he was a great fool!

"Say it again, softly! Like Pudibert in Salomon Lascivonde's *Mofette*."

"Constance! It is a beautiful name; it means *constantia*, faithful and firm in all things; it means—What an amusing English book you gave me to read yesterday!"

"Bosh! my dear Paddy; no sentiment, please, or I shall not love you—but you may tell me what Joanna means, if you like."

"I really don't know; what does it?" He affected an affectation of ignorance.

"It is feminine for John, and you ought to know what John means; it is something Hebrew, is it not? something Jewish, and Biblical, and *pious*, I am sure. So that book about kissing amused you? I thought it would; it is so delightfully serious."

She laughed, and Hudson noted every sound white little tooth between her thin red upper lip and the softer rounded lower one.

"The name John means 'the gracious gift of——'"

"Yes, yes, I knew it was something like that. But you and I—Paddy!—have fine Roman classic names. But won't you tell me about the reluctant Joanna? She looked as sad as yourself this morning! Yet, when I was waking, I thought I heard her singing somewhere below—or on deck—one of those lugubrious things—enough to give my canary a colic, I declare!"

"What do you want me to tell you, you strange, delightful woman? Shall I tell you how I—how she, I mean—no! how—oh, ask me no more, I beg of you! I cannot bear to hear you mention her name; I cannot explain myself, but please talk about *anything* else."

Miss Palgrave brought her hands together in front again, and for a moment touched both his shoulders, looking at him with half-closed longing eyes. Then she put her hands behind her head, in her favourite conversational posture, and sighed affectedly. Hudson had never seen Madame Réjane, at that time at the mounting of her career in Paris; but Miss Palgrave had sat in the stalls of the Vaudeville, at the Ambigu, at the ephemeral Grand Théâtre, dozens of times with her brother, and as many without him, in the company of her choice. She had laughed at the equivocal and witty reillery, at the brilliant spontaneity of the incomparable Réju; and in laughing, applauding, cheek by jowl with the great Sarcey himself, she had done what all men and women do in major, or in ever so minor, part; she had made that which she had gazed upon and felt, and loved, indestructible chords in the harp of her own life. She was not consciously an actress, in any proper sense of the word, for she had never needed to be other than herself to all men; her art iciality was of her very essence; but as there may be “men” born only to suck out the poison of books, as Ben Jonson says, so there are women who seem born only to suck out all the original sin of imaginative dramatic creation, and make it their own; and in the making, transform it, until it almost appear a part of personal virtue.

She was speaking, rather murmuring softly his own name. Ah! what barriers here, ~~to bridle his~~ eager spirit? What Name to hurl him back into the gloom of questioning darkness? What sanctification of action, as fleeting as the thought that accompanied it? This vivacious, joyous, fickle woman; merry, when she chose, as a sunny, shallow brook

leaping over its whitened pebbles; languorous awhile as a child that has played all a summer's morning, and would rest a space of afternoon; this——

"Paddy, tell me all! And you knocked as I told you? Ah, you rogue, you deceiver, she answered you! You know she did!"

She did not know, and he felt it; but her questions sent the prayers of his dark hour into a limbo of eternal absurdity. In one swift moment he found himself laughing at the memory of the only memorable renunciation in his life, the only action in which he had taken an undoubting bottom step on to the innumerable rungs of the ladder that lead upward to the perfecting of soul. Well, the knot had been in a fair way to be tied; and with the white clouds drifting past, the sun mounting in its glory of progression toward the meridian, the vessel cutting its way faster and faster through sparkling sapphire and tumbling snow, he congratulated himself on his escape from the tow-line, from what was now past. Of course it was past! Joanna had been towing him into a whirlpool, and she would have been the first to enter it! What fools moonlight and music made men and women. "No sentiment, please!" and here was this grown-up child of the world bidding him take and eat of the fruit within his reach without one silly self-appraising thought of the willing owner's risk! Well, Dominick D'Arcy was knocking at the gates of a fool's paradise—that was *his* concern! This woman was not for him any more than his sister was for Patrick Hudson, his friend, more than the brother ever could know!

"I shall tell you nothing. I only want to talk to you——"

"Say *Constance*, say 'You little devil,' like the French," and she pouted again.

"You sweet little devil!" (Her lips were very close to his!)

"Say *Constance*, I command you, Paddy, dear fool! and don't be serious! The only serious thing in this world, Eustace says, is *art*. Say *Constance*, say, 'Constance, you sweet little devilish artist!'"

"You dear, delightful, sweet, little devilish artist!"

"Ah, say 'dam devilish!'" she whispered. "I have heard you say such nice things down there in the hold, and you won't say them up here on deck. I shall have to listen at the ventilator this morning, when you go down there for some casks of beef and things."

"Yes; but casks don't roll against one's shins every day, you little darling devilish—Dominick says that in Ireland the people say of good people that they are 'devilish' good." *

"I know! Joanna told me. I like the word—but——"

Her voice sank to a soft whisper again, and she, for the first time, cast down her eyes to the deck, and her cheek grew scarlet for one swift instant. She hesitated.

"Say what?"

"Say what the boatswain's mate said one night, when you were pulling on the ropes and singing in the wind and rain. I heard him say '~~women~~'. I was in the saloon, and all the men laughed, and you did yourself—I heard you! Eustace was up here, and came down much amused, but he would not tell me all. I want to renew the sensation, Paddy!"

▲ "Is diabhailta an duine é le feabhas" (Garlic).

"Oh, about some women on the main deck washing clothes—was that it, you little heap of indulgence? Why, I should be shocked if I thought you really heard all of it! Dominick D'Arcy said the man should wear a padlock on his mouth!"

"Oh! life is so full of variety, Paddy. Why should he not exhibit his antipathy to us little handfuls of clay? He calls us 'spare ribs.' Never mind that sentimental Irishman, with his improvements of Gounod and Mozart. Oh, dear! go on, Paddy!"

"No, I protest, I will not. I am not so devilishly good as that, Constance."

"Bah! You disappointing sailor! That boat-swain's mate at least comprehends the value of suggestion, which I told you (the first morning you spoke to me) is the real basis of mystery. Why, Paddy, you are not bad; you are quite wholesomely commonplace, and I really believe you are pious. Those devilish Irish people have quite spoiled you!"

"The first time you spoke to me was at the East India Docks, do you not remember? You gave me a shilling-piece for carrying your luggage aboard."

"Yes; and I saw you no more until we reached Plymouth; but I heard you singing as you pulled at the ropes above my head in that terrible storm in the English Channel. I thought you were quite different from what you really are."

"Ah, Constance, you will never know what I really

"Pooh! my dear Paddy, you're just a man, and I think I understand men. I am not an *ingénue* from the south of Ireland to tire a man with her blessings and prayers. But I hear the Captain's voice in the companion—move away! I shall see

you again—in the saloon—after your breakfast with the second mate. Go farther away, still !”

“And yours ?”

“I’m as hungry as a shark. My hunger is a compliment to you, Paddy dear ! I shall have mine in my state room. You and the Doctor can come in when I have done. (Sh ! The Captain and the mate !) And shall we have steady winds now, Mr. Shackley ? And will church be at ten o’clock this morning, or at eleven, Captain ? I like so much to hear you read that big Bible of yours, especially Deuteronomy, verse and verse about with Mr. Shackley.”

“I had an army chaplain for a passenger once,” said Captain Jessup, “and he gave me a few lessons. Ten o’clock on the quarter-deck, miss—church, when the cold weather comes, will be in the saloon again—but you have had no breakfast !”

“I shall ask the steward for some coffee and take it in my state room ; so strange that I should have a poor appetite this morning ! Mr. Parrish and Mr. Hudson will be at the saloon table now, so I should have to wait. Ah, here’s the Doctor. Going your rounds, Doctor ? Come and have a chat afterwards, before church.”

Hudson had joined the second mate below, and they both were nearly finished breakfast when Miss Palgrave descended to the state room, which she shared with her brother—the large room with settees and square windows communicating with his berth. The door of this state room was wide open and hooked back, and Hudson at the after end of the saloon table was conversing with the artist, who was reclining on one of his state-room settees. The second mate preferred talking to the coloured steward about ships

they had respectively sailed in. Mr. Parrish had a good-humoured toleration for anything he did not understand, and that included most things outside the boundaries of navigation, seamanship, and the wages to be earned at various occupations afloat and ashore. His envy of other men was bounded by his profession. The steward was receiving ten shillings less per month than Mr. Parrish, and a pound a month more than Hudson as third mate. The rate of wages was the factor that coloured the second mate's opinion of the dignity of any walk in life, and kept his jealousy of Hudson from interfering with his digestion. The steward was Mr. Parrish's inferior (and Hudson's superior). When he heard Mr. Palgrave say that a picture by a French painter, no bigger than a division of the "fiddle" on the cabin table, was sold for ten thousand francs, and only took a week to paint, and that Mr. Palgrave could paint a picture as large as that in a day, if he liked, the saloon passenger's importance in the scheme of things which governed the second mate's ideas, grew admittedly vast. Mr. Palgrave's inherited fortune seemed nothing to what he could earn by his art—his "profession."

"Well: you do astonish me; 'Mr. Paulgrave,' sir! I never thought as how you could earn all that money if you liked, which in course you haven't any need to, it ain't likely. But you could if you wanted to, couldn't he, steward?" My word! we ain't much after that, eh, sto'od? Why, the ole man, and Jonah neither, ain't getting half of that in twelve calendar months. You won't knock out that at your colonial eating-house, sto'od, if you work a month of Sundays, with them sixpenny dinners you're talking about."

“No, sah ! Mr. Pal-gray’s gray gennelman ; I’s eahlways noah it true.”

“And Mr. Hudson here, he knows extryordin’ry knollige for a feller what’s been afore the mast ; but what’s the use of it, sto’od ? what’s the use of it ? He can’t turn it into money, like you can your knollige of sto’oding and cooking, and Mr. Paulgrave’s picture-painting, what ? ”

Mr. Palgrave silently laughed—an inward laugh ; Miss Palgrave, sipping her hot coffee and munching her biscuit and butter, smiled ; and Mr. Parrish, the second mate grinned.

“What I think about Mr. Hudson,” said the second mate, well pleased with himself, speaking to Miss Palgrave (almost for the first time, below or on deck, during the passage), “what I think is this here. A feller like him, with a head on him for figures, and books, and a good seaman too—we all know that—ought to have been master of a fine ship by this time. How old are you—turned thirty, Hudson—what ? You can give me five years. I’m only five-and-twenty ; but I’ll lay I have a ship in that time, if she’s no bigger than an old copra schooner trading to the Islands.”

(Mr. Parrish turned to the steward again.) “But what I thinks about Mr. Hudson, sto’od, is this here ; he’s too fickle-minded and free with the gals, that’s what it is. A man what has never been second mate twice running, nor twice in the same ship, is what I call turmadgeous, sto’od ! He stands in his own daylight, he——”

“Will you kindly repeat that expression you used, Mr. Parrish ? ” said Constance, smiling. “Did I understand you to say ‘turmadgeous’ ? ”

"Aye, quite correct, Miss Paulgrave; turmadgeous—out-and-out."

"'Tis a fine word," murmured Eustace Palgrave.
"I like it."

The black steward made a sudden grab at the word, as it were, and said to the second mate with conviction—

"Yas, sah; Mr. 'Usson's churmajjus, I'se ahilways say dat too."

"Corse he's got the gift o' the gab, sto'od, what! But it wot't stand to him at the pay table; he'll just get his four pound a month and not a red cent extry, and that's the last we'll hear of Mr. Hudson—able seaman and the ole man's darling."

Miss Palgrave looked at Patrick Hudson; and the dimples came into the corners of her mouth.

"It's fine to be a free man, Mr. Parrish!" she said.

"Aye! for the like of Mr. Paulgrave what can paint pictoors worth hunderds of pounds sterling, maybe," said the second mate.

"You seem interested in my future, Mr. Parrish," said Hudson.

"Your footure, my lad" (Hudson smiled at the second mate with five years' extra weight of assurance), "your footure is with the gals—er, 'scuse me, miss; I didn't mean anything out of common like. Well, no matter, sto'od, we all knows our own game best, what? No, I don't want no more coffee; I'm going on deck now; it's my watch, and I've got to rig up the pulpit for the ole man; and Mr. Shackley's wanting to come below to take the kernometer time to the longitude. So long, Mr. Hudson! My respects, Mr. Paulgrave. Hope to see you at church, miss."

The second mate of the *Young Pretender* brushed

the biscuit crumbs off his faded serge jacket and rose from the table; and the steward cleared the table and went to his pantry.

The second mate put on his cap in his berth, and then went on deck.

“A good officer,” said Hudson, still sitting at the table, looking after the second mate.

“His word ‘turmadgeous’ fits you beautifully,” said Miss Palgrave.

“What does it mean?” said Hudson.

“What matters?” said Eustace Palgrave. “The man that invented it was an artist. I wonder where Parrish got it from?”

“But a word must have some meaning,” said Hudson.

“It has; it means you,” said Constance; “and that Mr. Parrish is British to the core. The hypocrite! If he only knew all that Miranda Jenkins has told me about him! Oh, you men! you men!”

“Well, I suppose I shall live and die ‘turmadgeous,’ Miss Palgrave.”

“Oh, you can call me Constance, before my brother, can he not, Eustace? We have become great friends, Paddy here, and I.”

Mr. Palgrave leaned back on his settee and looked silently at his sister. He passed his hand over his smooth, freshly-shaven, sallow face, and then turned it toward Hudson, sitting at the table in the saloon with the log slate now in his hand, entering up the course and distance made good in the preceding watch.

“Children, amuse yourselves; nature demands it,” said Eustace, his fingers gliding from his face into the heavy dark lock of hair above his brow, and slowly through it, and down the back hair to return to the

smooth soft cheek, by the thin long neck in its loose open collar, and fleshy rounded chin. The effeminacy of the gesture was very apparent to Hudson; and the careless, almost indifferent tone in his voice stirred the memory of a buried sensation into repugnant acuteness. It was but for a moment, and then Hudson felt quite at his ease.

"You are the essence of tolerance, Eustace dear; you are the most artistic Christian in the world, dear. Come into our state room, Paddy, and see Eustace's '*Atys and Cybele*.' Here is the study for it in chalk. Miranda's portrait sketch in oils, there, is for the *Atys*; and Bridget Slattery's is for the *Cybele*. A great deal can be suggested in two half-lengths, as in the chalk study. Look at the reluctance in the pose of *Atys*! Look at the arms and turned neck! Is it not fine? But you will think the costume, the draperies, anachronistic. Of course you cannot understand 'eternal truths that have nothing to do with temporal fashions,' as Eustace says, can you? Even that far from stupid Shakespeare could not understand them, could he, Eustace dear?"

"Oh! Shakespeare? Pooh!" said Eustace.

Hudson stood at the door, looking in. The walls of the state room were becoming covered daily with sketches and studies, for under the constant stimulus of his sister's admiration and reflected criticism the egotism of her brother was finding a more persevering continuance than it had done in the earlier days of the voyage. Hudson said he admired the *Cybele*, but the *Atys* (Miranda) did not attract him. He was looking at the oil studies, not at the two women together in the chalk study. But he said he thought (with apologies for his want of appreciation of what

were probably the fine things in painting) that Miranda's head would make an excellent youthful St. John.

“Ah!” cried Miss Palgrave, clapping her hands, “you are coming on, *mon cher*; that is just the point, is it not, Eustace dear? The old masters always made their *Giovannos* out of certain feminine types, and so did the Greeks that beautiful son of Hermes.”

“Feminine, Constance?” queried Eustace. “Be careful! How do you know that Hudson has not studied that tiresome Haeckel the Doctor wants me to read?”

“Well, you know what I mean, dear,” said Constance, and, for the second time that morning, she cast down her eyes, and the faintest, swiftest blush reddened her cheek. “But what a pity Paddy knows nothing about art, is it not, dearest boy in all the world?”

“I ain't a-goin' to sing no 'ymns,” came from the fore cabin, faintly audible.

“Ah, listen to Miranda, now!” exclaimed Hudson, turning round toward the other end of the long saloon; “that is her voice; there is none other like it in the ship.”

“It is the voice of the nymph of Salmacis,” said Eustace solemnly.

The steward had gone forward to the galley, but the mate had now come below to take the chronometer time for the Captain, who was on the poop, with his sextant taking the morning altitudes. When the Captain had shouted “Stop!” for the third time, the mate went on deck again.

“Come and listen to Miranda and the ‘Old Chicken’!” said Miss Palgrave. “We cannot dis-

tinguish their words so far away. Come, Paddy ; it is your watch below."

"Yes, go and amuse yourselves," said Eustace Palgrave, "and I'll put on a clean collar for church. Where's the Doctor? I'm dying for a discussion about Jonah and the whale's belly. That medical man doesn't believe anything interesting. He laughs at Laban's flocks of sheep and goats, and Jacob's hazel and poplar rods which changed their colours so charmingly as related. Truly, that Doctor is a great Philistine ; I could almost love him ! His science is so stupidly interpretative of Biblical biological phenomena, that I have to forgive him his want of faith ; but it is a libel on the prophet Jonah to give that scientific Philistine his name. 'However, we shall not have to throw him overboard to save the ship, that is evident ; his science is our salvation.'"

"You *dear* believer in everything nice," said Miss Palgrave ; "we have an hour to church yet. Come and listen, Paddy !"

There were several women talking at the same time in the fore cabin, but the matron's voice and Miranda's were more distinct than the other voices, by reason of their peculiar unsimilarity to the majority.

"'Ow is it I can't be efowed to say my prares down 'ere nice and quiet along with Joanner and the other H Irish gals, eh ? Wot do I want to go up there for to 'ear the ole Capting readin' about Rachael, and Lear, and Sairey, and all those ole Juices for, eh ? He ain't no clergyman, 'is 'e ? I says it's disgustin'. Last Sunday we 'ad what Moses thought about us poor gals in petticoats. I never wanted to do enny of them things wot Moses says, not me ! I'll watch it ! I'm goin' to stay down 'ere with Joanner."

My father's got little meedles and things just like Joanner, and I likes 'er prates, not all that Moses-and-Hareon chuckin' of stones at us pore gals!”

“Your father and mother attend divine service,” said the matron, in her best voice, “and so do all the respectable girls, and the married women, except the lazy, dirty Irish!”

“Don't you call Joanner that,” said Miranda fiercely, “or——”

“I am alluding to the married women, my dear,” said the matron quickly. -

“You allude to my ——” said Miranda, and all the girls in the fore cabin laughed. Joanna D'Arcy's voice was certainly not among them. She and the majority of the Irish girls were evidently in the lower 'tween-deck. There followed a noisy clashing of tongues among the dozen or more in the upstairs fore cabin; most of the girls seemed indignant at Miranda's contumacy, and applauded the matron.

(“Do smile, Paddy!” whispered Constance. “I think they are very amusing. That stupid, slow-witted matron is inimitable. Listen to her!”)

“Miranda Jenkins, I shall not only report your conduct to your parents this afternoon; I shall give you a bad character at the depot in Sydney!”

Miranda replied that she didn't care a pickled onion (one of the matron's *douceurs* to those in her daily favour) what the Old Chicken did; she was not going to church. She did not like the “Jews and Juices,” and the way they “carried on” in the Bible. And then the two eavesdroppers heard the matron and the others ascending to the poop. There was a silence in the fore cabin, but they presently heard Miranda humming softly to herself a London music-hall ditty,

and then the voice of Joanna, who had seemingly ascended the lower ladder quietly, and unobserved by Miranda.

"Is it *praying* you would be, Miranda! I heard you below quarrelling with the matron. Indeed, I never heard you pray at any time; and as for me, I feel more like crying, God help me!"

"No! but I 'ate that Ole Chicken," said Miranda; "an' I'll stay along of you, dear. What's making you cry, Jo?"

(Hudson and Constance could hear Joanna softly crying now, and the first made a movement to turn away from the partition.)

"Ah! let me bathe my eyes, Miranda; I don't want anybody to know."

(Constance Palgrave detained Hudson by simply holding his left arm, which was around her waist, with her own left hand.)

"Is that 'Uson feller not good frens with yer, Jo?"

"Where's—Biddy—Slattery?" inquired Joanna, in a broken voice.

(The two in the saloon could hear the faint splashing of water in the basin as Joanna bathed her face.)

"Gone up on deck with the Ole Chicken," said Miranda; "wot's she been 'a-doin' on now?"

"Oh, nothing, Miranda; I only asked you. She watches me day and night!"

(Hudson would have turned away again, but Constance Palgrave still detained him with her left hand, and by her right hand also, which was toying with the lobe of his ear, as her wrist rested on his shoulder.)

"Well, Joanner, she ain't got much to look at of a night time, 'as she now? You silly girl!"

"I don't know, Miranda; but I could tell this morning that she was watchin' me all last night!"

"Wot! lookin' at yer iyin' in yer bed, d'yer mean, eh?"

"Oh! I don't know what I mean. Don't breathe a word to anybody, Miranda, if you love me, dear! She has the evil eye; she has come between me and my heart's desire! Don't you hate the sight of her, Miranda?"

"In corse I do, if she's tellin' lies about you to the Ole Chicken, and calls you a warmen-pan."

"No, she does not tell the matron anything now, Miranda; the matron is very kind to me of late. I cannot understand her at all, nor Bridget neither. Ah! what did the matron mean by 'warmen-pan,' Miranda?"

"Don't ask such rummy questshins, Joanner. 'Ow do I know?' Per'aps it's yer 'air."

"Ah! sure, it's not that. I wouldn't mind that at all; but some of the girls already have it that it's Miss Palgrave's 'warmen-pan' I am; and always when, when Mr.—when Mr. Hudson and she have been talking together with me on the poop."

(Constance Palgrave's eyes caught a downward glance from Hudson's, and, for the third time that morning, she cast herself down and blushed.)

"Miss Palgrave," continued Joanna, "is a real lady from England, and I am very fond of her, Miranda, and I love to see—him—speaking to her, for he's gentle, too, is Pat—"

"So you call 'im by 'is Christjin name, Jò; yer can't be out with 'im, then!"

"Ah! I don't know. Biddy Slattery has come between us, Miranda; this morning I could see it!

My God! I won't let her have it all her own way. I'll——"

"Sh! don't get excited, Jo! Wot's a silly man feller, to be botherin' yerself about like that! I wouldn't give a cokernut on 'Amstead 'Eath for the best man feller that ever lived. I'd rather 'ave a gal like you for comp'ny enny day; when yer not actin' the fool."

(There was a lengthy pause in the fore-cabin. Hudson and Miss Palgrave stood motionless in the saloon. They could hear Eustace Palgrave in his state room humming, in a strangely monotonous key—as usual, when he attempted a song—Victor Hugo's "Berceuse," as far as the words went; but not Gounod's "Serenade" setting so far as Mr. Palgrave's music.)

"And is it the *fool* you think I'm playing?" said Joanna D'Arcy, in quite a passionless voice now, and hardly as if she were asking a question at all; "is it a fool you think I am, Miranda? God forgive the woman who comes between me and the man I love, for I never will; and it will be a bad day's work for that woman, that's all"

"Oh, lor! Don't frightening us, Jo! I'd rather see yer in a pashing! You do look orfle! Come and let us sy our Sundy prares down with the other Hirish gals in the 'tween-deck; come on! This ain't a play in er theayter; come on!"

"Aye, let s go down stairs; but it's little mind I am in for praying, Miranda! God in Heaven have pity on me!"

The two girls could then be heard descending the lower hatchway.

Hudson looked at Miss Palgrave and Miss Palgrave looked at Hudson, and the woman evidently ex-

pected that the man would show visible amusement. But she saw nothing but what seemed sudden melancholy, and what was really contristation brought about by the reflection that he himself, but a few hours ago, could have held fast to his heart the yielding body, and pressed his lips upon the fervent reciprocal ones, of an innocent, affectionate, beautiful, young woman, a maiden who welded the impulses of love to the desire of heavenly sanctions and the fears of hell's temptations. An Irish maiden, devout and pure as the man in whom she trusted might leave her by the will of God.

Love is not full of pity, as men say;
But deaf and cruel where he means to prey.

He felt further away from all that was of honour, and faith, and steadfast, unfearing trust in himself than ever. Yet Heaven knew he had had pity, and it had brought him no peace! The coarseness of the dispute in the fore cabin grated on the finer sense of the dignity of woman that had remained to him through all his years of careless living. And he felt no gratitude toward Miranda for her defence of Joanna. And no thanksgiving for the night's victory exalted his soul. With Constance Palgrave by his side, one hand laid lightly on his shoulder with the familiarity of understood relationship—with this Constance, who allowed with a tolerant comprehension—that yet excluded all sentiment—his own arm to encircle her waist, he had stood silent, serious, listening, as mean of purpose as any cavedropper; she, as curious as a child, with the sensations of human existence still unexperienced, a woman whose imagination might be blasé, but not her body.

"The poor sentimental creature," said Miss Palgrave. "What have you been doing to her, Paddy, you deceitful lover? Oh, you dear wicked man, I can't have you running after Biddy Slattery as well!"

"Biddy Slattery!" said Hudson, astonished and perplexed, and turning to Constance in half-abstract appeal; "it's ever Biddy Slattery with her! I haven't spoken twenty words to that black-haired girl since she came aboard! Why, you know that, Constance! The evil eye! Joanna's a beautiful little fool."

"*Chantez, chan-tèz tou—jou-ou-ours,*" hummed Eustace in the state room.

"Beautiful? How dare you, sir! Look at me!"

"A beautiful little fool; and she sings so divinely!" said Hudson.

"What! that melancholy yangy Irish stuff!" said Constance. "You know you don't like it! Put your arms around my neck, there! *Tenez!* Now, you may—oh! don't be too voracious! Call me a little devil! Oh!"

"*You—there!—little—there!—devil!—there!—you—ah!*"

"Oh! not again! Now, we'll go to church, and ask the Captain to read about Joseph and Potiphar's wife—and the impossible Joseph!"

"You like that story?" Impossible Joseph; ah!"

"Of course I do. There! now let me go! It is a masterpiece; and what sensible people those Egyptians were! no silly sentiment about them. And such great artists! Even Potiphar treated Joseph like a gentleman, and not a bit like a Jew would have treated Potiphar under similar conditions.

I always loved the Egyptians; and the women were delightful, from Potiphar's wife to Cleopatra! No! no more just now! Unhand me, villain!”

“You—little—devil! You have faith in nothing.”

“Where are you going now?”

“To shift all the sails out of the berth next the mate's, as soon as I can get one of the hands to help me.”

“What for? Love-sick Romeo deliberately throwing away his ladder! Why exchange that for another berth?”

“To take up my abode in it.”

“Why? what for? You are not one of the Joseph species, Paddy! And I believe you are in love with me, after all!”

Hudson gave a great sigh that made Miss Palgrave smile, and said—

“Ah, perhaps I wish I were—one or the other—you sweet little devil!”

And Patrick Hudson went up on deck to call a man aft to help him change his sleeping berth from that next the thin boarded partition to the one next the chief mate's berth, and then came below again with the man.

Miss Palgrave and her brother went on deck; but Hudson, after dismissing the seaman at the end of their joint labours, sat in his new berth wrapped in thought.

Presently, as he sat there, his head resting on his hand, a united murmur ascended from the after 'tween-deck. Some Irish women, down there, were saying the *Confiteor* together, from the “Ordinary of the Mass,” and in the Irish tongue.

He plainly heard the repetition, “*Trè mo choir fein,*

tre mo choir fein, tre mo mór-chóir fein!" and, guessing at its meaning, he struck his breast and cried, "*Mea culpa, mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*" as his own Irish mother had taught him when a child.

At this moment a hymn arose from a score or more voices on the quarter-deck, the Captain leading, and Mr. Shackley lingering behind by a note or two. He could also distinguish clearly the black steward's voice emphasizing the name of the Saviour with a peculiar gusto. At length the steward descended the companion ladder. He could see the third mate sitting by the open door of his new berth, and, stopping suddenly in the midst of a hymn he was numming to himself, said with some surprise—

"Ma golly! Mr. 'Usson! What fo' you no go ter church, eh, sah? You ain't got no 'ligion no-how!"

Patrick Hudson did not raise his head to look at the coloured steward standing there, with a pile of plates on his bent arm. He had put on a stiff linen collar which bound his neck tightly, and the black skin bulged over its sharp edge.

"Go away, man!" he said savagely, "and don't bother me with your talk!"

A minute later the Doctor came below, and halted at Hudson's berth, looking in at the door.

"Ah! Mr. Hudson, you've changed your roost, eh? Why are you not singing hymns up there on the poop? Listen to them!"

"You yourself do not seem fond of prayer-meetings, Doctor!"

"Oh, I'm Jonah, the saintly prophet, am I not? I'm holy enough, apparently. When do they throw me overboard? Ha-ha-ha! He-he-he! How strange

it is that *I* should be looked upon as the Jonah of the *Young Pretender*! That word *Jonah* is, beginning to tire me.”

“Strange? Everything is strange, mysterious; no man understands his fellow-man, nor even himself; the wrong man, and the wrong woman, and the wrong we do, and the right we can’t do! *Beginning* to tire you—ha-ha-hah! I give it up, Doctor! I’m going on deck to be amused. I have a right to; it’s my watch below.”

“There’s something the matter with that man—he laughs all on one note,” said the Doctor, after the third mate had left the saloon; and, walking around the saloon, he at length came to the pantry, where the steward was wiping plates and dishes with his apron, singing softly to himself, as well as his Sunday shore-going collar would permit.

“Yes, something wrong; don’t you think so, steward?”

“Tink what, sah? ‘Hololooyah! wid aal yer might end main! Ugh-ugh-kerrough!’”

“Why, that Mr. Hudson wants medicine, eh? Liver wrong, eh?”

“No, sah! he noah live wrong. Mr. Ussois live like sailahuman; out he git mitey smaal wage; it make him streppessly cranky. Him no praay—

‘My Master broose der sarpint’s head
And bind him wid a chain;
Come brudders, hololooyah shon!
Wid aal yer might end main,
Hololooyah! Kerrough! ugh-cough!’”

“Ah!” said the quondam Navy surgeon, taking off his spectacles and wiping them carefully with his handkerchief, “you are another psychological curi-

osity, and you'll choke yourself in that tourniquet of a collar. I think I'll go to my berth and pass half an hour with Herbert Spencer's *Principles*. I wonder is there any ethnic connection between starched collars and hymns? The steward never sings hymns except when he wears a collar!"

CHAPTER IX

THAT Sunday afternoon Dominick D'Arcy, together with several other young men, and a few married couples who had daughters, assembled on the poop for the two hours' intercourse with the single women permitted weekly by the Captain and Doctor, according to the regulations.

D'Arcy, as well as anybody else among the emigrants, could communicate as often as he chose with his relative ; for by this time the quarter-deck, though forbidden to the single men, was freely used by them (without correction by the officers) when they wished to exchange a few words of friendly greeting or idle banter with the girls on the poop. Still, Sunday afternoon, in fine weather, was an opportunity for general intercourse and private communications, and it was also an opportunity that the majority seized still—despite the increasing discontent with everybody and everything—for the exhibition of Sunday raiment. Girls donned their best, and those who possessed hats wore them. Some of the men wore waistcoats, and silver watch-chains, and starched collars ; and one of the married men a tall black silk hat—or what had once been a black silk hat. Mrs. Jenkins hooked into her beautiful little ears a heavy pair of mid-Victorian gold ornaments, and put over her fat hands a pair of soiled kid gloves, and on her head a bonnet with scarlet

cherries, and a spotted veil. Her husband, though, persisted in wearing a gay-coloured flannel shirt without a collar, and an Italian slouch hat of the period, to the outspoken disgust of his wife. Many of the emigrant girls possessed but one pair of boots, and no stockings, and walked barefooted, during the week, but they all covered their feet on Sundays. A male emigrant—one of Dominick D'Arcy's cousins (for he had two on the ship)—persisted in carrying a walking-stick, a malacca cane with a silver-mounted head to it, that had belonged to Dominick's grandfather, and it was looked upon by most of his companions as an emblem of family dignity.

Dominick himself on such days was a little more attentive to his attire than on weekdays. He wore his new soft felt hat and a loose black silk tie reserved for Sundays; a frilled cotton shirt with a very low collar, and well-fitting black suit, and long, square-pointed shoes. Miss Palgrave said he "looked the musician and the artist from top to toe; from his long, dark, curling hair, and calm, dreamful eyes, pale cheek and mobile lips, to the long-toed feet in their low-heeled, flat-soled shoes." A remark that had set the impressionable artist's pulse racing madly.

Indeed, it was evident that on Sundays, on the poop, Dominick D'Arcy intensely desired to look the "artist and the musician." Though he had never studied music out of his native country, he had read about student life in continental cities; he had seen foreign musicians in Dublin; he had looked at portraits of famous artists, singers, instrumentalists, and others in the windows of music shops; and he had selected the type he wished to imitate; having, by the gift of nature, shoulders that carried a thin black coat with

dignity, dark, thick hair that made a splendid setting for an oval, pale face, and fingers and toes long enough to satisfy the demands of the amateur.

But Dominick D'Arcy was a sincere artist and student, despite his weak vanity in posing as a typically-mannered one before Miss Palgrave. The latter, though she had travelled much and mixed with men and women in all grades of European society, was not what Lavater would have recognized as a physiognomist. She did not, at “the first aspect of any man,” feel emotions of affection and attraction, or of repulsion and hatred. She had studied art more than nature, and the manner in which a thing was done affected her more than the truth of the result. Her brother's favourite comment on the word truth, when uttered in connection with art, was Pilate's unanswered question, “What is truth?” Constance Palgrave had made it her own, and accepted it as something sceptically confirmatory of her own belief that everything was true—even those things that tiresome people persisted in denominating false, and which, for the sake of convention, she herself had perforce to grant as false.

That Dominick D'Arcy posed as an artist delighted her. That his manner of playing the violin was so full of a graceful self-satisfaction, charmed her more than his music. And then he was so pictorially debonaire and affectedly virtuous when he talked about his fiddle or his flute, that she could forgive him any liberties which his unformed and imitative talent took with the masterpieces of Beethoven, Gounod, or Mozart. “Your necktie, *mon cher*, would not be amiss in the Luxembourg Gardens. Had you been French, now! And won the Prix de Rome! Ah!”

"Sure, Miss Palgrave, you do not think I have really so much talent that I should have done so well in Paris? You flatter me too much! We had excellent professors in Dublin, too; there was——"

"And then the Villa Medici, at Rome, afterwards! Ah! perhaps you would have written a grand opera! Oh! what you miss—you Irish—cooped up in that Dublin of yours! How can one study there? *Zest! hé! pooh!*"

And she shrugged her slender little shoulders in derision, and in quite *la mode Quartier Latin*. Her own affectation revelled in his, and, doing so, corrected it.

The two were sitting side by side on the skylight above the fore cabin; and Joanna, on the other side of Miss Palgrave, was silently listening. Miranda had been of the group at first; but, with the later coming of her mother, she had been compelled to take a seat on the wheel-box gratings, right aft. Hudson, whose watch on deck it now was, walked the weather side; and appeared disinclined to approach the group at the skylight; for he only glanced toward them for a moment as he passed behind, and there was little chance that they might see him. The poop, on the lee side at least, was somewhat crowded; and as nearly everybody was talking, the nature of the various dialogues simultaneously taking place was indistinguishable by anybody but those engaged in them.

Dominick D'Arcy had beckoned once to Hudson with the familiarity of assured friendship; but the third mate had evidently not seen the gesture, for he had not taken notice of it. And presently, as the conversation proceeded, he left the poop in charge of his superior, the chief mate, and took to the quarter-

deck below with the Doctor, who had been walking a lonely walk atwartships under the break, before his “surgery” door.

Joanna seemed disinclined to talk at all, but at length she said—

“Ah! Dominick had no need to go to foreign parts at all; he won great prizes in Dublin then, did you not, Dominick dear? I wish I were back in Ireland again, Miss Palgrave. Ah! why did we leave it!”

“Oh, my dear Joanna, I know Ireland is a delightful place; at least I have heard so; and I love the Irish so much; but your brother understands exactly what I mean, don’t you, Mr. D’Arcy?”

“Perfectly, Miss Palgrave; but you are too good to show so much interest in me, who am so poor. We are all poor in Ireland, alas! Our poverty is one of our virtues. We are the posterity of kings, but it is our destiny to suffer. Shall I play that arrangement of Gounod’s ‘*Le Ciel a visité la Terre*,’ and will you sing your part? See, I have my violin with me!”

Miss Palgrave had not failed to see the violin, nor had anybody else. They had often heard Dominick play it of a Sunday evening. Several emigrants on the poop-deck were standing near for the purpose of hearing anything that Dominick now might play.

“Yes, in a moment. Let me see, the words are rather *pensionny*, are they not? I used to sing them in my brother’s studio when he was painting a group of nuns at Benediction—I was every one of the nuns, by the by—fine reflections from a blaze of candles, you know; and he said he wanted to feel his subject. So I used to sing to create a religious atmosphere. I am an artist; so is my brother Eustace, the painter,

We love everything that is beautiful, of course, *every thing*; and Mozart and Gounod, and nuns singing, and processions of priests with candles and incense, and all that kind of thing, you know, of course we do; we should not be artists if we didn't, should we? Eustace loves churches, and temples, and mosques, especially mosques, and so do I—*—*"

Dominick began to tune his instrument.

"Oh, I love Mass with music, and incense, and flowers!" said Miss Palgrave, "and the little bell tinkling, and the priest genuflecting every moment with all that beautiful embroidery on his back; especially in a dark church like Pisa Duomo—you were never there, of course—but I don't like it in a church—such as that hideous Moorfields Chapel—in London, you know. Eustace thinks the Roman ritual *very* fine; he really prefers it to the Greek Orthodox, and he prefers the celibate priest to the other sort. I remember, in Constantinople, at the Greek Patriarch's church (you go through such a charming little garden or court to get in), he said, after the ceremony—a grand function—I forget what it was, but there was Mass included—and the way the old Patriarch, with his long grey beard, came out of the opening in the Iconostasis and swung his censer reminded me of that high priest in that poem of Pensage—Eustace said that married men, like most of the Greek priests, always spoil the effect. They look such fathers of families, and they have not that delightful hungry look that the Roman priest has. But no matter, let us sing this legato heaven-and-earth thing of Gounod. Come! have you the music? Ah, and the vocal part for myself, with interpolations for you, eh? *Bon !*"

“Ah,” sighed Joanna. She exhibited no interest whatever in the conversation.

“Why are you so sad, Johanna?” inquired Dominick, “and Miss Palgrave so kind! It is an honour to me, Miss Palgrave, to be permitted to—to talk to you and to listen to you, and have you sing to my—er—to my audacious improvements on Mozart and Gounod.” (“We are indebted to your charming audacity, Dominick,” murmured Miss Palgrave.) “But it is excellent practice for me, and I don’t know what I should have done for sympathy had it not been for you, Miss Palgrave.”

“Ah! I wish I were back in Ireland again,” said Joanna.

“Nonsense, Johanna!” said her brother.

“So! we are to have music, are we?” said Eustace Palgrave, approaching, with a small French carton under his left arm and a fusain in his right hand. “Ah! you little hedonist! I remember how, some years ago, when Injalbert won the Prix de Rome with his *Douceur d’Orphée*, you first fell under the spell of *l’androgynisme de l’art grec*. What is it now?” Some of that delightful, unconformable, passionless Irish singing, eh? That will be worth hearing indeed! Is it?”

“It is not, Mr. Palgrave,” said Dominick; “it’s something of Gounod’s—yes, like Gounod?”

“Oh! Alf! Gounod’s quite tolerable—on Sundays,” said Mr. Palgrave, “quite tolerable, I assure you. I’ll go and make a study for my *Atys and Cybele*. Sing, children, sing!”

He walked away. Instrumental music really bored him, and he had no ear for any kind of music.

“Ah, how I wish we were back in Ireland,” repeated Joanna.

"Silly girl!" said Miss Palgrave. "Dominick is going to be a great artist. I shall give him letters to a friend of the Governor of the Colony, and to a judge, and to another man, a Minister of State—all friends at one time of my parents; and Dominick will get tuitions straight away, while he is waiting for that bishop of his to find him an organ. And Dominick is coming to see me at—oh! what is the place called?—at Potts' Point, where we shall be living for a month at least, are you not, Dominick? And I intend to introduce him to Colonial society, I can tell you, Joanna; the Bohemian and the artist are at home everywhere."

"Deed, they are, Miss Palgrave—if they have money," said Dominick.

"Money, *mon chér*! you are going to have money, plenty of it, of course you are. Come, let us sing about 'mon bien aimé.'"

One of the migrant girls, who was standing near, volunteered to hold the music; and the remainder, except the matron and the Jenkins family, made a ring around the performers. Miranda wished to join the audience, but her mother forbade her, saying to the matron—

"The goin's on of that ludy, maytrin, give me the 'ump proper, I can tell yer. My uncle kep' 'is own kerridge; but I scorns to give 'myself' hairs like 'er. I wonders 'ow you put up with it with all those nice gals you're a-lookin' at! She ain't a-settin' of 'em a good example, the wy she goes on like. And 'e's sich a nice young fiddler, chap, ain't 'e?"

The matron sniffed. She had but a poor opinion of Mrs. Jenkins, but she felt gratified at the Hackney woman's dislike of Miss Palgrave.

"'Ere, 'Tonio darlin', go to yer daddy, run to yer farver, pet," cried Mrs. Jenkins to her little boy, as she smoothened her dark brown hair under her bonnet, and settled herself for a conversation with the matron.

Miranda turned to her father and said—

"Ain't you and me goin' to 'ear the music, daddy?"

Giacomo Gianserio first looked at his wife, and then shook his head. He was seldom in the humour to oppose his wife since his failure in the "fish-and-tater" business. And the weight of the Marriage Registrar's big book grew heavier daily, until it seemed to be crushing his spirit as flat as a fried plaice. He took little fair-haired 'Tonio upon his knee, and shook his own black Neapolitan locks dejectedly.

Dominick D'Arcy had begun his *obbligato*, and presently Miss Palgrave's voice joined in—

"Amour que je ne puis comprendre,
Jésus habite dans mon cœur"—etc.

Then more of Dominick's *obbligato*, which he had lengthened with slightly varied repetitions from the original accompaniment. Miss Palgrave, as she sang, made the most of her unexceptionable voice, and threw such a depth of devotional feeling into the words that Dominick raised his eyes from his music once or twice with a swift glance of appreciation.

At the conclusion of the *cantique* there was a general hush. Nobody applauded for a minute; the religiosity of the performance seemed to put the audience in under the roof of a church. But as Miss Palgrave broke out into a merry laugh, several of the girls began to clap their hands, and one of them said aloud to another girl—

"We had a lady that used to sing that tune in our

chapel at home." Isn't she nice to sing a tune like that, and she a Protestant lady, too."

"Show me all that manuscript music that you have there! May I see it?" said Miss Palgrave presently.

D'Arcy blushed, and said hesitatingly—

"Of course; I brought it to show you, Miss Palgrave. This is not an experiment with the composition of another-composer; this is something of my own."

"Oh, I'm delighted! Your own? Show me, show me, quickly!"

The three were alone again, and Constance Palgrave had passed her arm around Joanna's waist. She withdrew her arm, and put out both hands eagerly for the manuscript. Joanna sighed and looked away uninterestedly. The Doctor and Hudson had mounted a few steps of the poop ladder on that side, and were evidently waiting for more music, for Hudson's face at least was fixed with intense thought toward that of Dominick. Then, as Miss Palgrave made the motion with her hands for the music, his gaze shifted to her face. Conscious presently that Joanna was looking at him, he immediately stepped down backward to the quarter-deck; the Doctor followed, and they became lost to the view of those on the poop.

"Ah!" sighed Joanna again, "how I wish I were back in Ireland!"

"Then it is more than I do," said Dominick, "though I had a feeling that way at first. But now my heart is growing lighter every day, though everybody seems to be getting a melancholy fit. There's Mr. Hudson, now——"

"And am *I* melancholy?" said Miss Palgrave.

"Ah, no! I except you, Miss Palgrave, of course.

You were made for song and happy laughter. I could not imagine a tear in your eye. But we Irish are different, God help us! We ‘make our moan,’ as somebody says, ‘for sheer joy in infelicity.’ Our music, our native music, tells its own story, that way, sure enough. You read music very well, Miss Palgrave; you understand the art. You will see here, in this first ‘aria,’ as I have termed it, what I mean. I have tried to do, in our modern notation, with many accidentals, what the native Irish did in the old days with smaller, more subtle intervals than our chromatic scale permits. I want words for these arias, of course for only one voice, and I am writing them myself. The theme is the power of love——”

“The power of what?” said Miss Palgrave indifferently, humming to herself, as she glanced over the manuscript music of Dominick’s “arias.” “There is something of Italy in this last part, la-la-la! ter, a-ter-a, ta-ta! You are more fond of Italian music—are you not?—than of that Irish.”

“Oh, I am fond of *every* kind of music,” said Dominick.

“What, the English?” said Miss Palgrave, affecting a sly glance with her eyes, and with her lips puckered interrogatively and sceptically.

“Well, the English madrigals and glees, the old seventeenth and eighteenth century part-music is delightful,” said Dominick. “One of these days I will arrange some of our native Irish music for parts, and I hope——”

“You should have studied abroad,” said Miss Palgrave. “When you have married Joanna to some nice wealthy colonial squatter who wants a house-keeper, you must go back to Europe and study under

masters of reputation. You will be lost to the world out there in that brand-new country, I think. La-la-la ! ter-a-tér-ater-a, La-la-la ! What do you call it, 'The power of——?'"

"Ah ! I wish I were back in Kilnabubber," said Joanna, "and you not to be making game of me like that, Mrs Palgrave !"

Constance Palgrave turned and looked at her companion, and noted the tears of vexation gathering in her eyes, and said—

"My dear, I didn't intend to hurt you ; pray forgive me."

'Men were deceivers ever,
One foot in sea and one on shore,
La-la-la, lah-la, ne-ver !'

Sh ! don't cry, little stupid !" Then she whispered in her ear—

"They are all like that, Joanna, and the better for being so, dear."

"Oh !" whispered Joanna, "you are too horrible, and you know my secret. How can you be so cruel, dear !"

"I shall have to reprimand him, the wicked man !" said Miss Palgrave, still in a whisper. But she smiled mysteriously as she uttered the words, and slipped her arm around the girl's waist.

Dominick took the manuscript from her other, disengaged hand, and said, with what seemed to be unnecessary earnestness—

"The power of love can transform the unsteady, vacillating, miserable man into one of firm and noble purpose, Miss Palgrave ; one who is ever looking toward the fulfilment of his hopes for reward ; one who is always——"

Miss Palgrave showed some interest, and abruptly inquired what hopes he referred to. Dominick kept his eyes down toward the deck.

“The hope of winning love for love,” he said slowly.

Miss Palgrave laughed softly to herself, and fell to adjusting Joanna’s tangled hair.

“Ah, my God! I wish we were back in Ireland,” said Joanna, getting up suddenly and walking across the deck. She felt that in another moment her pent-up emotions would flow forth, an uncontrollable, tearful stream of self-pity, anger, jealousy, and disappointment. Dominick hardly noticed her departure; and raising his eyes to those of Miss Palgrave, which were fixed on his with a beam of merriment playing across their shallow greyness, he said—

“I am learning the power of love, Miss Palgrave. I may never receive the fulfilment of my hopes, I know; but I will go on hoping now, for art has a power as great as love, in that all barriers can be broken at its will, or by its power!”

“Ah, my dear Dominick, you know nothing about love, that is plain; but it is enough for art that artists like you should think that you do. The only man who understands love on this ship I verily believe is the Doctor. When one loves, one is like a child; and children are just like animals, with their unexplainable loves and hatreds, living for the moment, and with no care for the future. Some love like doves, and some like turkeys. Did you never study the turkey? Ha-ha-ha! You are really growing quite serious!”

D’Arcy looked somewhat puzzled; then he exclaimed, “No! No!”

She nodded her head, and laughed again outright.

"Ah! what a merry-hearted lady you are; but I don't believe you mean what you say. Will you sing my words to these 'arias' when I have written them?"

"Yes, if you keep within my compass. I can't sing B, you know!"

"You could with regular practice," said Dominick; "but it is your influence I want, your presence, living in these notes. I want to think of you all the time I am writing. I want to dedicate this cantata of love to you, Miss Palgrave. I want——"

"Here comes Miranda," said Miss Palgrave abruptly. "Go and keep Joanna company! She seems very dejected over there. Give her these hair-pins, and, here! this piece of ribbon."

Miranda had chosen an opportune moment for leaving her father and mother on the wheel-box grating. Biddy Slattery had come at and had taken a seat beside Mr. Jenkins; and the matron had condescended to engage in closer conversation with Mrs. Jenkins about the trials and regrets of married life, bonnets, elastic-side boots, and periwinkles as a national dietary.

Dominick D'Arcy joined his sister. As he looked at her, he suddenly remembered that she had been sighing and exclaiming in signification of an unhappy mood. He had hardly spoken one word to her, he remembered; he had almost forgotten her, so engrossed had he become in his music, and in those awakening hopes that, had as yet no clear shaping, all confused with the image of Constance Palgrave.

"*Cad é tá ort, Jo?*" * he inquired. "Come, make your hair tidy, alanna!"

* "What is the matter with you, Jo?"

"*Ach ! leig dam féin, Dom !*" * she replied irritably.

"Sure, you've been let alone, dear. *Cá bh-fuil sé ?* † "Where is Pat ?"

"Is it in *jeal earnest* you are ? What do I care where he is !"

"Oh, then, is it like that with you, Jo ?"

"She's working her way with me ; she's turning my heart black against everybody, Dominick," said Joanna bitterly. "Ah ! God be between us and all harm, she has the devil's power for bad luck, I know it !"

"Who, Johanna ? *Biodh ciall agat !* ‡ Have sense, Jo !"

"No matter ; *ta sé mar a bhuidh sé !* § The will of God be done !"

"Amen, Johanna. I can't make anything of what is troubling you at all, at all. Sure, I know it's not Miss Palgrave you mean, and she so kind to both of us !"

"Indeed, and it's true for you ; Miss Palgrave is a gentle lady, and no wonder you are taken with her ; and I love her too well to say a word of harm against her, though she does have her jest and all ; but look at that one over there ; gently, now, don't let her see you looking !"

"Is it that Bridget Slattery you mean, by the side of the Italian ?"

"It is, Dom, it's she herself ; her eyes are in my heart, I tell you !"

"Ah, don't be saying things like that, Johanna. Is it jealous you are ? I don't think Mr. Hudson——"

* "Ach, let me alone, Dom."

† "Where is he ?"

‡ "Have sense !"

§ "It is as it will be."

"You need not trouble to think at all, Dominick. I know what I know, and she has the devil's eye for working her own will. There! She is looking at you now! Bless yourself, under your jacket! Nobody will see you."

"Have sense, I tell you! What harm can a slip of a girl like that do any man, or woman either? Sure, your talk is more foolish than what I hear every day of our Lord about Jonah and the Doctor! *Biodh ciall agat!*"*

"Come over here, Joanna," called Miss Palgrave across the deck. "Miranda has something to tell you; come! Let me fasten your hair, dear!"

Dominick stood immovable by the rail on the weather side looking out to sea; but he presently cast his eyes rapidly to left and right, and then slipped his right hand beneath his black coat and made the sign of the cross with his forefinger surreptitiously on his left breast. Turning round, he glanced toward Bridget Slattery; she was looking intently at him. Then he turned about again, and stood looking out to sea.

"Ah, well!" he said to himself, "God be between us and all harm; but Johanna was always superstitious. Uncle Aloysius (God rest his soul!) had many a fight with her about that same weakness; and if a priest couldn't turn her from it, it's little account me trying! I wonder, is that Kerry girl still looking over here?" (He looked over his shoulder at Miranda and the others, and then allowed his gaze to slide along the poop gently toward Mr. Jenkins and Bridget.) "Faith, she is! And why shouldn't she look where she chooses? It's hard on a poor young woman that she can't look where she pleases!"

But turning again to windward, and gazing out to sea, though a big shoal of flying fish were glittering in a hundred streaks of gold and silver light, right before his eyes, he did not immediately see them: for his mind was on a short prayer, and the forefinger of his right hand was again making the sign of the cross surreptitiously under his jacket. Then he saw the flying fish falling into the sea, and some of them smashing themselves against the great haching hull of the ship; while a score of others were still rising from the waves and drifting down the wind in a mad escape from the great fish pursuing them. He called to a group near by—some girls; and his cousin with the malacca cane, and the married man with the tall hat—to come and look; and with them came others—Miss Palgrave, Miranda, and Joanna. One of the flying fish had flown right through an open port on the quarter-deck, and was now vibrating between the hands of Hudson, who had picked it up and was showing it to the Doctor. Miss Palgrave ran to the break of the poop, and requested him to give it to her.

Gallantly the third mate held it up to her downward extended hands, but the lively fish was doing its best to escape from its strange confinement; and Miss Palgrave was unable to take the fish without kneeling down and holding one of Hudson's hands steady with one of hers. Other eyes were fixed upon his upheld hands as the fish twisted and struggled. Catching sight of a tall hat above one of these pairs of eyes, Hudson suggested a use for it, and Miss Palgrave rose from her knees rosy of cheek, laughing, and begged it of its owner. In a second the fish had been safely deposited in the tall hat, and was handed up for the entertainment of the poop. The hat was

deposited on the fore-cabin skylight ; but a moment later the flying fish had escaped out of it, on to the deck and the man with the silver-mounted malacca walking-stick had given it an impulsive blow which put a period to the fish's existence.

"Bravo!" cried Miss Palgrave. "In another moment it would have slipped overboard again under the rails. I am going to cut off its wings. Who has got a pair of scissors?"

"I thought Miss Palgrave was going to pull *you* up as well as the fish," said the Doctor on the quarter-deck, resuming his thwartship walk with the third mate, after they both had looked on from the ladder at the *coup de grâce*. "How excited people get over a little incident like this! A flying fish is called a flying fish because it does not fly, just as I am called a Jonah because I am not a prophet. The struggle for existence has gradually increased the length and breadth of the pectoral fins of the fish—*Dactylopterus volitans*—and it rushes out of the water to escape from its pursuer with greater ease now than the species did ten thousand years ago, perhaps. But this freshening breeze was the cause of that fish coming aboard, not any voluntary power of moving its fins like wings. That will come some day, thousands of years hence. Evolution, Mr. Hudson, is the key to all phenomena of life; the other kind of fish that leaves the water in a similar way—the *Exocoetus callopterus*—has also evolved into a flying fish in its struggles to escape death. If you read Darwin's——"

"What is your theory about the evolution of malacca canes, Doctor?"

"I don't quite—er—see—er—the connection. I——"

“And of chimney-pot hats? You are not only a prophet, Doctor; you seem to be a seer of the past as well!”

“Ha-ha-ha! I thought at first you were serious. But evolution and natural selection will be the explanation of everything in the time to come. In the twentieth century they will make evolution an article of faith in the churches.”

“You quite put the Hebrew prophets out of court, Doctor! How can a scientific certainty become a matter of faith?” inquired Hudson, interested at last.

“Ah! I thought that would catch you,” said the Navai surgeon. “You are a young man of some intelligence! Well, you will find that scientific certainties are only such to a comparative few always; the multitude believe on authority, and always will. Science explains love and religion as it explains the mating of birds and the affection of the dog, or horse, for its master—and its fear of him, too. Mankind is a species—*Anthropos*—*Homo leiotrichus*, we are; the steward is *ulotrichus*—which has developed its brain more than any other species; but it still loves and worships in a like manner to the other animals. The differences lie in the subtle developments of the brain of man, which, with the evolution of vocal sound into language, have made him the most important and self-deceptive animal in the world.”

“And your science can explain the evolution of man’s conscience?” said Hudson thoughtfully, “as well as of love and religion?”

“Certainly,” said the Doctor, “certainly; and the varieties of conscience, too. When I was in the Royal Navy I was much struck by the different way

the mer—especially the marines—would talk about a certain loathsome disease that the *Anthropidæ*—mankind at large, and not the varieties sailors and soldiers alone—have cursed themselves with. One man would say, 'Better luck next time!' and laugh lightly at his misery; another would say that he was a fool, and intended taking greater precautions the next time; another would say that 'it was the judgment of God on him for his wickedness, and that he would never sin like that again'; and one very common type of marine would curse every woman on earth for 'the agony he suffered!'

"Well, only one of them seems to have had a conscience," said Hudson.

"He was the superstitious one of the four, I suppose. Conscience, as it is termed," said the Doctor, "is the result of mental suffering, fear of future disasters based on past experienced ones. All pain, of course, is mental, because cerebral and therefore physical—to be exact. All animals suffer alike, though in differing degrees; if you read Büchner's *Mind in Animals*——"

"The fact remains that we must not do certain things, Doctor!"

"The fact remains that conscience, the result of experience, seldom prevents certain varieties of the human species from doing them," said the Doctor.

"You are not superstitious, Doctor, are you?" inquired Hudson abruptly.

The Doctor laughed pleasantly, and looking up caught sight of Miss Palgrave leaning forth between the rail over his head. She was holding the wings of the flying fish in her hands for the inspection of the

two men. She had overheard the Doctor's last words, and said—

“Will you stretch these wings for me?”

“*Fins*—pectoral fins, my dear lady!” said the Doctor, taking them from her down-stretched hand.

“Well, *fins*! you dear scientific stickler! I want them spread out and dried, to make a headdress, on each side of a broad band round the forehead; and Eustace will colour them and varnish them for me. I am going to add the symbology of ocean to that of earthly empire in the crown of Cybele; I am going to improve on the Greeks! Cybele Slattery is to be a creation of mine as much as of Eustace. She was the mother of Neptune as well as of Jupiter, though whether before or after her disappointing escapade with Atys, I cannot recollect—

“She was the mother of Hades too, if I remember my classics,” said the Doctor. “You must have a wonderful imagination if you can see anything of Cybele in that girl Slattery!”

“Well, the Captain and Mr. Shackley, and goodness knows how many more, can see Jonah in you, Doctor! But in *art* to imagine is to create, you know.”

“But Jonah, in the seaman's sense, has little connection with the prophet Jonah of the Old Testament,” said Hudson. “I am tired to death of that Jonah nonsense!”

“Oh, what a serious man!” cried Miss Palgrave; “the Doctor must find you quite depressing. Come up here, Doctor, and talk to me; but first take care of my wings—*fins*—for Cybele, and put them in your surgery.”

“I'll go and stretch them out on a board now,” said the Doctor; “they must be fixed while they are wet.”

Constance Palgrave poked at Hudson as soon as Dr. Clyster had disappeared into the little adjacent berth called the surgery.

"We have had such a pleasant afternoon, all except Joanna," said she. "You wicked man, to leave poor Joanna to eat her heart like that!"

"Joanna? That sounds scarcely pleasant," said Hudson lightly.

Miss Palgrave looked long and curiously at the third mate below her. She had risen from her knees, and stood leaning over the upper rail at the break. One of the young men was playing on a concertina, or a melodeon, and most of the emigrants on the poop were assembled around him. Dominick D'Arcy and Joanna were talking together some distance apart, and the chief mate, with the matron and the Jenkins family, were still at the other end of the poop, by the wheel. But on the main deck there were many eyes continually turned in their direction, now that the Doctor had disappeared. Mrs. Jenkins's words that morning had set many a tongue wagging on the main deck; and Hudson, as he stood there, felt, because he imagined so vividly, all the accumulating scandal of the 'tween-decks and the forecastle. For perhaps the first time in his life he began to see clearly the value of a woman's reputation—not only among women, but among men. And this first genuine feeling for another was at the bottom of the first great temptation to play the hypocrite before all,

His own reputation, what of that? It was that of every seaman! Do not men say that a sailor has a "wife" in every port? and do they not believe it, too? And they have reason to believe it—Hudson knew that. And were they much worse than other

men in that respect? A rope-yarn for a seaman's reputation! That was all he cared for his! But that of a woman? That was another matter. If he was but an anthropoid animal—*Homo leiotrichus*—and God knew whether he *was* only that or not—and if she, standing there, was only that, and nothing greater, and she—that other with the name of God on her lips, and strange jealousy and suspicion and fear in her heart—if they were all animals, they all had to live in a world that believed in the power of reputation. And the awful power of reputation—was it to make a despicable hypocrite of him?

He continued his walk, to and fro, across the quarter-deck.

Four bells (six o'clock) at this moment being struck, all the visitors were ordered off the poop, and they came down, one by one, to the main deck. Mrs. Jenkins was the last of all the married folk, carrying her little son. As her foot reached the bottom step it slipped on the brass tread of the step—worn rounded and smooth with usage. The breeze was heeling the ship more than had been common of late. Hudson, standing by, waiting to muster the port watch on the quarter-deck (his own watch), turned at her exclamation of fear, and caught both mother and four-year-old son in his arms. But the weight was too much for his unpremeditated pose, and he slipped too. In a moment, accompanied by shouts of laughter, they were all three lying extended, with their eyes turned up at the man with the tall hat, who was bending down for the youngster in the arms of the third mate—the latter on the outside, in the scuppers, with a deep gash in his temple. Mrs. Jenkins, who would have fallen in any case, scrambled to her knees

and began to scream abusively at Hudson. Then she rose to her feet and snatched the boy from the tall-hatted one. She had not suffered so much as a bruise ; but Hudson's eyes, which for a moment had indeed been looking up, softly closed with a long sigh of pain, and remained so. With another great sigh he became unconscious. For a few seconds all those standing near expected to see him rise. Some of them were still laughing ; but their laughter and the words of abuse on Mrs. Jenkins's lips ceased suddenly when they found he remained still. Then they all made the discovery that he was bleeding profusely from the side of his head, just in front of the hair on the temple.

"Somethin's 'appened !" said Mrs. Jenkins ; "anyow, Tony and me're all right ! Why don't yer pick 'im up, yow fellers ?"

"Can't he rise ?" said an ordinary seaman. "He must have struck the iron collar of 'at mooring-bits."

"Why, lor' bless us, lads ! Pat Hudson's bleedin' like a stuck pig. Rise him up, boys ! Come, Mr. Hudson, sir : you ain't hurt, are you ? Here's the watch, sir ; all aft, sir !" cried Sydney Bob.

"Yas ! 'e's struck 'is 'ead on that iron thing," said Mrs. Jenkins. "I never seed such a clumsy feller in all my life."

"Ah ! God help the poor man !" cried an Irish-woman, looking over the shoulders of the group.

"What's the matter down there on the main deck ?" said the chief mate, who now came forward to the rail and looked over. "Why don't you relieve the wheel, Mr. Hudson, and let the port watch get below ? Hurry up, sir ! Here, quarter-master, relieve the wheel, and look out !"

"How the hell can he do that ?" shouted out

Sydney Bob, “when he’s lying on the broad of his back, for all we can do to rise him?”

The chief mate came down the ladder quickly. The girls remaining on the poop had now discovered the mishap, and they crowded forward to the rail. The young men, including Dominick D’Arcy, came running aft. All the married folk crowded together with the others—émigrants and crew; and one of them—the north-country miner—pushed his way to the front and took up the third mate in his arms like a child, and laid him on the after hatch with his arm beneath his head. Then the miner tore off the sleeve of his own shirt, and began to stanch the bleeding. The wound on the miner’s own head had barely healed, the wound that had come of the fall that Hudson had given him in their quarrel some twenty or more days ago.

“Is there a man hurt?” called out a voice from the poop. “I can’t see through all you people up there. Let me pass, young women!”

Doctor Benjamin Clyster had just discovered the commotion on the main deck. Miss Palgrave had left the Doctor and gone below to find her brother, and to tell him that he might now find opportunity to go on with his study of Cybele, as all the visitors had departed. The Captain had been taking a Sunday-afternoon nap, as well as the pains in his back permitted. The matron and several of the young women, Joanna, Miranda, and others, had also gone below. But there were a number left to obstruct the Doctor’s line of sight to the after hatch. One of the girls told him the third mate seemed to be badly hurt. The Doctor immediately pushed his way to the ladder and descended.

"Stand back, good people!" he cried. But they hardly moved at his request.

"Ow! 'ere comes the Jetty-tory," said Mrs. Jenkins; "mine 'e doesn't fall 'imself and break 'is bones. 'Ere's ole four-eyes! Ugh!"

"Here's Jonah!" said Sydney Bob to Horatio Beady.

"Bleedin' bad for Pat 'Udson," whispered Beady.

The Doctor pushed through the crowd, and took a momentary look at the recumbent figure; then he darted into his surgery near by for bandages and a probe and some drugs. The north-country miner was stanching the trickling blood with the sleeve torn from his own shirt; handkerchiefs there seemed to be none at first among emigrants or crew. But Dominick D'Arcy, who had managed to get near the unconscious man, produced his, and assisted the north-countryman to bathe the wounded place. And an Irishwoman had fetched some water in a basin, all her day's allowance, and a ragged cotton undergarment, which she was tearing up for a bandage. The chief mate had gone to the paint locker for a can of turpentine. When the Doctor reappeared there was a general murmur. They mostly seemed reluctant to let him assist at all.

"Now, you people, make way there, I tell you!" said the medical officer. "Let me get at him. Hold up his head, one of you; sit him up, high up!"

"Noa! a's a-coomin' round; I'll no' let thou touch 'im!" said the main.

"Turpentine is the A I cure for cuts! Put some turps on the rag!" said the chief mate, reappearing.

"Come," said Dr. Clyster, "let me get at the poor man."

“Tell ’im to go and git some more water from the fust-class cabing ! We ain’t got nuffin’ to spare same as ’e ’as, livin’ and drinkin’ like a lord !” said Mrs. Jenkins.

“Jonah !” cried a voice.

“I’ll report any man to the Captain who disobeys me !” cried the Doctor sharply. “I will not be obstructed in my duty !”

“Report ’ell,” said Beady, under his breath.

“Faith ! the poor kilt man will soon be reported in heaven itself if they let that ould onbelieving bone-setter get at him !” said the Irishman wearing the tall hat with fish-scales sticking to the faded nap of it.

“I’ll no’ let thou coom anigh ’im,” said the miner.

“Shove out yer two fingers at ole four-eyes, like this ’ere !” said Mrs. Jenkins, holding out her hand, as Hudson opened his eyes with a sigh, and closed them again.

The north-countryman took the can of turpentine and poured some out into his big hand, and smelt it critically.

“If you don’t allow me to examine the wound and dress it,” said the Doctor calmly, “I shall have you all reported and punished.”

“He-he-he !” laughed Mrs. Jenkins ; “it’s only a scratch, afiter all !”

She had seen that Hudson was recovering consciousness. He had brought the accident on himself, that was certain ; but she felt that others looked upon herself as in part causing it.

Dominick D’Arcy left off bathing the wound with the cupful of cold water, now of a deep red colour, and tearing a bandage from the garment which the

Irishwoman had given him, he soaked it in the turpentine. The miner was directing operations. The bleeding had nearly ceased.

"Is that you, Dominick?" said Hudson, opening his eyes and closing them again. Dominick wrapped the bandage around his head. The wounded man drew in his breath sharply as if with sudden pain.

"Doctors! Dang 'em all! they knaws nowt," said the north-countryman. "Me an' thou, lad, 'll taak 'im oop an' laay 'im to his bed."

"True for you! I wouldn't let that horse-leech lay a hand on him, though he's the Doctor, mauryah! Them sailor chaps are right enough. A man would have little chance if he had the doctorin' of him!" said the man with the tall hat.

"Ah! let me get up," said Hudson, opening his eyes again. "I feel—better now—ah!" and he shut his eyes again.

"Will you let me attend to him—for the last time?" cried the medical officer, holding up the probe and the bottles and bandages.

"No!" cried twenty voices, seeing Hudson's recovery, and growing bolder still with the allaying of their own fears respecting death.

The Doctor looked at the crowd, and then at the two mates—Mr. Shackley, standing beside Hudson with the turpentine-can in his hand; and Mr. Parrish, who had now come on deck to relieve his superior. The chief mate, after a steady look at Hudson's quivering eyelids, indicating his reawakening consciousness, and at the operations for his relief, gave the can to a boy, and began to discuss the universal merits of turpentine with his subordinate.

The Doctor had a very strong dislike for personal

tyranny. Being a tall, middle-aged man, of powerful physique and sound constitution, the result of many years of regular gymnastic exercise, the only weak part in his whole physical system were his eyes, on account of which he had retired from the Navy; and perhaps that weakness was the chief cause of his liking for a peaceful solution of all personal problems. A boy at school, wearing spectacles for constitutional weak sight, had once received a blow from Benjamin Clyster's youthful fist which had shattered the lenses of the other boy's spectacles, and cut his cheek-bone as well as the hand of the striker. He had never forgotten the incident; and a very slight scar, still remaining on one of his thumb-knuckles, was a perpetual reminder to the surgeon that peace was preferable to war—when one had to do one's own fighting—and that his own place was the cockpit whereto all fighting gravitated.

Dr. Clyster looked at the two mates standing side by side, and pushed his gold-rimmed spectacles with his extended forefinger and thumb firmly back on his nose, and throwing back his head to get a distinct image on the retina of his eyes, he said —

“Mr. Shackley, as medical officer of this ship, I appeal to you to order these men to allow me to do my duty, and apply the necessary remedies and restorative to—er—this—er—case—er—casualty—one of contusion and extravasation, aggravated by the treatment of these ignorant people. Syncope may supervene at any moment, and—er——”

Said Mr. Parrish unheeding: “You're right, Mr. Shackley, sir; I reckon turps and Epsom salts 'd cure any but one complaint on land or sea, sir!” He had named one complaint that alone these remedies could

not cure; and such a disease always excites merriment aboard ship.

The mate turned away laughing, the second mate following. The people on the main deck grew bolder, and cries of "Don't let him doctor the man; sure, he'll die if Jonah gets at him!" and, "The man's all right, so he is!" and, "Time enough for the Doctor when Mr. Hudson gets well again!" and the like expressions of want of confidence in Dr. Clyster's restorative science.

The north-country miner said that he had cured the cut which his own head had received with a "bit o' plaaster"; or it would never have been cured at all, he reckoned; and no "Joaana" should touch the man who had given him the neatest fall that he, Davy Armstrong, had ever got in his life. He had always a kind feeling for a man that could throw him!

"Whom did you say? I think I feel well enough to stand up now," said Hudson faintly, but still with his eyes shut. He was confused in his mind, and was longing to be left alone. Was it Jonah or Joanna the man said? He put up his hand to the cold wet bandage and smarting temple, which the fresh cool trade wind, increasing in strength hourly, kept as it seemed quite icy outside, and left fiery beneath.

"Has the bleeding stopped?" he said, sliding his legs gently off the hatch, his body supported by Davy Armstrong and Dominick D'Arcy.

"Aye, lad, it warnt but nowt of a crack; thet Doctor, a jaws naw moor nor an ass. Thou be all roight, lad! Coom, rest to me!"

"I shall have to make it my painful duty to report all of you to the Captain," said the Doctor.

“I wish as ’ow somebody ’d report we ain’t got no water to drink!” said Mrs. Jenkins.

“Hulloa, Doctor, is that you?” said Hudson feebly.

“I feel a bit shaky. Help me up the ladder, will you? I am going to lie down!”

The steward had appeared on the scene with a wine-glass of neat rum.

“No! don’t drink that!” said the Doctor; “no alcohol, Mr. Hudson!”

“Ach! isn’t he a begrudgin’ owld furrmudgeon, then!” said an Irishwoman.

“But come to the saloon, out of thi, cold breeze, if you don’t want erysipelas! Let me assist you!” And the Doctor offered his arm.

“Me and this lad ’ll do that,” said the miner roughly, pushing the surgeon aside.

“Awsk the *lydy* to nuss ’im!” cried Mrs. Jenkins derisively.

Armstrong and Dominick D’Arcy assisted Hudson to mount the ladder, and then escorted him, between murmurs of condolences from the young women on the poop, to the saloon companion-way, the Doctor, with his bandages and bottles, following behind, inwardly indignant and contemptuous, outwardly calm and indifferent.

“You would all be court-martialled if you were in the Royal Navy,” he said.

At the door of the saloon companion the two other mates were standing, and each felt it incumbent to express his sympathy, in short seaman-like phrases. Hudson was about to descend when he was confronted at the door by the Captain, who had just ascended. Miss Palgrave, at the bottom of the companion, was following with her brother, carrying his painting materials.

"Good God Almighty! What in thunder has happened now?" cried the master, making way for his third mate. "Look out, down there! Here's a wounded man coming down! I'll put the man in irons that struck you!"

Miss Palgrave and her brother stepped back into the saloon.

The Doctor had his report ready on his lips; but he remembered just in time that he was not on speaking terms with the Captain, so he remained silent. At this—an unexpected halt in the development of the incident—the last vestige of his authority in the minds of the miner and the others standing near disappeared.

"Oh! let me help you down, do!" said Constance Palgrave, stepping up toward Hudson. "Poor fellow! What has happened?"

"Aye! taak his arm, lass," said the miner, releasing Hudson.

"I'll leave you now, Pat," said Dominick D'Arcy; "you'll be well attended to now, I don't doubt." He gave Constance Palgrave an ardent but respectful glance.

"Ah," said Hudson feebly, his brain swimming, but smiling at Constance, "don't you envy me, Dominick?"

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!"

quoted Dominick. "Of course I envy you, Pat; who wouldn't, indeed! Good-bye! Good-bye, Miss Palgrave! Ah!"

"He sighs as if he were suffering himself!" said Miss Palgrave, smiling.

"I can't say that I envy Dominick. His wound is invisible!" murmured Hudson.

“Pooh!” responded Constance, “let him find a plaster in his music, Paddy.”

“Here, you main-deck emigrant people, off the poop with you!” cried the Captain, at the door above. “Now, Mr. Shackley, tell me what all this is about! I’ll put the man in irons, officer or able seaman, cook or carpenter, who has struck my third mate, I tell you. Below there! Mr. Hudson! mind the steps, sir! Hold him tight, Miss Palgrave, my dear! Mr. Hudson, you are released from duty until further orders. I’ll come down and see how you are doing presently. Now, Mr. Shackley!”

“Just a little accident, sir, nothing else,” said the mate who forthwith explained the whole incident.

“Oh! Ah! Jonah’s brought more bad luck to the ship, has he?” cried the Captain.

The Doctor had followed Hudson down the companion ladder. The master and the mate remained on deck discussing the accident. Dominick D’Arcy and the north-country miner had left the poop. All the girls went below to their supper and to tell the matron and the others the news, which, by the comparative rarity of such on shipboard, became magnified into an event of universal importance.

Miss Palgrave made little of the wound.

“You are simply charming when you are pale, with your eyes half-closed! Lorinzetti or Francesco Vanni would have made a saint out of you, if you had lived four hundred years ago in Italy. The pirate is a saint at war with convention. The gentle pirate! The true pirate is always aristocratic; that is what distinguishes him from the marauder. Lean on my shoulder! Now, Eustace, take Mr. Hudson’s left arm! Doctor, come along with those bottles of

'yours !' She babbled away like an artificial runnel over the pebbles in a mandarin's garden.

"Give Mr. Hudson a drop of brandy, down there !" shouted the master at the open skylight. Captain Jessup was waiting for the surgeon to leave his patient before he descended.

"The very worst thing you could give him," said the Doctor contemptuously. "He must have no stimulants whatever, Miss Palgrave. We must keep his head as cool as possible."

"Oh ! we shall trust to you, Doctor, of course," said Constance. "Come and help Mr. Hudson to get into his bunk." Steward, we shall want you too ; there are no sheets on his bed. What ! a straw pallet, flattened down to the boards, and a ragged old rug ! I can't allow that. Fetch that under-mattress, the soft wool-and-hair one, from my bed, and one of my spare blankets, steward ; quick ! And I'll trouble you for a pair of sheets, Eustace ; you have plenty."

Hudson was soon lying between clean sheets on the softest bed he had known for a long time ; and the Doctor had carefully dressed the contused and broken flesh-wound. The bone was uninjured ; but the concussion had been sufficiently violent to make it probable to the surgeon that the brain would require several days of rest, and the body's diet careful attention, too.

"Above all !" said the Doctor, "no alcohol ! When I was in the Royal Navy—no matter—he must have rest now. Will you stay with him, Miss Palgrave ?"

"Certainly, Doctor. I am going to sit here and read while he sleeps."

"Right !" said the Doctor. "I am going to my

surgery. I am feeling hungry. What is for tea, or supper, or whatever they call it in these merchant ships? We are always an hour late on Sundays! Shall be back in an hour to receive the nurse's report. Don't worry him with questions about what he wants; but just sit still and read.”

“I'll be as quiet as a mouse,” said Miss Palgrave; “and, Eustace, you go on deck and work at Cybele, if she's on deck. It will be dark soon. We don't want you! The steward can get me anything I want. I shall find him in the pantry; and if I don't, I can get it myself.”

The Doctor departed, after begging two biscuits with butter between them from the steward. “Work makes one hungry,” he explained.

“You don't want anything,” said Eustace to his sister; “you've got to sit still and do nothing; *dolce far niente* all the time; how delightful. Upon my word, I must make a study of his head in the morning with that bandage around it like a turban. Take care of the dear man, Constance. Here's the Captain; he looks angry.”

Mr. Palgrave stood aside for the Captain. The latter halted at the door beside Miss Palgrave, who was sitting outside the berth on a canvas deck-chair.

“Sh! he's falling asleep, Captain!”

“A little brandy——” said the Captain in a half-whisper.

“No, thank you, sir!” came from the bunk feebly.

“Well, you're in that Jonah's hands, my lad, so make up your mind to get well as soon as you can! You needn't keep your watch till you feel quite well again. Was it a bolt you struck, or what?”

"The iron collar of the mooring bits, sir, I think. I want to sleep now."

"There's nothing but bad luck about lately," said the Captain. "Who is to serve out stores now? Mr. Parrish has all the paints and oils and gear in his charge, and he must keep his watch. Mr. Shackley is out of the question, of course; and I can't trust a man like the Bos'n. I'll do it myself! Where's your book? In the desk here; all right, here it is! The steward and I will manage it, between us till you are on your legs again. No, the steward has too much to do already. I'll do it myself. No! I'll keep Mr. Parrish's watch, and he can do the stores!"

"Mr. Hudson will be well again to-morrow. Captain," said Miss Palgrave.

"I won't let him go on deck for a week," said the master. "His head must have rest. When a man's been knocked senseless he wants rest, I tell you. I won't have my third mate on deck for a week, my dear; and if you will be so kind, my dear young lady, to read to him when he gets better, he won't feel the confinement. Mr. Parrish and I will attend to the emigrants. But I won't have my best officer troubling his head about anything for a week, a whole week.—How much water are you allowing them, Mr. Hudson? Is it a pint? What a condenser!—I say a whole week. It takes a week for the head to come round again."

"Good Heavens!" muttered Hudson sleepily.

"Never you mind, my lad. You take your rest; you'll pull round again in spite of that Jonah who was chucked out of the Royal Navy, I suppose, for incompetence. Oh, my back!—d—n—it er—excuse an old sailor, Miss Palgrave. I wouldn't let him doctor me; no, not to be First Lord of the Admiralty, nor

owner of this ship! You be good and look after my third mate, won't you, my dear young lady, while we attend to the emigrants' provisions? When a man's been knocked senseless, I say, when he's had his brains addled by a shock, he's in need of rest, and all kinds of noise disturbs him. I won't have any of the men shouting on the poop for a week. They'll have to pull without singing on the ropes. I'll chalk a line all round the top of this berth on the deck above, and if I catch a man walking there with his boots on, or a gal either, I'll tar and feather 'em.—Let me see! a barrel of pork contains fifty-two four-pound pieces; to-morrow'll be Monday.—I won't have anybody in the saloon talking above a whisper within ten yards of this door! When an officer of mine needs care and rest, I'll make it my duty to see that he gets it, if I have to do his work myself; that's me, miss. Rest is what he wants. He must have plenty of sleep, and I think a little drop of brandy would do him no harm.—There're four hundred gallons to a No. 3 tank of water, and we're getting less than half a tank per day; three hundred and eighty-four rations less seven men (the best seven in the ship)—that's three seventy-seven into, say, or a-fifty gallons—won't go——”

Hudson, whose head was aching terribly, attempted a snore as if he were asleep, and Miss Palgrave looked at the Captain, and whispered—

“Go away, Captain dear; he's asleep now; we must not disturb him!”

“Oh, no! we wouldn't do that for anything,” whispered the master, turning away. “If he wakes and wants a drink or anything, you call the steward and tell him to get it, there's a good young lady. There's no allowance in the saloon; full and plenty,

you know. Come, Mr. Palgrave! you'll disturb the third mate.—There are three and a half bushels of pease to the half-hogshead, and to-morrow'll be pea-soup day—three seventy-seven into three and a half——”

But Mr. Palgrave had gone away at the beginning of the Captain's harangue, and was now on the poop painting, where the master presently found him, and to whom he began afresh to expatiate about his third mate. The defective condenser was another matter that the master began to fear was even of more importance than a subordinate officer's broken head.

When the Captain had left the saloon, Miss Palgrave looked around to see if the steward was present; but the negro had gone forward to discuss the event of the afternoon with the cook. She stepped softly into the berth, and bent her head above the apparently sleeping man's. Then his eyes opened, and she pressed her lips to his.

He smiled feebly and closed his eyes again. Again she kissed his lips, but said nothing. Then she picked up a book from the floor and crept out of the berth, and regained her deck-chair. It was one of the books she had lent Hudson, and the one he had been reading the preceding night lying in his bunk in the next berth. She had read it before, but never before had the unconscious humour of its writer amused her to such an extent. In a few minutes she was shaking with suppressed laughter. When the steward later on rang the bell for the saloon tea, having noiselessly prepared the table, she put down the book. The Captain's voice shouting down the skylight to the steward not to ring the bell at all, as it would disturb the third mate, caused Constance to look at the face of the man

lying in his berth. He was lying on his side, looking intently at her, and already feeling his head clearer after his half-hour's peaceful slumber.

"What are you reading—Constance?"

"(Sh! the steward!) An amusing book, Mr. Hudson."

"Is that the book about a—kiss?"

She nodded her head, her eyes full of shallow laughter.

"What do you think of it?"

"Most amusing."

"Was that the cabin tea-bell, a moment ago?"

"Yes; you shall have a cup in a minute."

"Has the steward gone forward now, for the teapot and the toast?"

She nodded again. They looked intently at each other—the man of many moods and the woman of one.

"And is there nobody in the cabin yet?"

She shook her head, and said, "They will all follow the teapot."

"Then come and kiss me till the teapot arrives!"

"You really mean it, Paddy? You really want me to?"

"Yes!"

She listened for a moment; there was no footfall at the companion ladder; then she stepped into the berth, and he put his arms around her neck, and she kissed him.

"You are asking me to commit a carnal sin deliberately and inexcusably!" she said, quoting from the book. He held her face to his, and kissed her passionately.

"Ah! you sweet little devil!" he said; "now

go, I hear the steward coming. Fortunately he is wearing his Sunday boots, as well as his collar, and we can hear him a long way off."

"Is that the way you kissed Joanna?" said Miss Palgrave.

"You will make me believe that I did presently," he replied.

"Believe that you did what?"

"Sin by kissing her," said Hudson.

She had regained her chair and the book.

Constantly repeated the word "Joanna" to herself several times; then she said conclusively—

"Ah! you're a dear wicked man—you were afraid to! Sh! sh! the steward again. A cup of tea, Mr. Hudson? Here come the Doctor and the others. Doctor, will tea hurt your patient?"

"Not at all," said the Doctor, sitting down at the cabin table and filling his plate with cold ham; "not at all; you may give him as much tea as he likes. Tea, my dear young lady, contains, as its active principle, an alkaloid called theine, composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen. Its chemical formula is $C_8H_{10}N_4O_2$, and it is a stimulant both gentle and agreeable in its effects. Strange to relate, the anthropoid apes, your cousins, so to say, show as much liking for this beverage as we do. When I was in the *Navy* I knew a most intelligent monkey—a male chimpanzee he was—who, er—not too strong, if you please, steward—he who was as fond of tea as myself. He exhibited other traits too, quite as human as that. You see, there was another chimpanzee on the ship, who, er——"

"A female chimpanzee, Doctor?—Give me the cup, please; and some buttered toast, steward;

thank you. A female or another male chimpanzee, Doctor ? ”

“ I must tell you no more,” said the Doctor, laughing.

“ You disappointing scientist ! ” said Miss Palgrave, taking the cup of tea and the toast to Mr. Hudson’s berth.

“ You dear, wicked chimpanzee ! ” she whispered, as she handed him the cup ; “ how I love you ! ”

CHAPTER X

THE breeze blew strong from the east-south-east, and close-hauled to the trade wind the *Young Pretender* made a good southerly course. The third mate kept to his berth, if not strictly to his bunk, as the Captain had commanded. Patrick Hudson could exemplify with natural aptitude the rover's easy declination into sheer loafery, whenever the temptation and opportunity came for him to slide. And, by the same token, he could exhibit a sudden burst of reactionary energy when loafery relaxed its seductive embrace. That Captain Jessup should overwork himself attending to the stores, while he, the subordinate, lay there reading novels and conversing with the most charming animal he had ever known, amused, though it did not surprise the adventurous seaman. He had been shipmate once with a captain who insisted on doing the cooking; and with another who patched the sails, and went aloft to furl the main skysail; and yet another—the master of a full-rigged ship—who holystoned the main deck and sang songs in the fore-castle. The sea-king may do what he wills; he is above the law. That the majority of masters in the merchant service preserve the dignity of their Board of Trade station in life is a statement that suggests exceptions. To little extent Captain Jessup was one of these exceptions; but an exception anyway that was amusing

to both Hudson and Constance Paigrove; and even to the ship's surgeon, whose equanimity was not shaken by the growing dislike to himself everywhere shown aboard, from Captain to little 'Tonio Jenkins (on behalf of his mother).

Dr. Clyster, after two or three dressings of Hudson's wounded head with boracic ointment (which the Captain wiped off afterwards, with cotton-wool from the ship's medicine-chest), told the third mate that there was nothing to hinder him doing as much work as he might choose to do; and Hudson agreed—with lazy assurance and mock regret—that there was nothing—“nothing except the orders of the Captain, and obey orders if you break owners!” said Patrick Hudson, stretching himself in bed, and puffing away at his pipe in perfect contentment. Neither Doctor nor Captain attempted to break the long silence and mutual contempt existing between them, though they had met several times of late at the door of Hudson's berth. Though the Captain was not speaking to the Doctor, Hudson knew that he was often speaking “at him.” When the master said for the tenth time in as many minutes, with grotesque emphasis, that he, the *master* of the ship *Young Pretender*, chartered by the New South Wales Emigration Office; that he, Captain Jessup, *extra-master* by Board of Trade certificate of competency, with all the qualifications necessary for correcting the deviation of the compass, or preventing scurvy, or contracting a bottomry bond; when he, *lawful master*, had ordered his third mate complete rest and special diet, no matter how the latter felt, he would have his orders obeyed; there was little doubt indeed that the Doctor was as much in his mind as his third mate, and that he wished

to pamper one to the chagrin of the other. But the other merely shrugged his shoulders indifferently, and smiled at Hudson with a bland and forbearable expression, pushing on his gold-mounted spectacles with his characteristic gesture as he threw back his head. These merchant-service sailing-masters with the airs of commanders! 'Pooh!'

As the days passed and the weather grew rougher and colder, and his third mate's wound rapidly healed, and the master's own temporary disorder of body disappeared, his manner was harsher toward his crew. At the same time the discipline grew daily more lax than before. Hudson could hear them singing above his head a rough doggerel ditty which usually signifies discontent aboard ship, beginning, "What's the use of growling when you know you get your whack?" Twice of late the crew had all come aft in a body to demand sufficient water, "according to the Act"; and once they had demanded more meat too. The avoidable shortage of meat, for all hands, emigrants and crew, had come about by an error in the calculation for such a large number, by the Captain and Mr. Parrish, the first day of their administration in the store-room.

So, while Hudson was lying obediently quiescent in his bunk, or lolling in Miss Palgrave's deck-chair, which she had brought to his berth, and read book after book, or listened to Miss Palgrave reading, the temper of not only master and crew, but of the majority of the emigrants, rapidly disimproved, verging daily toward mischief, which, like Ben Jonson's arch-hag, is begotten by and through ignorance, suspicion, slander, and bitterness, successively. Ignorant of the construction of a condensing apparatus and of

a donkey-engine boiler, and of its invisible defects, they began to accuse the Captain of a desire to save fuel wherewith to stoke it. But the donkey-engine which was connected with the condensing apparatus was old, half as old as the ship herself, and almost useless for its purpose now. A few brass fittings and some green paint had helped it to pass the surveyor in London; but its internal arrangements were in a state of rapid decay. The engineer (as he was termed on the muster-roll), a young man who had driven a stationary engine for a building contractor before he came on board—an emigrant, like the rest, but in receipt of small wages for his services—had neither the knowledge nor the tools to make good the defects, even had there been proper material. There were bolt nuts, and an extra water-gauge glass, and even safety-valve weights in the tool-box, but no spare boiler-tubes to replace those which the salt water had been corroding for years. Some of these tubes the young man had removed and stopped with pieces of iron plating, thus reducing the heating surface of the boiler; but the supply pump was always getting out of order as well. The consequence of this state of mishap was that the ration of one pint per day had to be reduced to three-quarters, and eventually to half a pint. There was no more rain, and no more washing of clothes, nor even of faces now, in fresh water, except in the forecabin, where men like Sydney Bob, and Bill the quarter-master, and Olsen the Norwegian, all washed themselves in a joint allowance; and then their wardrobe, beginning with shirts and ending with socks, the orthodox forecabin precedence and sequence.

“If this goes on,” said the Captain to Mr. Shackley,

"we shall have to make St. Helena, and that means beating to windward now; or else we shall have to touch at Tristan, and fill up every tank and barrel and bucket and old Jonah's medicine-bottle in the ship!"

"You think it better to stand on, sir?" Shackley poked his chin out.

"Why, yes, Mr. Shackley; and if that condenser gives out, we have the main tanks with the Plymouth water, which we are using in the cabin; they are good for three days at a pint for three-seven-seven, six days at half a pint. I sounded the well yesterday myself; they're almost half full."

"It would take us a fortnight to beat up to St. Helena," said the mate, "so we had better stand on so, heading up as high as Tristan, as we are already; and we might be there in a week or ten days at most."

"Aye! but they know we are not far (as distance goes) from St. Helena. I saw one of those emigrant men yesterday with a map out of a school atlas; he got the latitude and longitude of the ship from the steward, I suppose. Why, St. Helena's dead in our teeth right in the wind's eye! We had better let them believe we are trying to save the coal for stoking that — fixing of a condenser. You can't trust 'em, these fellows; they might turn out worse than the sailormen. The crew do know something about winds and currents and such-like, but those wild Irish beggars might get a crazy fit on 'em! They might come aft again in a body and shout for St. Helena! They are all from inland places, I believe. Keep your pistols in your pocket, Mr. Shackley, like I do; we may have to skeer 'em a bit!"

"'Ow'm I goin' to give the kid 'is barth now?"

said Mrs. Jenkins to a group of men one morning, loud enough for all those on the main deck to hear. “’Ow am I, I say? Let ole slave-driver arnser that! My ’Tonio ain’t ’ad ’is Barth since we started, ’cept the wettin’s ’e uset to git in them doldyums. I was brought up clean, I was!’ While we pore respectable wimmen ’re dyin’ for worter—yas, and grub too—Captin’ Dishup, or Jissup, or wotever they corls ’im, is pettin’ ’em in the cabing. I wish as ’ow pore Mr. Summerville ’d come back to life agen; but ’e’s in ’evving now! I says this is a rotting ship; it ain’t fit for clean respectable married wimmen, like orl of us ’ere. I pities you pore sailor fellers, with no sorfit tack, but only that rotting biskit full of maggits. Wy don’t yer make ’em give yer bread wot yer can heat, you fellers; you ain’t slaves, are yer? ’Ow yer pore throats must be burnin’ for a drink of fresh worter, wen y’ve finished yer ’lowance! I spose they ’as enough worter in the cabing, wot? Yas, you take my — word they ’ave! An’ wy? I says, wy? Cos there’s a lydy dahn there! O my God, wot a lydy! H—he-he-he! Oh yas! there ain’t no short ’lowance dahn there, wot, boys? Yer needn’t go away, Mister Dee’arcy! I ain’t a-goin’ to say nothin’ abah’t yer pore innercent sister as is sufferin’ like orl of us! And I likes yer becorse yer eddicated like myself. *G’blymee!* if I was a man I’d ’ave my rights!’ Wot are you sailor fellers a-doin’ of, hay? Wot’re all you nice young enmigint fellers goin’ to do, hay? Wot are we pore respectable wimmen a-goin’ to do, hay? If we ain’t got nobidy to prectect us, hay? Wot? That ’usbin’ of mine ain’t no good, or ’e’d ’ave d—— soon put the kybosh on ’em all wot’s starvin’ us to death like—like——”

Analogy was not Mrs. Jenkins's strong point, so on this occasion she was compelled to come to an abrupt stop. Though the majority of the young Irish emigrants, despite their dissatisfaction, were more amused at her outbursts than otherwise affected by them, yet many of the British in the crew were stirred to the depths of a constant and yet strange antagonism, which is ever lurking in the hearts of those who are ruled for those who rule them, whatever be the nationality. If there was water to be got they would have it; they had right on their side, right by Act of Parliament, which created their scale of provisions. They no longer sang—

What's the use of growling when you know you get your whack
Of limejuice and vinegar according to the Ack?

They went aft in a body more than once, as stated, and formulated their demands with much "growling," through Sydney Bob, who, having been reared in a part of the world where mutton was sold for two-pence-halfpenny a pound, had an immeasurable contempt for the value of provisions in general. Olsen the Norwegian was more philosophic; he pointed out that their allowance of everything but water was according to scale, except on one day when a mistake had occurred, which had been rectified the next day. He suggested that they should ask the Captain to call at Tristan da Cunha for water, and that the engineer would tell them that want of coal was not the cause of the dearth of water. But the emigrants themselves now began to clamour for St. Helena. One of the young men said it was only about five hundred miles away, and New York, where his brother lived, was three thousand from

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Ireland, and he had got there in nine days. Then the young men's party fell out with the fore-castle malcontents, and accused all the sailormen of secretly siding with the officers, when the crew began to talk about head winds and opposing currents, and that though the *Young Pretender* could sail in the present fresh breeze as fast as any old broken-down Atlantic liner, such as the one in which the young man's brother had sailed in, yet beating against a wind was not making a steady full-and-by course like they were doing now for Tristan, though that island was three times the distance of St. Helena away.

The crew thereupon went off and demanded that the Captain should call at Tristan, and the master promised that if the condenser should fail them any longer he intended to do so. The emigrants went from suspicion to bitterness and slander. They accused the seamen of having a secret understanding with the officers they suspected—an *esprit de corps*, as it were, which served their own ends. Discussions, recriminations, and even fights were of daily occurrence, and the allowance of water was reduced still further every second day. Then the main water tanks were drawn upon for general use, and the emigrants, especially the married folk, grew more bitter against the saloon passengers and the officers when they compared its quality with that which they had been hitherto drinking. Mrs. Jenkins's voice could be heard abusing the saloon with regular iteration and venom; and many other voices were now added to hers, if not in harmony of sound, yet not in discord of sense. In the married quarters there were also accusations of underhand dealing, among themselves. Indeed, the British master may have attempted, like

other rulers, to foster internal discord for the general purposes of subjection; or, at least, permitted such an opinion to gain strength for an identical purpose. Certain of them were "suspected" of being favoured by the Captain every day when he superintended the weighing out of stores. But some of the older Irish women would say, with sighs and with more than an affectation of resignation, such things as—

"Musha! it's the will of God; if there's not enough water, sure we'll have to go without. What in the world would we be grumbling at when we can't turn things round just as we want them, anyway?" and, "Ach! such foolishness! Hasn't the Captain the right to do what he likes, then?" and, "It's a holy shame to hear the way some of them do be going on, and there's enough for all, had we only a little more tay of an evening."

With such women as these Mrs. Jenkins and her supporters were constantly quarrelling. And the Italian Jenkins's indifference to everything did but increase his wife's ire, especially as he had supplied some of the elder Irish women with tobacco on several occasions, and preferred their society to her own.

In no place but on board a sailing-ship like the *Young Pretender*, part emigrant ship, part ocean packet, part cargo vessel, could there have arisen such a complication of interests, antagonisms, indifferences, as well as personal loves and hates, within such a narrow compass of space and time. In two months most of the veneer of conventional habits and customs had been rubbed away by the friction of close confinement, and men and women were revealing themselves to each other bare to the very soul. Yet, paradoxically, the insignia of clothing retained

its power while intellect lost its distinction. The Captain's trim blue suit, "brass-bound" and his peaked cap with the shipowner's badge in front, which he had never neglected to wear (contrary to the common custom among merchant-ship commanders), were a force that was felt by all rather than admitted. Though it was soon known that Captain Jessup, as well as Mr. Shackley, carried a revolver in his pocket, the badge and button of authority, among canvas cunarders and woollen guernseys and the emigrants' incongruous tweed suits, were representative of lawful rank, which, should occasion necessitate, could implacably legalize the use of hidden weapons. The Doctor's medical knowledge, and authority entirely based upon it, was of no repute at all among them; and since the evening that Hudson had met with his accident the whole of them on the main deck treated it with open derision. Though a number of the male emigrants took no part in the recurring demonstrations on the quarter-deck *contra gubernatione*, and bore their short allowance of water with sullen submission, they refused also to come on deck to air their quarters, as the Doctor had ordered in the beginning of the voyage. Some of the single men now passed whole days, and even nights, either lying in their bunks or else playing cards in the seclusion of a blanketed corner of the forward 'tween-deck next the fore-peak bulkhead on the port side. A blanket had also been hung against the bulkhead itself. Two of the men who slept next to it had complained of the draught between the planks, and thus explained the reason for its duty as a wall curtain. But the blanket really served to hide some small bolt holes which once had been filled with bolts, and

their absence now permitted a broad plank to be removed of the pleasure of the card-players, who were in the secret, and of the fore-castle hands, who preferred paraffin oil in abundance to the half-pint of fish oil weekly allowed them for their legitimate lamp. The illegitimate illuminators were born of Australian mutton tins, and discarded pannikins, and were carefully hidden away during the morning, if the Captain made his round of the 'tween-deck. The Doctor had ceased to do so for some time.

Thus, many of them slept, or gambled, away the tedious days. Those that played, played either for tobacco as stakes, or for the little money they had brought with them, or which they could obtain from others by selling articles of clothing, and such-like. Olsen, the Norwegian, always seemed to have a supply of tobacco, cut up into "anties," which he bartered for clothing, or matches, or soap, among the emigrant gamblers; though he did not play at cards with them himself. With their smoky paraffin lamp on a box in the centre of a circle of some half-dozen young men, the afternoons as well as evenings and nights now passed away unrecorded except by oaths at disturbance, or vociferations at one man winning all, and thus concluding the game for a time, and at the greedy stampede at meal-times for the mess-kid and the bread-barge. The seaman's games of bluff and euchre had superseded the emigrant's one of twenty-five, long ago; and the language and manners of the fore-castle were fast being adopted in all their alluring completeness by young men who, a few months before, had never seen a ship, even as they had never missed a morning's devotion or a Sunday Mass before they had left their homes.

Dominick D'Arcy's violin and flute were still heard, as he seldom neglected his daily practice; and so long as he played well-known airs and pieces, easily comprehensible to the majority, the men applauded the music, and at times their petty differences and spites were subdued by the subtle power of its long-drawn sweetness. But when he played difficult exercises on the violin, in order to retain his power as an executant, they shouted him down, and commanded, "Oft in the Stilly Night," or "The Last Rose of Summer." And Dominick was perforce obliged to put away his exercises, and even his own composition "On the Power of Love," and repeat the music they could understand.

Horatio Beady, the tenor, who was one of the men admitted to the 'tween-deck card party, would occasionally unite his voice to Dominick's music, and then there would be absolute peace for a time. But five minutes later two or more men might have been seen locked in hand-grips, snarling at each other, and swearing disaster, provided one, two, or the whole crowd, did not do, or undo, say, or unsay, something which half an hour later had been forgotten by those the most disputative and fiery.

But the lack of fresh water for drinking was a constant cause of discontent, whether among those sullenly and silently submissive, or openly belligerent; and Captain Jessup and his officers already contemplated proceeding to Cape Town, after shipping enough water at Tristan da Cunha to take them there; and getting a new boiler and other fittings for the worn-out condenser.

The single women, in the after 'tween-deck, bore the short allowance without any open demonstration

against it ; but they also murmured and complained among themselves. Hudson, in his berth, and the others when at meals, could hear many an expression of disgust and rebellion as the matron measured the water to each one at the midday meal, and the shorter quantity of tea and coffee at breakfast and supper. The only voice that seemed silent was that of Joanna D'Arcy ; and she seldom came on deck now, though Miranda Jenkins's voice could sometimes be heard above calling down the fore-cabin skylight or her, when she would respond monosyllabically. Once Joanna had ascended to see her brother, for Miranda had called—

"Come up 'ere, Jou ! 'ere's yer bruffer and orl the 'ole lot of 'em, and they does look danjious too ; they ses 'Sent 'Ellena !' and the Captin' ses 'Nou.' Come up quick and 'ear that Beady feller's Cockney talk ; it'd make yer die lawin' ; yer bruffer does look innercent among that lot ; come up, Jou, quick ! "

Joanna had seen her brother standing behind the rest, quiet and uncomplaining ; they were both alike in finding no cause of dispute with authority by reason of the diet, and she knew that his presence among the demonstrators was due to that fear which is absent from few men living in communities—the fear to be thought a blackleg. Then when the Captain had allowed the stock of his revolver to protrude from his side pocket a moment ; as he took out his red Paisley cotton handkerchief to wipe his nose calmly before replying to the demonstrators, she had shook her head sadly at her brother, and he had cheerfully returned it as if there was nothing to fear, and patted his companion Beady on the back. The demonstration ended, as others had done in the

Captain insisting on his rights and dignities as commander, with an appeal to their common sense. He said he was acting for the best interests of everybody, including himself, and that perhaps a little more coal might produce a little more water, which experiment he commanded the sceptical “engineer” to perform straightway; and that if they did not quarrel among themselves about the short allowance, there was no reason why they should not be contented. As the allowance of water was not increased the next day; however, there was another and smaller demonstration; a few had become supporters of the Captain; but Joanna could not be enticed on deck by Miranda. She had lost interest in the matter, once she had felt that Dominick would not take a prominent place in any display of discontent. She grew paler day by day; and the wound to her self-love which she had received nearly a week before festered in her jealous and suspicious soul. To be made sport of! to be solicited for a favour from one whom one loved! Ah! yes, did she not love him? God in Heaven! did she not love him? And to be slighted by him and her favour to be spurned—at the instigation of, aye, under the spell of that black devil of a Kerry girl, who was as happy and as calm as an angel of heaven! That secret-keeping, mountainy, evil-eyed, envious thing! Oh! if she—Joanna—had but the humility to write to her lover and reproach him, and thus take the first step to a reconciliation! Why, he might make further game of her! Was he not playing the fool with her just to make that black Kerry girl merry—Bridget, who never smiled except when Joanna was miserable. She had never suffered like this before. Heaven pity her! but she would be revenged; and

she would confide in Miss Palgrave, who had always been so kind to her, and who knew her secret. They together might make Biddy Slattery the laughing-stock of the ship, despite her evil eye and all.

Plans, petty as any that have ever agitated the narrow souls of men and women—some even that the great world has honoured in its histories—began to form themselves in her mind; she, a poor girl condemned to obscurity, uneducated; but as proud as a Spanish duchess, and as foolish as many a Roman empress. And while she suffered, down in her dark and narrow prison, her lover was listening to the voice of Constance Palgrave as she read the stories of Salomon Lascivonde and the poems of Pensage for his lazy delight; or engaging in a rambling conversation with her brother, as he worked at his picture of *Cybele and Atys* in the saloon, close by the door of his berth; or silently submitting to the remonstrations of Captain Jessup for having left his berth to take a chair in the Palgraves' state room, and thereby frustrating the Captain's efforts to cure his wounded head.

"Get into your bunk immediately, Mr. Hudson!" the Captain would say. "I believe that Jonah wants to rid me of two third mates, d—n him! I'm captain of this ship! I'm your master, Mr. Hudson; and I will not be disobeyed. Your head must have a week's complete rest, sir!" And then the master would follow him to his berth, and after Hudson had resumed his recumbent position, the third mate had to submit to half an hour's catechism by his superior about the stores. Where was the molasses stored? How many kegs of butter were there left? There were three cases of brandy, in bottles, for the use of

the emigrants in the event of sickness, but he could only find a half case remaining. Hudson's store-book showed no record of any allowance to anybody of brandy. Whatever had that last third mate done with those two and a half cases? There could not have been more than two bottles used strictly for medicinal purposes. Did Hudson ever suspect that Sofnerville of breaching for himself? Or for some of those women in the married quarters? But they would soon have to breach cargo at this rate! Then the emigrants were grumbling now because one of Parrish's men had left the bung out of the last keg of vinegar, and it had rolled over and run all away during the night; and, worse still, it had all run into a barrel of flour, and made the nastiest mess he had ever seen by way of grub in all his life. Did the third mate know of any use to which vinegar and flour could be put? It was good enough for emigrants, anyway. They were rather short of flour already. The bread allowance would soon have to be cut down, and biscuit issued instead. And that German baker had been caught kneading dough with his feet! Would he please go through the accounts for the last three days before he went to sleep?—and so on, until Hudson's head began to ache again in downright fact. When the Captain came below after one of the demonstrations and mass meetings of the emigrants, the third mate longed for the deck as he listened to explanation and suggestions of future procedure; and were it not for the delightful indolency of his afternoons with Constance Palgrave, he had more than once taken the deck against the master's orders. However, he had been commanded to take a week's rest, and he would take it—as well as his commander

himself permitted it—and on Sunday next he would resume his watch, and his duties in the store-room, and extricate the Captain from his mess of flour and vinegar and molasses. The Captain's confidence in his own advice to Hudson was a theme which stirred much merriment in the saloon when all but the Palgraves were on deck.

At length the last day of Hudson's confinement had dawned, and passed its noon. 'It was a Saturday afternoon, and he half regretted now that his wound could not reopen and bring him another week of idleness. Yesterday he had heard the master on the poop shouting to the demonstrators on the main deck, and had been tempted to follow Mr. Shackley when he saw the latter look to the loading of his revolver before he went on deck to join the Captain haranguing above their heads. But Miss Palgrave, who had been on deck, came below as he was slipping on his jacket, and with undecieving, laughing eyes, put her arms round his neck with an affectation of mournful entreaty to stay and protect her, and he had kissed her, and the persillage on her mocking lips, and retired to his berth. It was all thunder, then, and no lightning! What a lot! What a strange woman this happy creature beside him was; she would laugh, he declared, if she saw a man really killed!

"Ah! provided!" she had cried, changing her mock heroics into her usual style.

"Provided it were done in an artistic manner, you know, Paddy!" she added, after a pause, during which he looked inquiry at her with amusement palpable in his eyes.

And we would get that wavy-haired Dominick to fiddle during the performance!" she said; "one

of his ecclie-wearie things that we never hear him play now—he’s composing scherzo movements now. What an Orpheus he would make if he were lamenting a woman! Rather square in the shoulders, I’m afraid, but his general proportions and graceful carriage seem excellent. And his head! Don’t be jealous, Paddy, my piratical Velasquez-Gainsborough! Let me give you a drink of limejuice and water; there!”

That had been yesterday, and she then had sat down and read him a chapter from a book of Salomon Lascivonde—his *Mofette*, a character in which, named Pudibert, Constance had compared to Hudson himself.

This Saturday afternoon she had continued the reading of *Mofette*. He lay in his bunk, dressed as usual, except in his shore-going jacket, his only one, and which he had to wear daily in the place of his canvas cunarder since he had been promoted to the rank of third mate. He had washed and shaved every morning, as the Captain had not restricted the use of water in the saloon, and he lay there twirling his brown moustache with lazy vanity, and exhibiting his white teeth, listening to the voice of this woman who understood him so well—of course she did. He told himself that she did. Of course she understood men; she had said she did. Just as Eustace, her brother, understood women; he had said likewise that he understood them. So they all fully comprehended each other. And did they not understand themselves? But Constance could see him in Pudibert—absurd! But lying there on his back listening to this mock Bohemienne—that was the most absurd thing of all.

“Why, this delightfully hypocritical Pudibert might

have been drawn from the life. Art is the great creator, *mon cher*; and how you have come to imitate so many of Pudibert's characteristics—as Eustace says—without having read about him, I cannot say, Paddy! It is very interesting. Listen to this!"

And she read a descriptive passage about some dalliance in which Pudibert was concerned.

"So I am hypocritical?" drawled Hudson, languorous, almost torpid; yet mentally active, self-examining. This was Saturday afternoon, the last day of playing the invalid to please his master. The last day on which he intended to play the lover, too. Her voice rose and fell in gentle accentuations, and he watched the mobile, delicate lips with the dimples at the corners of them, as her words came forth. But the words themselves scarcely affected him; he could not comprehend the subtleties of current literary French of the Pensage and Lascivonde schools. So he was a hypocrite like this Pudibert, who was always saying, it seemed, "*Embrassons; car le temps s'enfuit, et persuadons-nous bien qu'il ne revient plus!*"

She continued reading. Sometimes the Captain's voice could be heard calling to the helmsman that the royals were flat aback, and that he was to keep the ship clean full-and-by, or, after a glance at the compass, ordering the grumbling crew to try another pull on the lee braces, if they wanted any more fresh water, as Tristan da Cunha; anyway, wouldn't shift with the wind. Hudson's thoughts strayed from Constance Palgrave to the Captain, and from the Captain back to Constance, and from Constance again to the voices, faintly audible, in the fore cabin. He had first detected Joanna's voice for the first time during his week of confinement. Ah! Joanna's

words had had some meaning for him and herself, just the meaning that such words had for everybody. But this woman's words seemed to have any meaning she chose to attach to them!

“Oh!” exclaimed Constance, turning over a few pages, “this is charming! Oh! Sabine is kissing Pudibert! here at the end of the chapter! I must skip a page or two. Pudibert says it is the first sensation of the kind he has ever experienced! And Sabine says the same! Listen!”

Again Hudson attended, and watched her bright scarlet lips playing with the French words she spoke with such charming Parisian tonality, and contrast of nasal resonance with clear round phoneticism. Then again his mind wandered toward Joanna, and began to draw comparisons.

“Two women and two books,” he said meditatively.

The reader looked up surprised.

“How inattentive you are this afternoon, Paddy! Sabine had just told Pudibert that she thought children grew like flowers in the night, or fell from Heaven at the prayers of the mother! And she is shocked at her father's explanation, on the eve of her marriage! Is it not amusing? Oh, Lascivonde can suggest hypocrisy in such a delightfully subtle way; I wish you could comprehend his literary nuances. You would enjoy the book so much. What an irritating murmur in that fore cabin next door! I wish they would keep quiet when I am reading. *Finissez, vous dis-je! Soyez tranquille—taisez-vous! Silence!* Now—er—‘Pudibert, ayant—’ Laughing? I hear somebody crying! It sounds like Joanna. ‘Pudibert, ayant—’”

The weeping in the fore cabin, accompanied by

a lull in the indistinct susurrations, broke the chain of self-contemplatory thoughts, and Joanna D'Arcy, virgin-jealous as a Bacchante, once the object of his self-accusing passionate desire, and the acknowledged lover of himself—reckless adventurer and seaman—rose suddenly to his inner vision like an apparition. By the Holy Name, she was a real woman! Sentimental? revengeful? religious? Perhaps—but a real woman—not a——"

"Do you know, Constance, my mother was very fond of the French people. My first lesson in French I received from my mother; and she taught me the *Symbole des Apôtres*. Do you believe all the *Symbole*, Constance?"

"Yes, of course, Holy father Patrick! I am like Eustace, I believe everything! I shall call you *Tartuffe*, instead of *Pudibert*, presently. *Monsieur St. Patrick*, I believe in Christ, and Mahomet, and Buddha, and every holy thing, even in that Philistine, St. Paul, as Eustace calls him. Listen! you, disappointing, saintly creature, or I shall not read to you."

He remained silent, and she went on reading about *Sabine* and *Pudibert*. But the French only, brought back to Hudson the daily French lessons of his youth; and that France his mother had drawn verbal pictures of; the France that he had always associated with a massive gilt clock of the Louis-Philippe period, which stood on a marble-topped bureau in his mother's drawing-room, tick-tacking away with solemn regularity and irrevocable recordation of sinful moments; and the prayers he had been taught out of his mother's *Petit Eucologe*, which she always cherished since she was awarded it when a pupil at a Loretto convent in Ireland before she went to France, and which,

Hudson remembered, had a red-and-gold morocco binding with gilt-edged leaves, and engravings of saints, all of them like very pious French schoolgirls saying their evening prayers. Once, on his return from a voyage, his aunt had put the book in his room, and he had wanted a light for his pipe, and——

“Perhaps I lit my pipe with the *Symbole*!” he said suddenly.

Constance Palgrave looked up from her book.

“I beg your pardon; pray continue,” he said apologetically.

She continued reading.

He looked at Constance Palgrave again, and questioned himself why he felt not any desire for her whatever; he, who had played at love as a gambler for it, and often with as much wholesome interest? She delighted him in the manner that a wonderful mechanical toy had done when he had been a boy at home. He knew exactly what she would do, could do, and seemed made to do. He began to change his question into one that wanted for an answer the reason why this woman had been made at all? The toy had been made to bring credit to its ingenious inventor, profit as well, no doubt, and pleasure to observant youth; and was this woman made just to please others? Profit to her Creator? Well, how was it that God had not given her a soul? That was absurd also—she must have a soul—but if she had——

“Joanna is certainly sobbing!” said Hudson abruptly.

“*Et la désillusion* pour une poignée de temps,” Joanna told me this morning that she would never speak to you again, because you had insulted and despised

her! I told her that you loved her—oh! never so much, and——"

"Stôp!" cried Hudson passionately.

He would have spoken, but she put her hand on his mouth. Then she stood silently beside the high bunk, her bosom pressed against his arm, her face overhanging, and her own looking into his eyes. Of course they understood each other (she said), and both did Joanna. Why discuss such a subject at all? Softly, but very clearly, she began to sing Victor Hugo's words—

*"Quand tu chantes, berce
Le soir, entre mes bras;
Entends tu ma pensée
Qui te répond tout bas,
Ton doux chantône rappelle
Les plus beaux de mes jours, Ah!
Ah! Chantez—Chantez—toujours,
Chantez, ma belle,
Chantez toujours!
Quand tu ris sur ta bouche
L'amour s'épanouit,
Et soudain le farouche
Soupçon s'évanouit.
Ah! le rire fidèle prouve un cœur sans détours——"*

she broke off suddenly, and released herself from Hudson's arm, which had gradually encircled her neck.

"Good gracious, what a noise off the poop!" she cried.

"Go on singing!" murmured Hudson; "there is nobody in the saloon;" it's only the Captain and Shackley at the crowd, I suppose!" He closed his eyes. Oh! that Joanna D'Arcy were here at his bedside! What a considerate foot he had been!

"Quand tu dors calme et pure. . . ."

Oh! you faint!"

She was laughing now, and he opened his eyes again.

"*Dormez, dormez, ma belle, dormez toujours !*"

There ! *Ainsi soit-il*, as the nuns say ! *Riez toujours ; encore ?* "

"Yes ; go on singing, please ! "

"Yes, but that's the bell ! What a tintinnabulation, as Edgar Allan Poe would have called it, Paddy ! That's for the fire-drill, I suppose ? *Dormez ! dor—*?"

"Fire-drill, Constance ! " cried Hudson, releasing her and sitting up in his bunk ; " why never before at this time ! Ah ! yes, of course, old Jessup is working them up in earnest ; he'll demonstrate them ! They had a fire-drill in Wednesday's dog-watch ! It's only three o'clock now. He might have waited until eight bells ! Listen to that bell—and Shackley's voice ! And there's Parrish's door ! He's turning out ! I say, Mr. Parrish, isn't that bell a little early to-day ? "

"It doesn't seem to trouble you, any way," cried the second mate. " You're in clover, my son ! " What has that — of a sto'ed done with my sea-boots ? I asked him to dubbin 'em, and bring 'em back ! I'll get wet round the trouser legs now, I s'pose. Oh ! you're well out of it ; you're the skipper's darlin', God bless you, my child ! D—n that bell ; oh ! I beg your pardon, miss, I didn't know you were there. Where's that sto'ed ? Where's my long boots ? They cost me thirty-five bob in Leadenhall Street, and I supplies him with the dubbin. Hi, sto'ed ! "

Mr. Parrish, hardly wide awake yet, hunted about the saloon for his long sea-boots, and Miss Palgrave said she would go to the pantry and look there. The little brass poop bell still was ringing, and the mate

and others were shouting the usual orders, and Mr. Parrish was softly swearing, when the steward came running down the main companion in his bare black feet, breathless with his run aft from the galley.

"Golly! *Fyah!* Massa Paa'ash! *Fyah!* Mass' 'Usson!"

"Fire? I know that well enough, sto'od; but where's my sea-boots? I am not going to get a soaking round the legs from that force-pump! The bos'n can't hit the mains'l, but the — shows an uncommon affectyshun for my calves like. What in thunder are you doin', sto'od? Give me my boots, I tell yer! Where's my thirty-five bob boots, eh?"

The steward had run to his berth.

"Well! you can ract the goat A I, any way!" said the second mate; "you beat poor old Cardiff."

"*Fyah! fyah!* I tell you, Massa Parrish! *Fyah!* Mass' 'Usson! Golly, if dat don't beat creation! I cotch sight of it en'self, sah! We aal bun! ebbery wan of es! Golly!"

"Yes, there's a fire in the galley, I s'pose, but it ain't the first of April, is it?" said the second mate. "We don't get a cent more a month for this here tomfoolery!"

Hudson came out of his berth without his shoes and with his jacket in his hand.

"You mean to say, steward, we're really on fire?"

The third mate's thoughts suddenly ran upon the Captain's questions about the absent cases of brandy, as he looked at the breathless and somewhat unsteady steward, who was now standing on one leg, putting the other into his best shore-going pair of trousers. Then his thoughts turned to practical joking, like the others. The usual cry at "drill" was "fire!"

“Fi-f-iyah! dat’s all, I mean. Fyah! ebbery one bun to ashes! Only! Jonah!” said the steward, changing his clothes hurriedly, and the contents of his pockets. His sea-chest was open, and he presently began rummaging in it, unheeding the others.

A voice called down the companion at ‘his moment. It was Eustace Palgrave’s. The second mate and Miss Palgrave went on deck, and Hudson remained in the saloon looking at the steward making all the usual preparations before going ashore of a Sunday in port.

Hudson climbed up into the skylight beside Miss Palgrave’s canary, and looked forward as well as the sails permitted. He could see no smoke or other sign, but then he could only see along the weather side.

“So the ship’s on fire, steward?” said Hudson incredulously.

The steward took no notice of the remark, but went on collecting all the small articles of value he possessed, and tied them up in a large spotted handkerchief. His black face was streaming with perspiration, and the white linen collar he had buttoned around his neck was so tight that the dark flesh bulged in a heavy fold above it.

“You’re the ‘joker’ that takes the ‘trick,’ steward!” said Hudson, wavering a little.

“If—dat don’t—beat creation! I wait hyar now, till all dem boats am ready!” said the steward, breathing spasmodically in his stiff collar, and sitting down on his sea-chest.

Hudson went up the companion cautiously, so that the steward should not see him and have the laugh afterward, and put his head round on the weather side and looked forward. All the girls had crowded

to the forward part of the poop, but there were no officers visible. The emigrants were talking among themselves confusedly. Hudson emerged from the companion, and walked toward the group. The breeze was not so strong as it had been, the preceding few days, but the ship was travelling about six knots close to the wind, and heeling well over. The matron turned round and was the first to greet him. Hudson wore a bandage around his head, and no cap or shoes.

"Oh, tell me, Mr. Hudson! You are an officer, and understand these things. Is there any danger? How is your poor head? Quite well now?"

"Danger, where? What do you mean? Why are the men not casting the quarter-boat lashings adrift here, as usual?" inquired Hudson.

"Oh, is it not a real fire? But look at all the smoke on the water there! Oh, don't deceive me, Mr. Hudson!"

The third mate pushed his way through the crowd of young women, and found himself beside Constance Palgrave and her brother leaning over the rail.

"True enough!" said Hudson; "there's smoke, at least!"

The wind was beating it down close to the water.

"They are working like very demons!" said Eustace Palgrave. "Fine effect, that drifting smoke tipping the crests of the waves away to leeward! I suppose the galley chimney is on fire, or something. We can't see here!"

"What do you think it is?" said Constance Palgrave.

Her voice sounded somewhat timid and anxious.

"But listen to the men, and the mate; and see Captain Jessup—he is all grimy! Where has he

been? I declare his beard looks as if it had been burned! Oh!"

She screamed suddenly. A bright flame shot out, blown almost horizontally above the heads of all the confused crowd on the main forward deck, and the breeze carried the smoke that succeeded it swiftly out to sea and astern in broken wisps of tawny grey. Then another tongue of yellow light.

The Captain had mounted on the heel of a spare spar, and he was shouting encouragingly to the men, some of whom were now pumping on the fore-castle head, and some drawing water over the side, spilling it over the heads and upraised hands of the score that struggled among themselves to assist. All dissension had ceased for a time; but their unanimity created many obstacles; their hands, eager to help, were inoperative by reason of their excessive numbers.

Coincidentally with Miss Palgrave's scream, a dozen of the young women beside her screamed too. There was no officer but Hudson in the after part of the ship. He had a whistle in his pocket, which the master had given him on his appointment as third mate, and he now put it to his lips and blew a shrill blast. The Captain looked aft immediately.

"Silence!" cried Hudson to the girls. "Keep quiet, matron! Hold your d—d row, all of you!" and then he shouted to the Captain, "Hi, sir! shall I—put her—before—the—wind—sir?"

"Aye, aye! that's my bully third mate!" cried Captain Jessup. Hudson pushed his way between the mass of frightened women, and went aft to the man at the wheel.

"Now, Bill, my lad, come, hard up with her! Rio Janeiro! Keep her about west-nor-west!"

And he went to the lee side of the wheel and helped the quarter-master to put the helm over. Then he went and let go the weather clo'jack braces, down on the main deck.

"Come aft, some of yer," he roared, "and square them mizen yards, d—n' your eyes, if you don't want to be all roasted in hell to-night! Ho-ho-ho! haul a-wa-a-y! Square them there yards, I sa-a-a-y! Bully boys! Yo-ho-oh!"

At this there was another great united scream from those on the poop. Then the wind seemed to die away to quite a soft breeze, as the big East Indiaman paid off before it. All the head sails flapped, and she began to roll from side to side, and the smoke disappeared.

"There!" cried the matron loudly, "the fire is out now! Oh, what a nice, clever officer that Mr. Hudson is! I was so frightened! If I were a girl, I could almost love him!"

"Fire out, be d——d!" muttered Hudson under his breath; "but we'll try and keep it for'rd, anyway!"

At that moment the smoke, which had been drifting ahead out of sight, now rose thick and black—as if in a draught that laughed at the crossing wind—abaft the foresail, and then turned into one great sheet of flame, and the flapping sail parted like a sheet of burning paper; and then the flame disappeared!

"Come on, lads forward, all of you! There's all the fore alight now! If she comes up in the wind, we shan't want any paraffin lamps to-night! But we won't let her do that, lads; bully boys! We'll snuff it out in a brace o' shakes. Forred, bullies! forred!"

The Doctor was sitting on a spar, pale, but composed. “Why are you not assisting, Doctor?” said Hudson.

“*They will not allow ME to do anything,*” said the surgeon quietly, “*and that has caused the fire!* I went down to put out their lamps for safety. *One of them upset in the struggle!*”

The married women were running up and down the main hatchway ladder excitedly, some voiceless, some tearful, some expostulating; some, like Mrs. Jenkins, indignantly abusive. “I know’d ’e was a Joper, the first time I seed ’im!” she was screaming.

“I understand,” said the surgeon calmly, “that in a ship like this, if the head sails burn away, it will be difficult to keep the ship before the wind?”

“Surgeon Clyster,” replied Hudson, with mocking intonation, “your conclusions are correctly drawn—though you have but stated one of them—the other, that is at the back of your mind, is——”

“Yes, but we must not talk about it!” said Dr. Clyster, his manner changing rapidly. “I am the ship’s medical officer; I will go and get some medical stores together, in the event——”

Hudson, who was hauling down the mizen staysails himself (for he had let the halyards go on the poop, and the hanks travelled freely on the stays when the sails were empty of wind), cried to the Doctor, going aft to his surgery—

“Tell the young women up there that it will be out in five minutes, and that there is no danger, Doctor!”

“Of course there is no danger!” cried the Doctor loudly; “not the least danger!”

“Thank God!” cried many voices on the poop.

“That’s one of the most deliberate lies I ever told

in my life!" said the third mate to himself. "Six times twenty, that's a hundred and twenty! My God! there's three hundred and seventy-seven of us! There're three barrels of paraffin down there, and two of tar, and one of black varnish, another of fish oil, and the cook's slush, and ten coils of Europe rope, and the—d——d careless fools! Listen to them! They're howling like maniacs now! There'll be no more gambling this trip, I'll swear!"

He pulled at the last of the staysail downhaulers savagely, and then ran forward. The men on the fore-castle head had been driven off by the heavy smoke. That pump was therefore useless.

"Are you getting the better of it, sir?" he said to Captain Jessup.

Captain Jessup was suggestively calm, and his voice indicated mental agitation.

"Take some of the men, and lower away the two quarter boats, and provision them, and tow them astern, with only two men in each, if she comes up in the wind, Mr. Hudson, *but not unless!*" said the Captain under his breath.

"I understand, sir!" said Hudson, and he sent four steady men aft to prepare the two quarter boats.

He understood also that to lower any boat, unless it could be done unobserved and kept clear of the ship, would be a futile proceeding. It was one thing to hoist boats with tackles in the London river, for the satisfaction of the surveyor, when nobody wished to enter them; it would be quite another thing to put them over the side now, with a hundred, perhaps, jumping into one that would only hold twenty. . . . For three hours they fought the flames.

Night falling found the fire making steady headway.

The single men's quarters were crackling under their feet ! . .

The sails on the foremast were all alight !

“Pump ! pump like hell ! my bully boys !” cried Mr. Shackley, as the movable force-pump was dragged away from the hatchway. “Pass the buckets, lads ! gaily, now ! Never mind the sails ! We've a fair wind for Rio ! Bully boys, gaily, lads !”

All were running about like ants on a disturbed hillock. The Irish emigrants obeyed orders, but many of the crew exhibited signs of revolt.

“What the h—l's the use of pumping ?” cried Sydney Bob.

“Take one of these pistols,” said the Captain to Hudson ; “shoot any man that goes abaft the mainmast without orders !”

“Rig the fresh-water pump, Pat Hudson ! it's d——d little you've been doing for the past week. Give us fresh water to cool our guts !”

“Grog, oh ! lads ; grog, oh !” cried others. “To hell with water, fresh or salt ; grog, oh ! That's the talk !”

The boatswain's mate, with his little grey poll and ascetic visage blackened with smoke, was the most vociferative of all in the demand for grog.

Hudson put the Captain's big revolver in his trousers pocket and walked aft to the mainmast, where most of the married women had congregated.

They clamoured for sympathy and assistance, and for prediction. Would the ship be burned ? The third mate assured them all there was nothing to fear. How could there be ? Did they not see that the flames kept away from this part of the ship ? It was only the darkness that made them look so big. There

was no smoke to choke them either ; it was all blowing ahead ; the fire would soon be conquered. Let them not fear ; he had seen worse ones (he said) ! It was not at all likely that the ship could be burnt—not at all ! They had a fair wind for Rio Janeiro now. Oh ! much greater fires, he assured them ! Screaming would only frighten others. Many of the women believed him, they said, and kept quiet. What were those men doing on the poop with bags of biscuit and kegs of water ? Oh ! it was just as well to have something in the boats if they should be wanted—to carry them as far as another ship, for instance—those that would like to go in her. But how came such a sudden calamity upon them ? Oh, just an accident ! Accidents would happen, of course.

"It is all the doin' of that cussed Joner !" cried Mrs. Jenkins, "ain't it, now ?"

Hudson did not seem to hear her. He was thinking of some words he had heard one of the Plymouth carpenters speak when the 'tween-deck was being fitted for emigrants.

"A big job, mate ; ten thousand feet of half-inch matchboarding, Jimmy," had said the Plymouth carpenter, "let alone the scantling stuff, mate, and the rest of it."

Hudson's thoughts travelled in a direction he prayed the fire would not follow. He looked back at the poop. Many of the girls were kneeling on the deck, praying amidst their tears. Joanna was not visible. Bridget Slattery was holding the rail as the vessel rolled, and gazing at the third mate fixedly. She was as pale as the bleached canvas above her head, but her strange magnetic eyes were undimmed with tears. All faces were as visible as in broad daylight now.

He looked forward again.

Dominick D'Arcy, his wavy dark brown hair singed, and his coat scorched, approached, with his violin and bow held together under his arm. A large roll of paper was thrust into his waistcoat. He had been carrying water, too, for his trousers, soaked with salt water, were clinging to his legs.

“These are all I could save, Mr. Hudson!” he cried. “May I go on the poop—to see Johanna?”

“Stand back, Dominick! get forred again, my son—your sister's all right. There is no danger!”

“I do not see Miss——”

“Get forward, Dominick!”

“But—but, Pat?”

“Get forred! You see this? I don't want to use it.”

“Ah! God help us all! It's big enough, surely!”

Dominick D'Arcy walked away, and joined many others beside the deck house, watching the crew at work, unable now to assist them, driven back from the hatchway.

“Ten thousand feet of matchboarding—and all the rest of the timber,” said Hudson to himself. “And—and drag down that cursed winds'l!” he shouted to the nearest women, “and close your hatchway, if you're all on deck!—Is the wind changing? or what?—not? *She's coming to!*”

The ship had heeled over to starboard and stopped rolling, and he had felt the cold wind on his left cheek!

“*Coming-to! she's coming-to!* There's not a head sail big enough forred to stop her! Now for the boats!”

CHAPTER XI

MATCHBOARDING ? ” Thin deal boards ‘by the thousand ! “ And the rest ? ”

In the ‘tween-deck of old sailing-vessels such as the *Young Pretender*, when unloaded, there is an almost unobstructed vista from the lazarette bulkhead, right aft, under the saloon, to the forepeak bulkhead, under the fore-castle. The only obstructions are the mainmast, the upright chain-lockers and water-tank casing, and the foremast—all amidships, and in line. On each side there is clear passage from one end of the ship to the other. The lazarette contains the ship’s provisions ; the fore-peak the coals, below, and the oils and paints and boatswain’s stores, above. The ‘tween-deck, unless the ship be going to sea in ballast, receives its cargo like the hold below ; and then the hatches are battened down, and there is no longer any passage for man in the ‘tween-deck. The rats enjoy an uninterrupted holiday for some months, maybe ; gnawing at bales of cloth, fattening monstrously on hogsheads of sugar, breeding prolifically in the debris of reams of paper. Sometimes a cargo “ sweats.” If the main hatches be removed in fine weather, the fetid odour from twenty or thirty different kinds of cargo betray the closeness of their confinement. Yet this cramping and overfilling from keelson to hatch may prevent many a catastrophe. The sudden heavy squall may dismast, but it cannot capsize ; and fire

cannot rage with freedom, but smoulders in slow anger for days, weeks, and, it might happen, for months.

But when such a sailing vessel was fitted out to carry emigrants, the whole organization, as it were, of half the ship became changed. Instead of density, porosity; the solid block became a cellular hive. Two temporary bulkheads were added to those already existing; one to separate married people from single men, and one to divide the married and single women. Scores of more slender partitions separated berth from berth, bunk from bunk. But the whole 'tween-deck was something else besides being a hive; these scores of partitions and hundreds of bunks made of it a potential “fire-lighter”; an enormous “fire-lighter” of timber and air-space, quite in approved scientific arrangement; and even the “resinous” adjuncts were not wanting; for they were, as stated, to be found in the fore-peak. To light an ordinary household fire a small cage of dry wood dipped in some inflammable substance is both convenient and effectual; to burn a ship, no satanic ingenuity could devise a surer instrument than one modelled on the principles of the domestic “fire-lighter.” The 'tween-deck of the *Young Pretender* was a perfect instrument. A long cage of flimsy timbering, and at the extremities barrels of tar, bales of oakum, drums of oil and paint, and underneath, in reserve, hundreds of barrels of spirits, ready to burst open and upward when the 'tween-deck had become a glowing bed of embers. It was complete. This kind of fire needed no poking or stoking; everything was in itself automatic; every alley-way and cross passage was a flue for its special contributory purpose. The initial act of ignition was alone necessary, and that had not failed them.

"We shan't want any paraffin lamps to-night!" were the words of Hudson in a moment of excitement. He had divined the cause of the outbreak, only because he had knowledge of the past use of paraffin lamps constructed of empty soup and bouillittins. The Doctor admitted the cause of the conflagration; but his were the only words heard aboard the *Young Pretender* that did, and which the speaker of them had, despite his avowal, kept purposely ambiguous. Who was to blame? Emigrants, officers, or crew? It was not a point to be thought on at all—for it stirred self-accusatory ones in every mind aboard. Who had so much as dreamed of this? And of late, the absurdity of the bi-weekly fire-drill had irritated the men to so great an extent that half the male emigrants had refused to join in the necessary exercises.

But all were eager now to aid the crew; and their assistance in drawing buckets of water had been of some avail, until the fore-peak suddenly broke into flame. Then the Captain had ordered the fore hatch to be closed, and the fore-peak to be flooded through the small hatch in the fore-castle; but the water from the small portable force-pump was of little use, and the sudden bursting open of the fore hatch which led to the emigrants' quarters showed that the water had been floating the burning paraffin all over that part.

"Never mind the sails, bully boys!" That is what the chief mate had cried.

He was thinking more of that part of the foremast below the main deck than of the sails above. All the lower masts of the *Young Pretender* were of pitch-pine—"built-masts," as they were termed—that is, made of several spars fitted together and bound with iron

hoops. Ah! if it should be burned through! But let them cut open the canvas mast-coat around the coaming, and let as many of the men that can pour water around it! Piff! fooh! Stand back! The water rises in scalding steam. The mast below was surrounded by thirsty flames!

Hudson, when he felt the wind drawing abeam, blew his whistle again. The Captain ordered the second mate to the wheel, and clutched at the remaining pistol in his side pocket. The second mate took four more men with him, and as they all passed Hudson at his station on the quarter-deck, the second mate gave him a seaman's sign understood by all six of them.

“Aye! Aye!” cried Hudson.

Then he again blew his whistle to attract the master's attention. The din was too great, but presently. Captain Jessup himself came aft, as far as the main hatch, and pushing his way between the women and children took up a position near Hudson.

“Shall we collect all the women on the poop, sir? The Bos'n and three men are putting biscuit and water into the quarter boats. Mr. Parrish thinks she will lay head-on to it, if the foremast goes by the board.”

“We're do'dne, if it oes. My good God Almighty! can't he keep her dead before it? There's two of 'em at the wheel, and there's no wind to speak of. Yes!—Hi! all you women and children, hold your noise, all of you! Up on the poop with you! No! no men! only women. Up with you! your husbands will join you presently. The fire won't hurt you, we're getting the better of it already. Get on the poop, I tell you!”

They all, but a few, obeyed the Captain; these others went below to collect any portable property they had forgotten. The master shouted after them, but they paid no heed to him.

"There are flames in the fore-castle now! Stay here, Mr. Hudson. I'll go forward again and give Shackley a hand. Obey orders, and if she seems like coming up any more, lower away! Savey? Shackley and I will attend to the other boats with the carpenter and sailmaker. We must avoid a panic; but just listen to the crowd! You heard 'em call out grog-on! And some of those emigrant men are near mad! Did you ever say a prayer, Mr. Hudson? What? I never saw you at divine service? (I must go forward again; Shackley can't manage that crowd.) Did you?"

"Yes, sir, now and again."

"Pray that she'll keep right before the wind, Mr. Hudson."

"Little use in praying that, sir."

"Aye, perhaps you're right; I can't tell," said the Captain distractedly. "That Jonah of a surgeon 'has brought all this upon us, I suppose. I didn't like the cut of his jib the day he shipped!"

Despite the awful nearness of 'despair, Hudson could not repress a moment's gaiety:

"Look at the cut of the *Young Pretender's* jib, sir!"

"My God, the head sail's on fire! Hi, Shackley!" and he ran forward. As the ship yawed about, now coming to and now paying off, the jibs flickered between the heavy coils of forward-drifting smoke. The night was drawing on, and the flames now darting upward from the fore-castle grew brighter and brighter

against the dark cloudy sky. But not so much as a wisp of smoke blew over the after part of the ship, nor had the fire apparently increased its area; but only its height. Some of the men on the main deck, who were unable to assist, shouted that it was not coming their way at all. Some grew suddenly calm, almost indifferent; a temporary reaction after fierce emotion.

“Ach! ’twill burn itself out, then; more power to the old ship!” cried an old Irishman, that had not been seen on deck six times during the voyage.

“Sure enough, now, who ever saw fire go agin the wind?” cried another.

“’Deed, and there’s little use for them sails, neither,” said the young man who had been prominent in the demands for St. Helena, “for we are going to Rio Janeiro now, says the chief officer; and, sure, the wind is right behind us all the way, by the map!”

“Aye, let them burn as much as ever they like; then,” said the old man. “I’d a nephew once in Rio Janeiro. He may be living still; and we’ll all have plenty of drinking water, too.”

“Water, is it?” said the young man contemptuously.

“Ah! and whisky too,” said the old man. “I suppose all your property is destroyed, down in your sleeping place.”

“Not at all. All our boxes are down in the bottom of the ship. Don’t you know we get them up once a month?”

“So we’re bound for Rio Janeiro! Well, well!” said the old man; “and the boat is not rolling at all now! Thank God for that, any way!”

The “boat” indeed was on a steadier keel. But

Hudson had left his post at the mainmast and gone up on the crowded poop.

The steady keel had sent him there.

The ship had refused to answer her helm!

The *Young Pretender* revealed her final mission.

It was black night around them; but for those doomed men and women there would be no want of light!

Hudson had ordered the two men in the boats to lower themselves away, and to drop astern and catch a line that Mr. Parrish (now at the wheel) had towed for them.

"No, no women, nor anybody, in the boats, except the two seamen in each." He was compelled to threaten the steward, who had appeared in his Sunday clothes, with his revolver. Would they carry away the davits, these praying, tearful women? Or the tackles? Let them keep quiet, and hold that nigger; they were safe enough; the boats were not going to leave them! Two men could not pull a life-boat! There! God help her!

One of the young women fell overboard attempting to climb into the half-lowered port boat. She drifted astern immediately, struggling wildly in the darkness, and disappeared. She was quite a child, an orphan girl of fourteen from Maidstone, and she was forgotten in an instant; but her life thus lost saved many more from attempting to follow her example. She had struck one of the men in her fall, and the tackle slipped out of his hand; the other man quickly let go his tackle and the boat was in the water and beyond the reach of the others on the poop. The boats were dropped astern and made fast, one behind the other, to the line towed from the taffrail.

It was all rapidly done, but not one second too soon. Would there be time to launch the skid boats? Time enough for the two after boats—with discipline—but too late for the forward boats at any cost of muscle, strength, nay, of life itself. They were both stove in now! The great foremast, with all its sails, yards, top-hamper, and running gear, had fallen with a crash that hushed every lip on the ship, and blanched every cheek. And Mr. Shackley's voice was stilled for ever and ever; his and many another's. The fire had burnt its way through, below the deck. In a few moments more the big sailing-ship was nearly head to wind. A cloud of black smoke drifted over the lee quarter, and then the quarter-deck became crowded with men, maddened with terror, mutinous with despair, or reckless with that anarchic manumission of nature, which men have termed the first law of it.

Mr. Parrish (having relinquished the helm as useless) at the top of one ladder, and Hudson at the other, stood with their revolvers drawn, while the Captain directed the launching of the large pinnace and the smaller gig on the after skids. But his commands were ferociously countermanded by a score of mutinous voices. A man on the main yard, hooking on a tackle, becoming suffocated with the dense smoke, fell to the deck, and his brains were dashed out. The tackle fell as well, and the huge double block felled Silvio D'Albuquerque, the Spanish sailor. There were a hundred pairs of arms to lift the big pinnace, but they were too many by ninety. They pulled and dragged, and pushed, yelling, swearing, and some among them ejaculating petitions to the Almighty. And across them now began to drift the horrible

stench of burning flesh—human flesh. The flames, at first smothered to some extent under the great sails and cordage of the foremast, were burning through their covering, and consuming the dead and wounded men beneath it.

The pinnacle at length lurched over the side suddenly, and fell stern foremost into the sea. The oars, in it fell out, as well as the breaker of water, mast and sail; but the boat floated upwards on its keel. In a few moments fifty men had jumped, or climbed down into it, and it filled with water to the gunwale. Several of the men climbed back, some sank, one or two of the seamen swam aft to the lifeboats, and clambered into them. Then the gig's stern fell off the skid, and crashed down on deck. A harness cask stove in two of the bilge planks. A score of hands lifted it again, but the master bade them cease their labours, and help the men still at the pump and carrying water; the boat could not float. However, they lifted it over the rail, and, as carefully as their excitement permitted, lowered it into the water, where it quickly filled. But only a few emigrants dared to spring into it, and none of the seamen. Then the little boat turned over, and the emigrants were struggling to climb back by the ropes which had lowered the gig.

Amidst all this indescribable confusion, which yet suggested more horrible possibilities, the ship's surgeon, with a case of drugs on his knees, and a book in his pocket, sat on the poop ladder motionless, a few feet below Hudson. Nobody had seemed to notice him, though one man, attempting to ascend the ladder, and driven back by Hudson's pistol, had trampled upon him.

All hope of escape, by the boats having disappeared

for every male passenger and the majority of the crew, the attention of all of them was directed again to the fire. They abused each other for not assisting, and called each other cur, and coward, and loafer, in detaching utterances. And those of the seamen who had been the first to prevent the Doctor from assisting, on the outbreak of the fire, now dementedly clamoured that he should be made to suffer for his evasion of labour, as well as for his meddling, which had, they asserted, caused the disaster. Some of them caught hold of him and dragged him forward, and one of the men pitched his case of drugs overboard. The surgeon's gold spectacles fell off in the rough handling he received, and he was half blind, even in daylight, without them. As the men pumped, and threw water on the scorching deck, they jeered at him, staggering to and fro with buckets in both hands.

But the whole forward part of the ship is now a mass of flame, and the smoke is carried high above the main truck with the heated air. The wreckage of the foremast is well alight, and the deck as well.

“Pump away, my bully boys! 'Tis your only chance!” cries the master.

Only chance? Chance of what? Of prolonging the existence of the *Young Pretender* until a saviour ship hove in sight? The Captain's words had no meaning—even for himself. All he knew was that some thirty women and children and a dozen necessary seamen could escape in those two lifeboats.

“Pass the water along; gaily now, boys! drive it down below again!”

The futility of it! Ah! those darts of yellow and crimson flame outside the bulwarks, licking the rail and curling over it!

"Pump away! Pass that water along!"

"To hell with it all! 'Grog-ok!' I say!"

There are six men on the pump, and they have the supply pipe thrust through an open port, abreast of the cook's galley. It seemed a very serviceable pump when tested in the dock at London. It is a very good pump; it will throw a jet of sparkling water like a tremulous rope of twisted glass as long as the main brace. Six strong men, three on each handle-bar, with wet hair clinging to their sweating foreheads, are jerking the movable pump about the deck with their frantic exertions. But the long, thin jet of water seems but to tickle the leaping flames into crackling and derisive laughter. And the fire has a secret, which shall be revealed anon.

"Pump away, my bully boys!"

"G— d— the pump! Grog—oh! My guts are like rotten rope-yarns!"

None of these sailormen have seen the celebrated mannikin Duke of Brabant, that infant prodigy at Brussels; for Antwerp is the nearest they have been to it; but one of them suddenly flings himself off the handle-bar with a desperate oath, and adds—

"I've heard tell of a baby p—g in a fountain, but, strike me blind, if he wouldn't be as much use as that — pump. I says 'Grog—oh!'. Who's aft for the grog? You might as well be a kid and p—g on the flames of hell! Come on, Jads!"

His face is black with smoke, and scorched with flame, but the voice is that of Sydney Bob. He is encouraged by similar sentiments from the boatswain's mate.

"Ayè! Let the — pump sweat; let it sweat, I tell yer!"

Another man has taken his place. Sydney Bob drags him away. They both scoop the perspiration off their wet brows and look in the direction of the Captain, standing on the life-rail at the mainmast, urging on the men still carrying water. "I'll ship nobody but Irishmen if I ever get the chance again!" he says. Several men followed Sydney Bob to the main hatchway, down which they disappeared. By bursting through the thin partition separating the married quarters from the single women's they would be able to reach the lower after hatch, beneath which a large consignment of spirits and beer for Australia was stowed, as they knew. None of the emigrants followed them, though an Irishman cried—

"I'd give all I have for a sup of poteen! God help us! and we doing all the labour!"

He possessed nothing but the clothing he stood in.

Another man said he would burn every woman in the world for a pint of beer. The voice was that of the boatswain's mate. He threw down the nozzle of the hose, and followed the men who had gone below.

But the master had seen him, and he shouted to the petty officer as the latter prepared to descend the hatchway ladder, up which smoke was now drifting.

"Close that door, and go and pick up that hose!"

Other men had begun to follow the boatswain's mate.

The man halted at the door, holding it with his hand, and turned his blackened face toward the master, and hesitated.

"Is that you, Bos'n's mate?"

"Aye, it's me, Cap'n Jessup! What o' that, eh?"

The petty officer had shouted defiantly, as if he challenged the right of the Captain to question him.

"Pick—up—that!" cried the master, putting his hand in his jacket pocket, and producing his revolver—a big Colt.

"Ah! Go to hell!" cried the boatswain's mate. "I'm on for a bust, *I am*, before *I go* to heaven! Pump away yerself! I'm on for a swig of Old Burton!"

The other men, silhouetted against the burning deck behind them, drew back suddenly from the boatswain's mate. Nobody had heard the shot, owing to the crackling of the fire, and the voices of men and women; but the body of the seaman fell across the coaming of the hatchway door, shot through the lungs, the blood rushing from his mouth.

"I'll serve you all alike, mind you, lads, if you don't obey orders! Go on, bully boys! Pass along that water there! Pump away, bullies! We'll have a ship bearing down on us soon!"

Nobody knew the futility of it all so well as Captain Jessup. Yet fire can be seen a long way at night; morning might bring them a ship in the offing! That is what he told them all now.

"Pump away, lads; pass water, bullies! We'll sight a ship in the morning!"

The limp, bleeding body of the boatswain's mate was a greater force than the Captain's words to the majority of them; but suddenly their efforts were brought to an irrevocable stoppage.

A long tongue of flame tore its way through the main hatch, above the body of the boatswain's mate. In a moment the whole hatch, a few feet from the mainmast, was burning fiercely: Men covered their eyes with their hands, and many of them fell upon their knees, like the women, and tears began to trickle

through fingers that were horny with gripping the plough-tree or the haft of the pick-axe.

The secret had been told by the laughing fire ! It had been creeping under their feet unobserved, and suddenly the whole married quarters burst into a roaring furnace. Every water-carrier dropped his bucket, and those pumping rushed through the flames to the quarter-deck. Was the end of the *Young Pretender's* mission at hand ? A discordant conjunction of some three hundred human voices, raised in imprecation, terror, sorrow, and in the holiest of prayers, and the oldest—the prayer for God's mercy—fearfully suggested, nay, seemed to prophesy its speedy coming ! But it was not to be yet, the desperate Captain told them. Did they not see the smoke blowing more to leeward ? She was lying now like a log in the sea, drifting almost broadside to the wind. She was good till broad daylight, and then they would sight a ship, of course ! Were they not in the track of ships ? " Muster on the quarter-deck, bully boys ! All men in the fore cabin ! " They might break down that matchboarding in the alley-way by Jonah's bottle-shop, and gather in the fore cabin ; for the whole mainmast would be coming down upon them in a minute ! " Into the fore cabin, my hearties ! "

They had seen the foremast fall, and they could smell the horrible incineration of a score of mangled bodies. The majority of them rushed into the narrow passage, broke down the partition beside the surgery, and huddled together in the big fore cabin. Some dozen or more remained where they were, and a few, notwithstanding the revolvers of Mr. Parrish, Hudson, and the Captain, gained the poop, and joined the crowd of women and children. They were allowed

to remain there in both places—on the poop or on the main deck—but those on the latter deck, with one exception, paid for their temerity with their lives. The mainmast, which had lost its top-gallant hamper when the foremast fell, now went by the board, but the ship being on an even keel, and the burning sails being flat aback, most of the wreckage, heavy blocks, chains, wire shrouds, yards and stunsail booms, crashed down on the quarter-deck, burying all but one beneath it. This exception was Benjamin Clyster, the ship's surgeon, who, with nearly sightless eyes, was groping among the wreckage piled up around him, blocking the whole quarter-deck, and making a temporary barrier between the poop and the flames. The Captain, who had joined his subordinates on the poop, saw the surgeon, and for the first time for many weeks past addressed him directly. He shouted, with all the power of his lungs—

"Save yourself, Doctor! Jump overboard and swim for the boats. You'll find 'em out there on the weather quarter! Lord knows there's light enough to see! You can't reach the poop, man! D—— my eyes, if y're a *Jonah*, you can't be drowned!"

Then the master turned away to give orders about loading the lifeboats.

Surgeon Clyster groped among the wreckage, smouldering around him and sometimes above him, and would have perhaps gained the weather rail, and attempted to swim for it—though it seemed one arm was broken, by the way it hung useless at his side. But at this moment three men appeared almost beside him. They had arisen from the little grated hatch on the quarter-deck, which in fine weather ventilated the quarters of the single women, and in rough weather

was covered with a tarpaulin. One of them was Sydney Bob, and another a quartermaster with a fresh-healed wound on his cheek-bone. They had made themselves reckless with draughts of raw gin, a case of which they had been broaching in the after hold, when the falling of the mainmast had made them rush up to the 'tween-deck, only to find the main hatchway fiercely blazing, and the other small grated hatch, near at hand, the readiest way of escape.

“Hulloa! here's a b— salamander!” cried Sydney Bob, climbing out of the wreckage, “and, my colonial! he's goin' to take a — bath to cool his — hide! 'Cos he can't burn, yer know! he's made o' fire! He clutched the surgeon by the broken arm. The other man clapped both his heavy hands, with drunken buffoonery, down upon the Doctor's bare head. The third man, stumbling among the wreckage, and dead and dying men beneath it, attempted to hug his two companions. He was shouting, “Whisky for my Johnny!”

“You likes whisky, I loves gin!
Whisky! Johnny!”

“Oh! oh! A b— salamander! that's what he is!” cried Sydney Bob. “He ain't no Jonah! May I never suck the monkey agen, but he's a bloomin' ole salamander, and can't burn nohow!”

“Men, men! let me go!” cried the Doctor. “Have you no feeling? My arm is broken, and I'm helpless! But I can float! I can't be drowned; I was—I was *born in a CAUL!*”

“Come on!” cried the man with the scarred cheek-bone. “Who'd have thought Ole Sawbones was suppy-stishus? If he (hiccough) can't b— well drown, he's a sally-what-d'yer-call-'em, Bob!”

"Aye, into the — bonfire with him!" cried the third man; "yer can't burn a sally-manderer—"

"Whisky killed my pore old dad! (hiccough) "

Whisky! (hic) Johnny!

Whisky druv my mother mad!

Oh-h-h!-er Whisky for my Johnny! Hooray!"

"Ain't it parky! I'm — nigh frozen! Let's fry Ole Sawbones!"

"I'll have you all court-martialled!" cried the Doctor distractedly.

"Oh—hoh! We're in the Royal Navy; listen to 'im!"

"Over the spar with him! Hoist him up! Can't he kick for an onlucky Jonah! Now, then, boys! One-er! two-er! Down the b—— hatch with him! Hooray! He'll — soon be roast pig! One-er! two-er! *three!*"

The surgeon, kicking and biting madly, but without so much as a cry, was hurled into the roaring flames.

"I reckon we won't see him agen this side o' hell!" cried Sydney Bob. "Wot a kick he give me in the bread-barge—ugh! He can drive piles for Ole Nick now! Lor! he's bust my liver! But he won't bring no bad luck to no other craft! What d'ye say, lads, to another go at the gin? I'm all smoked like a kipper-herring! Ugh! I does feel —er—ho! ho! Here's a bloke er-eatin' of my big toe! Cuss 'em all! Whisky is the life o' man! D—— my bobstay if it ain't ole Jinkins the Daggo, and his kid! Whisky! Johnny! Ho-ho! Ain't it cold! Little Tony Jinkins 'll soon be roast suckin' pig! Come on, lads!"

But the ardent spirit they had imbibed was making them every moment more helpless, and they fell over one another among the entanglements of shrouds,

and igniting sails, and huge spars everywhere. The little hatch through which they had ascended was now vomiting flame. The fire had burnt its way into the women's quarters, and, overcome by the smoke and drink, they fell down, one after the other, among still living but mangled men, muttering the words of their chanty—

“Whisky for my Johnny! Hooray-er-whisky. . . .
Whisky is the life o' man—”

Giacomo, the Italian, pinned to the deck, his black hair matted with blood, held little fair-haired Tony's arm around his neck, and prayed aloud: “Ave Maria! quando dico Ave Maria, ridoni i Cielì, godono gli Angioli esulta il mondo, tremma l'inferno, e fuggono i demonii. O Ave, ave! ora per mi! mio Dio! che peccato! O! che letto di morte! Ave Maria, O Dio! moschicida, che peccato!”

Captain Jessup had taken up his post at the door of the hatch ladder leading to the fore cabin and the women's quarters; some of the men had found their way up this ladder already, and on to the poop; but the Captain threatened to shoot the next man that should show his face until the two boats had been loaded with the women and infants. He ordered Mr. Parrish to bring the port lifeboat under the counter, and while Hudson and he were loading it with women the men in the fore cabin could be kept in check by himself—the master.

It was an undertaking that was well planned, but full of difficulty notwithstanding. At least a score of men were among the women and children on the poop, and some of these when the boat was hauled nearer the ship sprang overboard to swim to it. Mr.

Parrish fired his revolver at one of these men, and that checked the remainder for a time. Three of the men succeeded in gaining the boat, though the sea was a short, choppy one, and very difficult to swim in. The boat would hold some fifteen more, perhaps, without foundering, but it would be very deep-laden. Hudson stood outside the taffrail, behind the wheel-box, which was an obstacle to any rush that might be attempted, holding it with one hand while he gripped his pistol with the other. Mr. Parrish, who had unrove the peak, halyards and fastened them around Miranda Jenkins, put her over the side first, and then slid down the rope holding the boat and took command of it, and also brandished his weapon. Slowly, and against the will of many of the women, the boat was safely loaded, one by one. Daughters hesitated to leave without their fathers, mothers without their sons; and many of the single women who had no relatives refused to climb over the taffrail, fearfully calling to mind all the men and young women who had been drowned. The wailing and praying, the hoarse entreaties of men, of women, and screaming of infants, accompanied the loading of the first boat. Olsen, the Norwegian, with a stolid adherence to duty, obeyed the commands of Hudson, and seized the nearest woman to him, one after the other, and, using the spanker sheet, fastened a running bowline under their armpits, and pushed them over the stern and lowered them into the boat plunging about in the dark water under the counter, and bumping her gunwale savagely against it. Then, when the boat was laden to the very sheer-strake, the second mate cut the line, and the men pulled the boat clear of the ship. He ordered the other boat, containing three

men—one of whom was Beady, now recovered from his long swim through the buffeting waves, to approach the stern. This was the boat that Hudson would have to control, and for the first time since the outbreak of the fire his thoughts began to run upon other matters not connected with his duty. The time for his own departure, and quite probable salvage, was come. Who would be with him? Olsen was here—a good, steady man; Beady was down there in the boat, with two others—Beady the sentimental and excitable; but it was not the boat’s crew he was now suddenly thinking of; it was——

He caught a glimpse of Joanna D’Arcy and Constance Palgrave together. “Where’s—where’s the saloon passenger—the lady—Olsen? She’s not in the second mate’s boat! We can’t leave her! What—what will the owners say, man? Hi! you women! Back, you men—look out for Miss Palgrave. Now, Mrs. Jenkins, over the taffrail with you! Hi! Captain, send those women along! Hulloo! Captain Jessup! Now, then—you *two* clinging together, over there! Miss Palgrave—Miss D’Ar—and *you*——”

“Aye, *Biddy* it is! I’m coming in *your* boat!” said Bridget Slattery calmly; “and Mr. Palgrave, there, is coming with me, too.”

“Who? No! *no men*! Over the side with you, woman; over the rail, matron! What, afraid? D——, my eyes! Bear a hand, Olsen! Gently with that infant! It’s beginning to feel cold, isn’t it? D’you want to stay behind and warm yourself, eh! Bear a hand! Lower away, men! Bridget Slattery looked steadfastly at Hudson, and then disappeared into the shadows below.

“Can I come?” pleaded a voice close to Hudson’s

ear. He did not recognize it, and the confusion was so great all round the wheel-box behind him that he did not heed it. But presently the voice said—

"I am not like the other men; I am a saloon passenger, and I——"

The speaker was lying on the top of the wheel-box, and had his mouth near Hudson's ear as the latter stood outside the taffrail, holding on by one hand, directing operations with the master's "Colt" held in the other. Eustace Palgrave's face was in the shadow thrown by many of those who had clambered up on the wheel-grating beside him; but Hudson's arm struck it accidentally as he swayed about, and he looked suddenly round and almost into the very eyes of the face, cheek by jowl to his own.

"I cannot swim, and I cannot descend a rope. I am an artist, not an acrobat. But—I will jump overboard, if you will take me in the boat!"

The voice was unlike the voice that Hudson had listened to daily for the past two or three weeks; it was unsteady with suppressed excitement; a vibratory rebellion of the vocal organ against the dominance of the artificial spirit which feels shame in the exhibition of emotion.

"Lower away the lady; lower away, Olsen! Keep a tight hold of the bowline, miss! Look out below, there! Put her in the stern sheets, Beady! Come along, gals! Bear a hand! Who's next? Stand back, you men! stand back, you Dominick! Your sister's all right; she's in the boat. Come along, gals! over the rail with you! Bear a hand, Olsen! Three more, only three more; she's almost gunnel under, as it is! Lively, then, lively! Lower away, below there!"

"You will not shoot me if I jump overboard, will you? I—er—am not worth powder and shot—I am only an artist—but I can—I will—give you—my word of honour, as a gentleman, that you shall get five hundred pounds if I am saved——"

"Bear a hand, Olsen—three more women, man!"

"A thousand pounds, Hudson! For the sake of Constance, my sister!"

"Oh! Eustace, where is my brother Eustace?" screamed a voice in the boat.

"Dominick! God help my brother Dominick! Oh! and will they separate us? Oh! *Bi mear! na bi dd shecasamh ansain!*" Dominick! screamed another.

"Back, lad! back!" shouted Hudson.

"Two thousand pounds! You shall have it, on my honour! For Constance——"

"One more woman, Olsen, lower away! Below there, come a bit nearer with that boat; mind the counter! Do you want to sink her? Keep baling there—you women; d—n me, d'you want to founder? Bale her out, I tell you! Use your hands; you'll be swamped in a minute! Lively, lively, now—she'll carry another. Lower away, Olsen! Now shin down yourself! Hi! look out—back her in gently. Well, I'll be d—d! Pick up Olsen; he's alongside of you in the water, and there's only four of you to pull the boat!"

"I can pull an oar—I used to row at college! I'll make you a rich man, Hudson!"

"Now pull her clear away from the stern and wait for me—you can't navigate her without me! Back, you men! Hi, in the boat, there! Use your oars and brain any man that attempts to get in!"

* "Be quick! don't be lingering [standing] there!"

Hudson clambered up on the taffrail and looked along the poop toward the master, standing in the drifting smoke, by the hatchway door. The third mate's face was immediately visible in the glare from the raging fire, now threatening the poop. The Captain saw him, and waved his hand.

"Aye, aye ! Over with you ! Stand by till dawn ! The second mate's boat's easiest to pull, if we sight a ship ! Over with you, my bully third mate !"

"For my sister's sake—Constance will not live without me ! Five thousand pounds, Hudson !—any sum you like !"

Patrick Hudson put his pistol into his pocket and threw himself into the sea. A second later, Eustace Palgrave, with desperate courage, slipped after him, feet foremost. A dozen men followed, among whom were the black steward and Dominick D'Arcy.

The Captain rushed aft to the taffrail, and the men in the fore cabin burst up the ladder on to the poop. Hudson was assisted into the boat by one of the men and Miss Palgrave in the stern ; and then, taking the tiller, and drawing his revolver again, he bade the oarsmen pull out into the night after the second mate's boat, just visible in the glare from the burning ship.

Then the two boats lay, head to the sea, about a cable's length from the *Young Precursor's* starboard quarter. The short yeasty waves were breaking against the bows of the boats, and drenching them with spray, and sometimes rolling into the boat over the gunwale amidships. The men were urging the women to keep their seats, to trim the boats, and to bale out the water with their hands.

Two men alone, out of those who had followed Hudson, reached the boats. The steward, who was

a strong swimmer, clutched the rudder of the second mate's boat, and tried to climb in over the stern. But Mr. Parrish, brandishing a boat-hook like a spear, drove him off with a wound in the throat, and the unhappy man swam as well as he could in his Sunday shore-going clothes, to some wreckage drifting near, and fastened himself to it. His head could be seen bobbing above the waves, lit up by the conflagration, his limp linen collar stained with blood that was flowing faster from his throat than the sea could wash it away.

The only other man who swam as far as the boats was Dominick D'Arcy, the young musician. He was not seen until his hand was on the low gunwale of the third mate's boat, where he hung in a half-exhausted state. Then Joanna D'Arcy, who had hidden her face in her hands, thinking him drowned with all the others who had sprung overboard, suddenly lifted her head and saw him. She was separated from him by several women, but she struggled to get near him, crying his name in piercing accents. The women and children moaned and prayed, and one of the men had to hold the shrieking girl down between the thwarts of the boat, cursing her for a fool that wanted to send them all to the bottom.

Horatio Beady drew his sheath-knife, as Hudson turned, pistol in hand, toward the screaming girl in the bows of the boat. From Beady's knife his gaze travelled in the direction of the seaman's evident intentions. He saw Dominick now struggling to raise himself on the gunwale.

“Is there any here that will give up his place for this man?” he cried.

“No-no-no-no! we'll be sinking in a moment; we are up to our knees in water!” they cried.

"I says, chuck over some of the kids, if we want to float; we don't want no more in the boat—man, woman, or child," said a man, pounding with his fist at the hand of D'Arcy.

"Give up yer own plyce!" screamed Mrs. Jenkins; "you and that ole Jone brought all this bad luck. Oh! my pore little 'Tonio! e' wasn't saved, was 'e? Where's my gal Mirandy? Oh! my darlin' little 'Tonio! Wot I ses is justice! Serve 'em all alike! None of yer favrites 'ere! Give up yer own plyce, now yer lydy-love is a-lookin' at yer, can't yer?"

"No! oh, no! Who is there to navigate the boat!" cried Constance Palgrave. "Why did he not stay on the ship?"

"I want my life as much as any of you," cried Hudson. "I'm no hero, and a sailor is of more use to you than a landsman; but if any of you want to go straight to heaven, now's your chance!"

Dominick was struggling to maintain his hold, while the pitching boat seemed in danger every minute of sinking gunwale under.

"To 'ell with sich tork!" yelled butcher-boy Beady. "Who is there to do all the b—— rowing but us pore sailormen? Let go the gunnel, I tell yer! Let go!"

He deliberately began to saw with his knife at the fingers of the struggling man.

Dominick D'Arcy turned a face full of agony toward the man who had been his companion and friend during the voyage, standing immovable in the stern-sheets, Constance Palgrave beside him, her face covered with her hands. The pale and rigid lips of Bridget Slattery parted in a convulsive wail, and her eyes, close to Hudson's, glowed like baleful stars.

“Ah! let him in, let him in, kind God!” cried Joanna, writhing in the strong grasp of the able seaman.

“I’ll cut yer — throat if yer don’t give over!” cried Beady, sawing at the left hand, which had replaced the right. But Dominick had raised himself breast-high, and there was a cry of terror that the boat was going to sink.

“Ah! let him live! let him live! Oh, God in Heaven, why was I ever born? Oh! let me go! I’ll give my place for him! Throw me over, ch, God! Oh! sweet Jesus!” Oh! all ye blessed saints in heaven! take me instead! *A Iosa, a Iosa! a croidhe, mhilis Iosa! Tusa ’gamza is mise ’gat-sa a Iosa! A Iosa!*” * .

Hudson made a sign to the man in the bows. The third mate’s eyes were wet with rising tears.

“Oh! take my life for his! *A Iosa, a Mhuire, is ail liom bas d’fhaghail idir bur lámhaibh beannaighthe!*”† she sobbed distractedly.

“Keep quiet, curse yer!” cried the man, holding her mouth.

“Is there no man willing? Well, then—God forgive me! No! I cannot do it! We must sink together!” said Hudson, lowering the revolver.

Dominick D’Arcy had one knee on the gunwale now, and the water was pouring in. He had, with bleeding hands, wrenched the knife from the grasp of the seaman, and Olsen was pushing him back with an oar.

Bridget Slattery, her back to the struggling men, turned her metallic eyes toward the woman beside

* “Oh Jesus! Jesus! sweet heart of Jesus! Thou to me and I to Thee! Oh! Jesus!”

† “Oh Jesus! oh Mary! I desire to die between your blessed hands!”

Hudson, and the poise of her head and neck suggested that of a serpent leaping its crest.

Constance Palgrave looked over her shoulder toward the burning ship, and murmured faintly that others were now throwing themselves into the sea! Then she looked at Bridget and shuddered. One hand of Constance plucked at Hudson's jacket, the other pushed forward the pistol.

"Oh! do it quickly! Quickly; or we are lost!" she cried. "Do it, do it, or Joanna—your Joanna—and all of us—quickly!"

D'Arcy's back was toward the two at the stern, but he had heard some of her words, and, beaten back by Olsen's oar, he half turned—miscomprehending—and appealed to her. He was panting like a wounded stag, but he ejaculated—

"Ah! You plead for me! Thank God! Oh, kind heart! God bless you! I want to live and love you!"

"Oh! quickly! Do it, do it, for Joanna's sake—your Joanna—the boat is sinking!" cried Constance, with her eyes fastened on Bridget's as by some occult power of attraction. Joanna had broken away from the arms of the seaman, and then—the third mate fired!

There was a sudden hush in the boat; all but Olsen and Beady, struggling with the young emigrant, looked toward Hudson. D'Arcy himself was looking at him, his face quite distinct in the flame-light. "*Nomen, amicitia est; nomen*—ah! God!" he gasped. A roll of sodden manuscript music was projecting from the shirt bosom of the struggling man, and as the bullet from Hudson's weapon pierced his heart, and the body fell across the gunwale, the roll

of paper instantly became crimson with gushing blood.

Olsen gave the relaxed body a violent push with his oar; it toppled over, and the boat was quickly righted again. The four able seamen began immediately to bale out the water with their caps, calling on the women to help them.

“Did—he—look—at me?” whispered Constance.

Hudson made no answer. His throat was choked with tears of self-pity rather than of remorse. He thrust the smoking weapon into his pocket, and sat down beside her. Bridget Slattery looked at the blazing ship. Joanna was also strangely silent. She now sat still with white lips, moving, as if in prayer, but uttering no sound; her eyes staring vacantly, her beautiful red hair hanging almost to her knees, her arms crossed on her breast.

“Pull out, farther away! there are others coming. We must keep well in sight, but not too close!” shouted a voice across the waves. It was that of the second mate, whose boat had now drawn nearer. He had kept off from the other boat during the struggle, for fear of attracting the attention of the man who had been shot. His boat was quite as deeply laden as the third mate’s, and he was sufficed with horror. Hudson could make no response, but he lifted his hand to indicate that he had heard the order; and the men pulled against the wind, until they were about a cable’s length from the ship—right on her beam.

Since the fall of the mainmast the *Young Pretender* had turned head to wind again, and the sails on the still standing mizen were blazing fiercely above the heads of a crowd of a hundred or more men and women still huddled together at the taffrail, and plainly dis-

cernible to those in the boats. The figure of the Captain, with a coat drawn around his head, could be seen, standing on the saloon skylight, amid a shower of burning fragments, raising his arms from time to time, as it seemed in remonstrance or in encouragement. The whole ship forward of the mizen-mast was crackling and flaring fiercely. A gyrating column of flame-lit smoke drifted astern above the heads of the doomed. They were blistered in the terrible heat, and tortured beyond endurance, for shrieks of despair, as one or more sprang overboard—choosing to die by water rather than by fire—travelled across the wind to those crouching in the two boats drenched with the sea, shivering in the bitter wind. Sea-birds, attracted by the conflagration, were wheeling round and round the doomed ship; rising high above the drifting smoke, dipping beneath it, soaring out of reach of scorching flame; plunging down into safer darkness; coming and going on gleaming wings of ironical compassion. Constance Palgrave's eyes were following their flights; they seemed to have fascinated her. Many of the women in the boats clasped each other's hands as they gazed toward the burning vessel, and groaned in dolour of soul as they thought of husbands, sons, and brothers. It was a compulsory attendance at a vast human sacrifice, where the helpless burnt-offerings were their nearest and dearest; where the altar looked like a huge log of fuel, across which a victim would suddenly run and disappear, like an insect on the bark of a tree-trunk reddening on a funeral pyre. It was attending the lurid exequies of those they loved, and who were still living, and where the dying went mad, and with a strength of will and energy of purpose never before shown

in their sanity, hastened to end them both in eternity.

Some of the benumbed creatures condemned to look and linger broke out into fits of hysterical accusation against everybody and everything. Some bewailed their own sins, some were asking mercy for others. A few were resigned and tranquil. One Irish widow, who had lost her two sons in the first boat that had been swamped, repeated over and over again, as she clasped her hands and released them in rhythmical emphasis, “The blessed will of God be done! The blessed will of God be done!” Another seemed to have fallen into a cataleptic reverie.

At times a large sheet of flaring canvas would fall into the sea astern of the ship, or down upon the heads of those on the poop; and as a grey streak of light appeared on the eastern horizon the whole topmast of the mizen, yards, and gear, toppled over. The flames burst up through the poop deck, and out through the saloon scuttles. In a minute or two all on the poop were driven over the side or enveloped in the conflagration. From stem to stern, one vast sheet of flame rose like a giant hand of glowing orange and crimson, with forked fingers restlessly working, as if to snatch back the meteoric sparks that had rushed out of their grasp—and the end was near.

“The blessed will of God be done!”

“Eustace! Oh, Eustace! My brother Eustace! Oh! that I were one of those sea-birds! You must find my brother Eustace! Listen to me, you men at the oars! If I were a sea-bird I should find him surely! My brother is an artist, such a clever artist. He has great pictures to paint, you know! We are travelling for pleasure, to strengthen his constitution.

the doctor in London advised it. You will know him by his distinguished appearance. You must find my brother. We are saloon passengers. We have more right to a place in the boat than any emigrant here. You must find him, I say! Oh, that I had wings! He would rest upon them, and we should escape. See there! See there! An albatross has found him, surely! It is Jupiter himself! Oh, that I had wings! Row, row, row, I tell you!"

Nobody in the spray-swept boat heeded her except Biddy Slaterry, sitting on the thwart facing her, and Mrs. Jenkins, who was crouching beside the emigrant girl, waist-deep in water.

Bridget bent down and whispered that they had all seen the brother of Constance throw himself into the sea, and sink like a stone.

"'E's 'ad an easy death!" cried Mrs. Jenkins. "Wot about my pore little 'Tonio? Oh, God, ain't it cruel? Ain't she a sinner the same as me? Why should 'er brother be more to 'er 'n my 'Tonio to me, eh? To think of 'is sweet blood 'issing in the flames, and 'is golden 'air! 'Tonio was a 'Hinglish angel—he wasn't no 'Italian gipsy—'is 'father was—er—oh, ain't it cruel—I never told nobody before. I ses as God is cruel, jes because I went a little too far once in my life. Oh, Christ! wot a sinner I was! Oh, my pore 'Tony——"

Patrick Hudson, with a stern effort of his will, beat down the emotion in his heart, and rose from his seat. Standing high on the triangular part of the stern sheets, the tiller between his knees, he looked all round the dim, yet quite discernible, horizon. His trained seaman's eyes saw nothing but sea and grey sky. Again and again he turned to every point

